★ Mar. 30, 1946

# THE NEW YORKER

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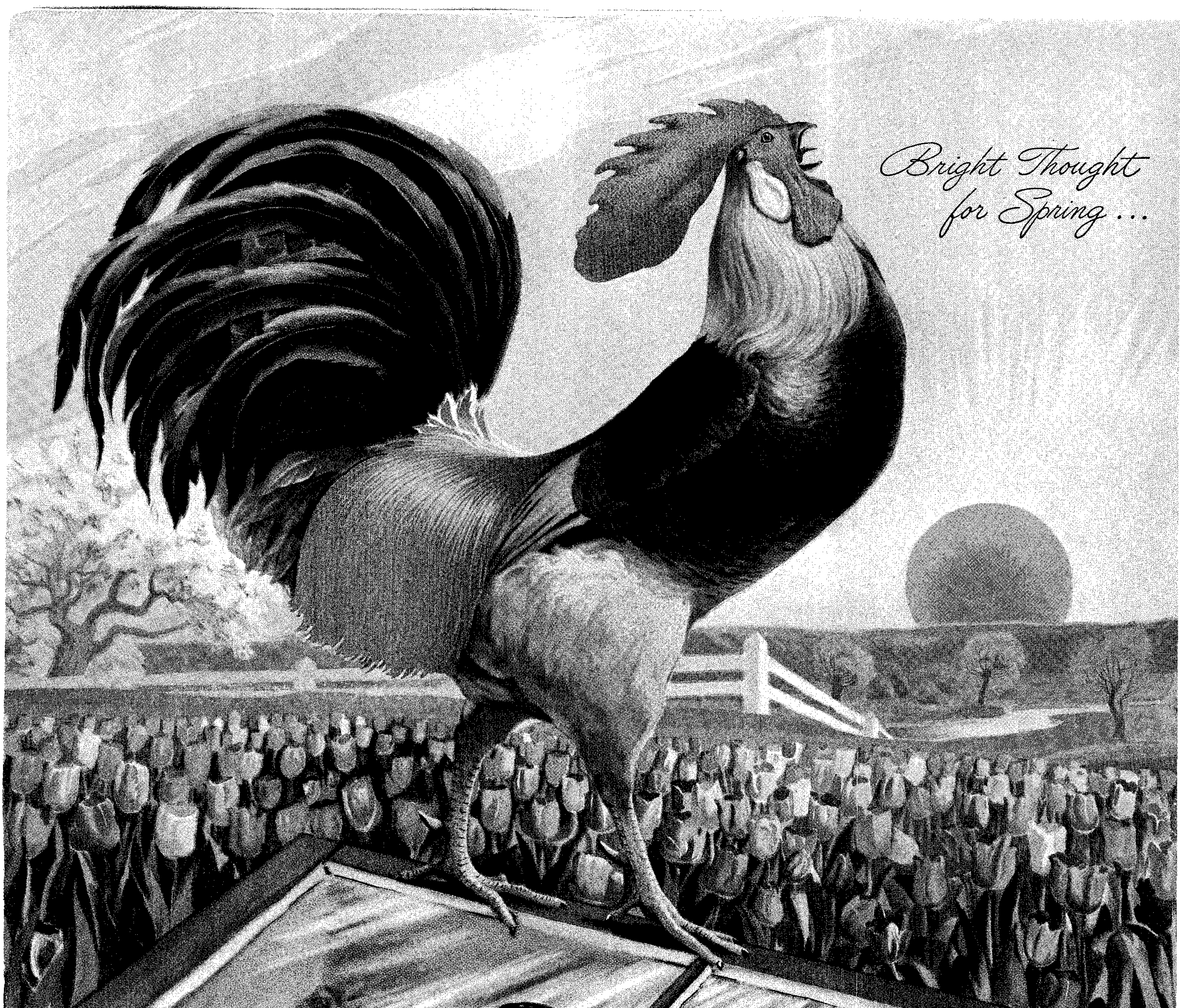
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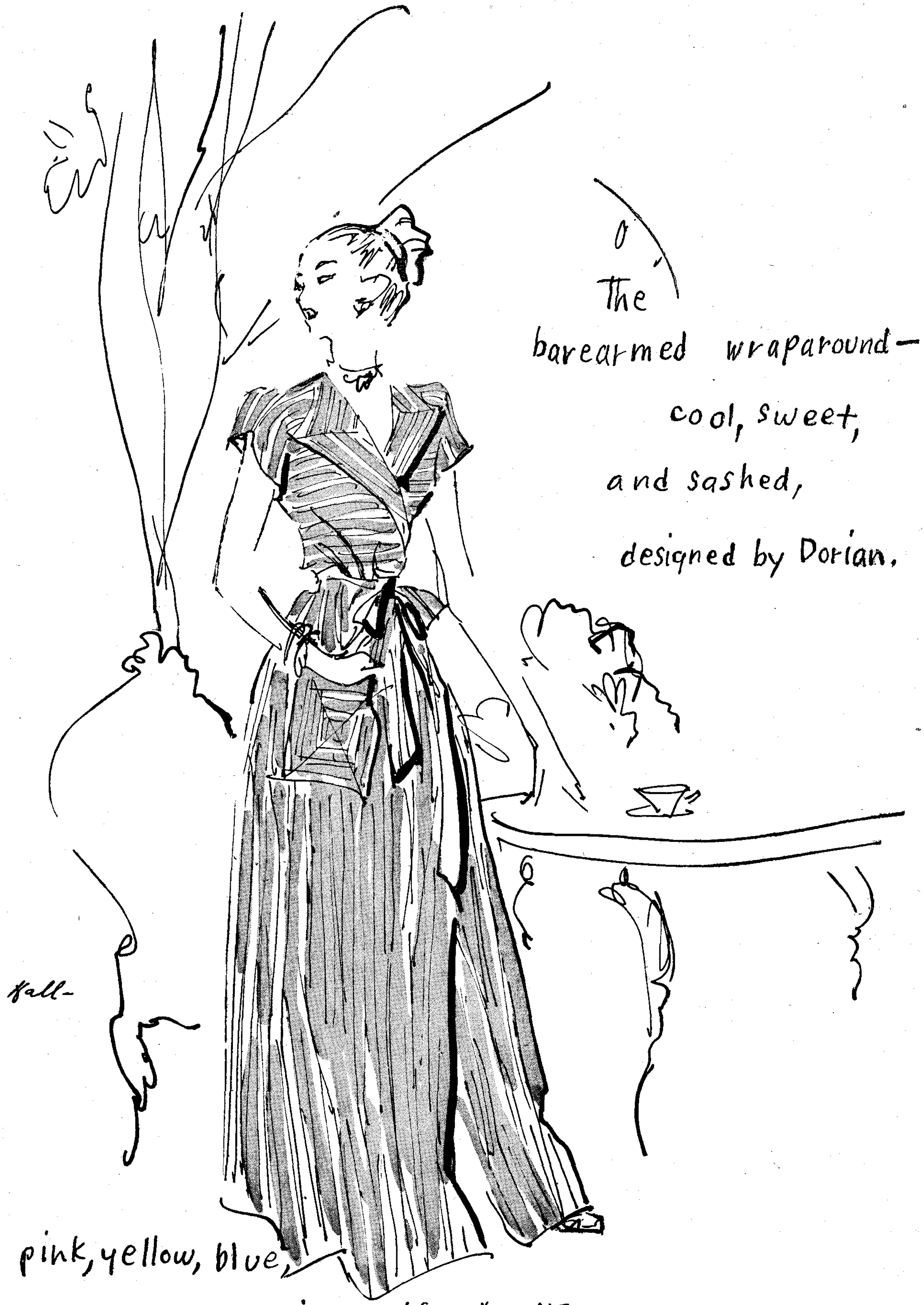

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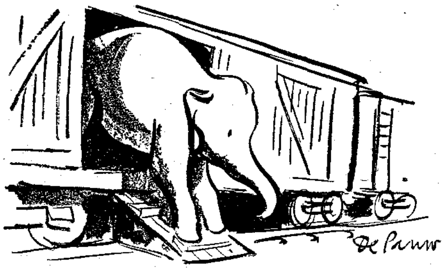
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Anna Lucasta**—Philip Yordan's stirring play about a Negro prostitute, now in its second year, is something you shouldn't miss. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**Antigone**—This modern version of Sophocles' tragedy was probably highly effective two years ago in Paris, when it had a special meaning for patriots. Here, in spite of excellent performances by Katharine Cornell and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, it seems more of a literary curiosity than a play. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:50, Mat. Sat. at 2:50, through Tues., April 2. Beginning Wed., April 3, the play will share the theatre with Miss Cornell's "Candida" and during the remainder of the week will be given only on Sat. Aft. and Eve., April 6.)

**Apple of His Eye**—Walter Huston in a slight, rather tiresome play about an old Hoosier farmer who takes a young wife. Produced by Jed Harris for reasons no doubt clear to God. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**Born Yesterday**—Garson Kanin's very funny and expert comedy about a big-time crook and the little girl who ruins his racket. Judy Holliday is superb as a current Lorelei Lee, and Paul Douglas makes a most convincing malefactor. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Dear Ruth**—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others, but still quite pleasant. Second year. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Deep Are the Roots**—The authors of "Tomorrow the World" have taken up the Negro problem, but the result, while a satisfactory melodrama, doesn't contribute much to its solution. Barbara Bel Geddes gives a remarkably simple and touching performance. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Dream Girl**—Elmer Rice describes the secret and public life of a rather dreamy young woman in a great many scenes, of which about half are extremely amusing. Betty Field is very impressive in the principal role. Produced by the Playwrights' Company. (Coronet, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

**The Glass Menagerie**—A tremendously moving story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the 1945 Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Hamlet**—This version has been somewhat cut, in deference to G.I. tastes, and put in nineteenth-century costumes. It is still the Maurice Evans "Hamlet," however, and well worth your while. (Columbus Circle, B'way at 59. CO 5-1173. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., April 6.)

**Harvey**—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull are magnificent in this winner of the 1945 Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**He Who Gets Slapped**—The Theatre Guild has revived this delight of the nineteen-twenties and given it quite a production, including the services of Dennis King, Stella Adler, and John Abbott. It might have been kinder to let it rest in peace. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**I Like It Here**—Oscar Karlweis gives a very fine and funny performance in this piece about a modern Crichton, but the play itself is miserable. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**I Remember Mama**—John van Druten's appealing and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. Second year. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

**Life with Father**—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is in its seventh year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**The Magnificent Yankee**—Emmet Lavery's play covers thirty fairly undramatic years in the life of Mr. Justice Holmes, but it is a conscientious effort and Louis Calhern's portrayal is really admirable. With Dorothy Gish. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**O Mistress Mine**—The performances of the Lunts in this play by Terence Rattigan would be an important event in any season. The plot has to do with one of those fashionable British adulteries, but you can just forget about it. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Pygmalion**—Gertrude Lawrence is charming and sympathetic in this revival produced by Theatre Incorporated, a new and promising organization. With Raymond Massey, Melville Cooper, and Cecil Humphreys. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**State of the Union**—A fine, funny play, by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, concerning a man who has to choose between his conscience and the Presidency. Ralph Bellamy, Ruth Hussey, Minor Watson, Margalo Gillmore, and Myron McCormick head an excellent cast. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35. Special performance Sun. Eve., March 31, at 8:35, for the Actors' Fund.)

**The Voice of the Turtle**—John van Druten's light, expert play about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass is in its third year. Martha Scott, John Beal, and Vicki Cummings are the whole cast. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**The Song of Bernadette**—An adaptation of Franz Werfel's novel by Jean and Walter Kerr. Produced by Victor Payne-Jennings and Frank McCoy and directed by Mr. Kerr, with a cast headed by Elizabeth Ross. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Walk Hard**—Abram Hill's dramatization of Len Zinberg's novel "Walk Hard—Talk Loud," produced and directed by Gustav Blum, with a cast headed by Mickey Walker and Maxwell Glanville. (Chanin Auditorium, 50th floor, Chanin Bldg., Lexington at 42. MU 4-9839. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 3.)

### WITH MUSIC

**Are You with It?**—A musical comedy, centering around a carnival, that seems far too short on both humor and song. Joan Roberts, Johnny Downs, Lew Parker, and a rather stirring blonde called Dolores Gray do their best to ginger things up, but without much success. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Billion Dollar Baby**—A very engaging satire on the late twenties, when practically anything could happen, by the authors of "On the Town." Joan McCracken and Mitzi Green are extremely fetching as a couple of noisy girls of the period. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Bloomer Girl**—A big, sumptuous show, somewhat handicapped by a routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are excellent, and the cast, which includes Nanette Fabray and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably attractive. Second year. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Carousel**—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**The Day Before Spring**—A nice, intelligent book, very pretty music, charming sets, and a handsome and talented cast, including Irene Manning, Bill Johnson, John Archer, and Tom Helmore. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

**Follow the Girls**—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song, in a piece about sailors and girls. Pleasant, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. Second year. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Lute Song**—An old Chinese legend decked out in Robert Edmond Jones' most spectacular trappings and assisted by Mary Martin's reliable charm. Big, beautiful, and perhaps a bore. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

**Oklahoma!**—This splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, is going into its fourth year. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**The Red Mill**—A revival of the great Montgomery and Stone vehicle of 1906. Victor Herbert's score is enchanting and Eddie Foy, Jr., is a highly satisfactory comic, but the total effect is disappointing. With Dorothy Stone, Jack Whiting, and Odette Myrtil. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Show Boat**—Edna Ferber's little book turns up again, this time in a very fine revival with Carol Bruce, Kenneth Spencer, Jan Clayton, Ralph Dumke, Charles Fredericks, and Buddy Ebsen. The physical production is magnificent and the old songs sound lovelier than ever. (Ziegfeld, Ave. of Americas at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Song of Norway**—The life of Grieg, set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and agreeable to listen to, but the story is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Lawrence Brooks, Helena Bliss, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Three to Make Ready**—Ray Bolger does his nimble and comic best, but even he is not quite enough to save this successor to "One for the Money" and "Two for the Show." The cast includes Brenda Forbes, Jane Deering, and Rose Inghram. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Up in Central Park**—Romberg songs, cheerful dances devised by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do much to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans

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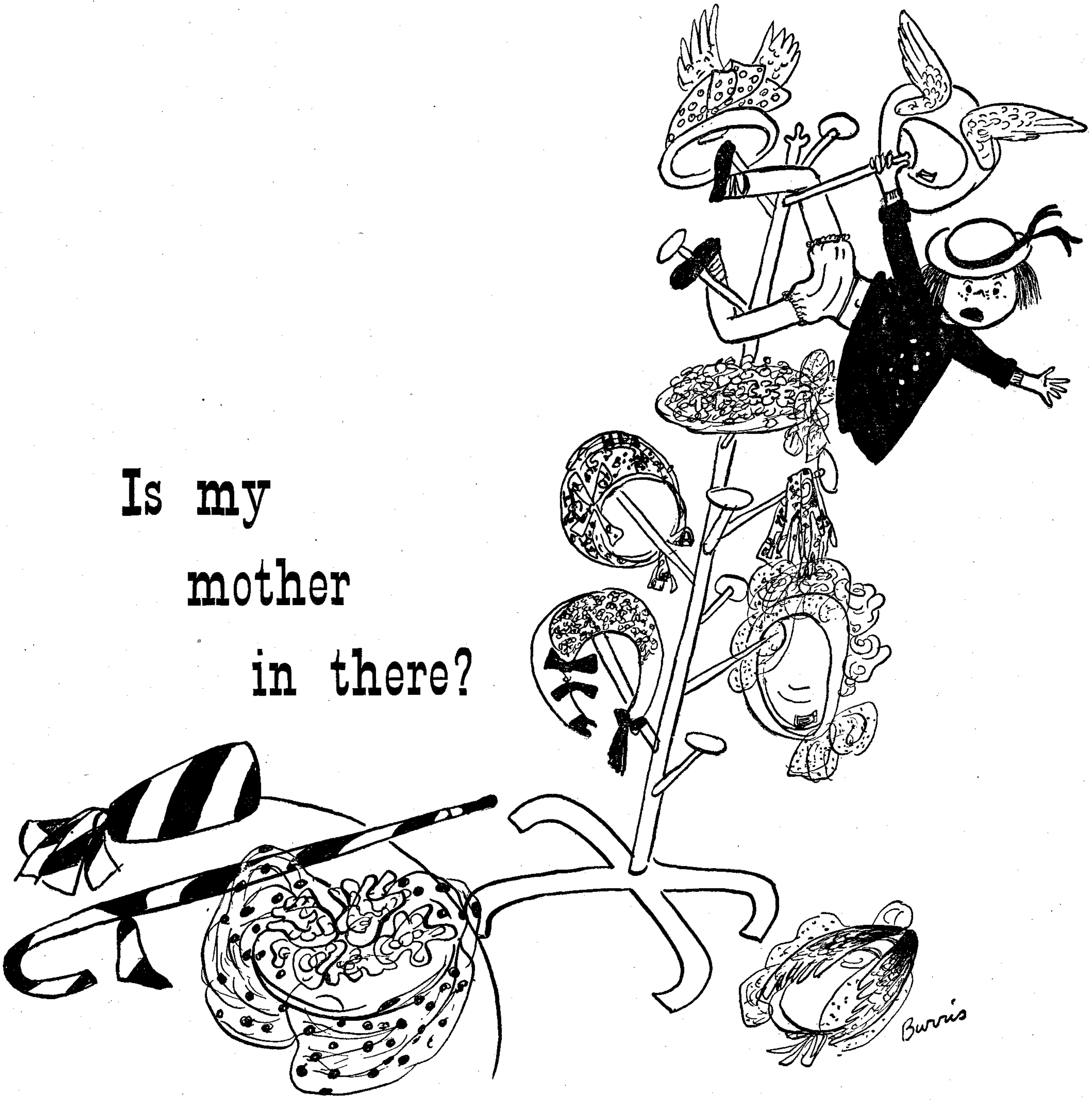

Is my mother in there?

Yes puss, she certainly is. See that divine creature over there, looking like something by Velasquez? That's mummy, darling, transformed by our inimitable Tatiana du Plessix. She is making both mummies and non-mummies look like limpid-eyed little Infantas in toques with flowers, feathers and other-such over each ear . . . or, like more dashing Velasquez-inspired characters, in hats that careen dangerously to one side.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 6.**

take care of the romance. Second year. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

## OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

**ST. LOUIS WOMAN**—A new musical play, with a score by Harold Arlen, lyrics by Johnny Mercer, and book by Arna Bontemps and Countee Cullen. Produced by Edward Gross and directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with an all-Negro cast including Muriel Rahn, the Nicholas Brothers, Rex Ingram, and Pearl Bailey. Opens Sat., March 30. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**CANDIDA**—A revival of Shaw's comedy, directed by Guthrie McClintic, with Katharine Cornell and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who will divide their time between this play and "Antigone." Opens Wed. Mat., April 3, at 2:40. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Wed. through Fri. Eves., April 3-5, at 8:40.)

## MISCELLANY

**THE CIRCUS**—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting their annual stupendous attraction. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Opens Thurs. Eve., April 4, at 8:15. Daily thereafter at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

**ICE SHOW**—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Ave. of Americas at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40; Sun. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

**VARIETY SHOW**—Martha Scott, Mary Lou Williams, Ray Lev, Sono Osato, and others, in a program sponsored by Stage for Action. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Sun., March 31, at 8:30 P.M.)

## CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

**PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—Rudolph Ganz conducting a young people's concert. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Sat., April 6, at 11 A.M.)

**AMERICAN YOUTH ORCHESTRA**—Dean Dixon conducting a special program, part of which is designed to teach young people, from four up, the fundamentals of music. (Hunter College Auditorium, Park at 68. Sat., April 6, at 2 P.M.; for tickets call AU 3-2681.)

**JUNIOR DRAMATIC WORKSHOP**—A stage version of "Pinocchio," with incidental music, presented by the Children's Theatre. (Master Institute, Riverside Dr. at 103. Sat., March 30 and April 6, at 2:30 P.M.; for tickets call GR 7-8917 between 11 A.M. and 4 P.M.)

## BALLET

**BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO**—Final performances—"The Snow Maiden," "Comedia Balletica," and "Raymonda," Thurs. Eve., March 28. . . . "Mozartiana," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade," Fri. Eve., March 29. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Comedia Balletica," and "Raymonda," Sat. Mat., March 30. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "Baiser de la Fée," and "Schéhérazade," Sat. Eve., March 30. . . . "Chopin Concerto," "The Night Shadow," and "Rodeo," Sun. Mat., March 31. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "The Night Shadow," "Concerto Barocco," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sun. Eve., March 31. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

**AMBASSADOR**, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—An evening in the regal Trianon Room is still as decorous as ever. Dance music by William Scotti's orchestra and Alfredo Mendez's rumba band.

**BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Jack Harris's orchestra (with José Melis at the piano) in the Bowman Room, along with a rumba band and a dance team.

**CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has Josh White and his songs, Bernie West and his humor, boogie-woogie by Pete Johnson, and jazz piano by Cliff Jackson. On the bandstand, J. C. Heard's new orchestra.

**CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mary Lou Williams, Imogene Coca, Susan Reed, a French girl named Moune, and Edmond Hall's orchestra doing a generally good night's work.

**LARUE**, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—This decorative and elaborate establishment is just the place for those who are fond of light wines and dancing. Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

**MONTE CARLO**, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious sunken living rooms, fitted out with a chromium-plated clientele. Ray Benson's orchestra and a rumba band barely outshout the customers.

**EL MOROCCO**, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Where Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band supply the music and the patrons supply the scenery.

**PIERRE**, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Gali Gali, the versatile magician, and Stanley Melba's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing. . . . In the Café Pierre, a Melba trio supplies music for tea dancing daily, and carries on at dinner and supper.

**PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Tony and Sally De Marco will be skimming about in the Persian Room until Hildegarde takes over, on Thurs., April 4, at which time Ted Straeter's orchestra will be replaced by Arthur Ravel's. Mark Monte's band stays on.

**RITZ-CARLTON**, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—In the big and stately Oval Room, Larry Siry's orchestra lightly embellishes the dinner hour, until around eleven, with music ranging from Richard Rodgers to Giacomo Puccini; no dancing.

**ST. REGIS**, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has a small but neat ice show and Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing. Downstairs, in the Maisonette, songs by Danny O'Neil, and a pair of small orchestras.

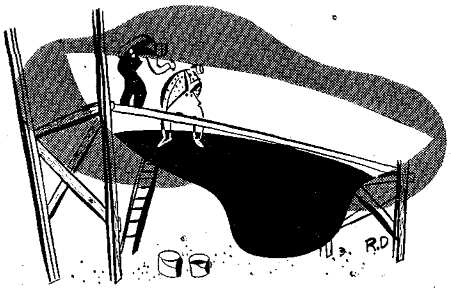
**SAVOY-PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Café Lounge offers Cal Gilford's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

**STORK CLUB**, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—At least it keeps the kiddies off the street. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band are on hand all evening. Tea dancing every afternoon to Joe Carroll's orchestra.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Jane Pickens and the dance team of Fred and Elaine Barry, in the Wedgwood Room at suppertime, will be replaced on Fri., March 29, by Joan Edwards and John Sebastian, the accomplished harmonica man. Leo Reisman's orchestra is around all evening, and Mischa Borr's band helps out at the after-theatre hour. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

**SUPPER CLUBS**—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Mildred Bailey, Eddie Mayehoff, Rose Murphy, Stuart Ross, and the Herman Chittison Trio furnishing an excellent brand of educated gaiety. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan, Doodles Weaver, and the Cedric Wallace Trio (with Garland Wilson at the piano), all in the very best form. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Jay Marshall's very comic experiments with magic, Bart Howard's piano playing, and Spivy herself, who sings, late at night, in her special, tired-of-it-all fashion.

**MISCELLANEOUS**—At the **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a certain elegance, and buoyant dance music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band. . . . **DRAKE**, 71 E. 56 (WI 2-0600): in the small and handsome Drake Room, there's subdued piano by Lester Crosley for early dinner and by Paul Berlin during the supper hour; no dancing. . . . **MADISON**, Madison at 58 (VO 5-5000): Ernie Holst's orchestra for dancing up to 9; acceptable entertainment at the supper hour. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and his Danish-pastry songs. Emil Petti's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **EMBASSY**, 149 E. 57 (PL 3-8998): a generally presentable revival of these long-idle premises, hampered by a floor show that doesn't quite live up to its surroundings. José Mora's rumba band and Ralph Lane's orchestra for dancing. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano, after 9:30, in this cheerful cranny; no dancing. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): strictly for conversationalists, who will be only mildly interrupted by Roger Stearns' genteel piano; no dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful, Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; dance music by a gypsy orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): a typical Copacabana show, this time headed by Cantu, the magician. Dance music by Dick Stabile's and Frank Marti's orchestras. . . . **CARNIVAL**, 8 Ave. at 51 (CI 6-4122): Milton Berle as Milton Berle, whose humor is not for children; Elly Ardelty as a pretty lady on a flying trapeze. Dancing in between shows. . . . **ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco, Bill Robinson, the Mills Brothers, and Claude Hopkins' band doing their best to brighten up this gloomy and overpopulated establishment. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Ray McKinley, home from the wars, with his new orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **LINCOLN**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Randy Brooks' orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Nat Brandwynne's orchestra.



**MOSTLY FOR MUSIC**—Dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 47 W. 3 (GR 3-8736): something new in noisemakers, with a band that includes Brad Gowans, Wild Bill Davison, Dave Tough, and occasionally even Mr. Condon. Joe Sullivan does his piano specialties during intermissions. On Mondays, Bud Freeman, Joe Bushkin, George Wettling, and other equally talented gentlemen. No dancing, and does it matter? . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 2 Ave., at 9 (ST 9-9742): Art Hodes and his new sextet, which includes Pops Foster, Cecil Scott, and Kaiser Marshall, playing to good effect in this casual old barn. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, Pee Wee Russell, and their compatriots scorching the midnight air; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Don Frye, along with Hank Duncan's trio, which has Freddie Moore at the drums. There's also a group of newcomers to the profession, who perform with mostly satisfactory results. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Danny Alvin's industrious band, which includes Johnny Windhurst. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): for a warmish evening with J. C. Higginbotham and his trombone playing with Red Allen's orchestra; no dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-8773): piano embroidery by Art Tatum, and other music by Phil Moore's Four. . . . **SPOTLITE**, 56 W. 52 (EL 5-8148): Coleman Hawkins' celebrated saxophone and band, and Dizzy Gillespie's trumpet heading up another combination. . . . **AQUARIUM**, 711 7 Ave., at 47 (BR 9-8884): rowdydow as can be, but it has Lionel Hampton and his talented musicmakers. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Eddie Heywood's orchestra back in town.

## ART

**AMERICAN ABSTRACT ARTISTS**—Paintings by Josef Albers, I. Rice Pereira, Jean Xceron, and other members of this group. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 13.)

**EUGENE BERMAN**—Baroque paintings, done with a vengeance but also with power. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 13.)

**AARON BOHROD**—A record, in gouaches and oils, of an artist-war-correspondent's travels in both the South Pacific and the European Theatres. (Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Drawings by distinguished nineteenth-century and present-day European artists. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 14.)

**PAUL BURLIN**—Recent paintings. (Downtown, 32 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 13.)

**CARAVAGGIO**—Baroque paintings by the sixteenth-century Italian artist and his followers. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS**—Work by Tiepolo, Guys, Daumier, Rowlandson, and other masters of the fifteenth to the early nineteenth century. (Schaeffer, 52 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 13.)

**WERNER DREWES**—Abstract paintings and water colors. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**FRENCH**—At the **DURAND-RUEL**, 12 E. 57: oils by Cézanne, Manet, Pissarro, Monet, Renoir, and Sisley. (Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30.) . . . **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: paintings by Chagall, Utrillo, Vlaminck, and others. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., April 5.) . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57: oils and gouaches by Braque, Derain, Dufy, and others. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., April 3.) . . . **VALENTINE**, 55 E. 57: paintings by Picasso, Derain, Miró, and other School-of-Paris artists. (Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 13.)

**LEE GATCH**—Delicately patterned abstractions. (New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 20.)

**AARON J. GOODELMAN**—New sculpture. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 13.)

**GROUPS**—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: paintings by nineteenth-century artists—Ryder, Homer, Eakins, and others—and some moderns, including Reving-

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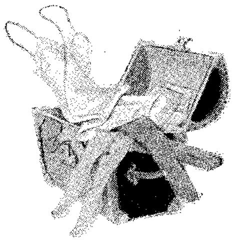

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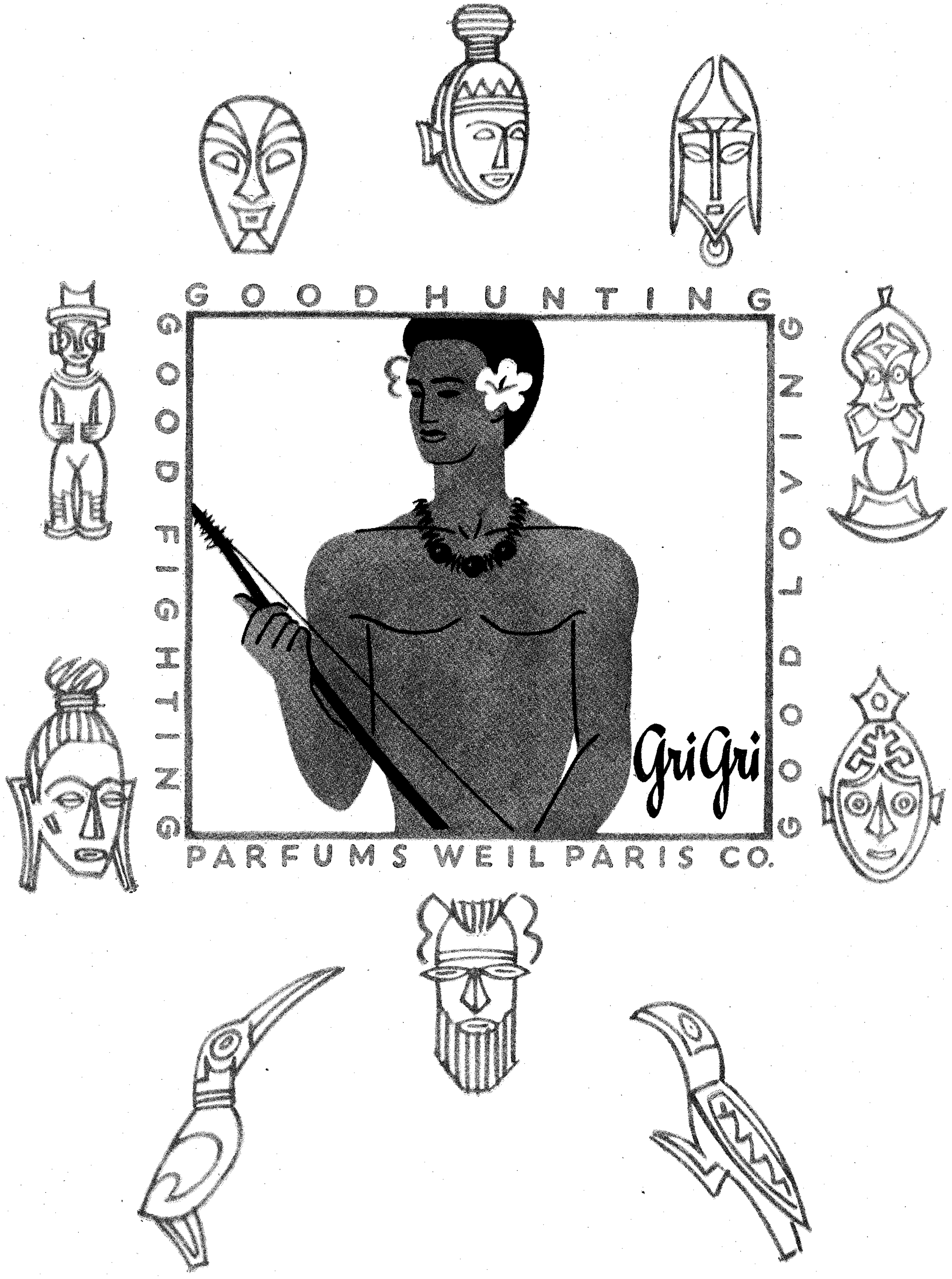
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ton Arthur and Douglas Gorsline. (Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: fifteenth annual retrospective of works by this gallery's group. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., March 29.) . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: new paintings by Marc Chagall, Jean Hélion, Wifredo Lam, and others. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.) . . . **PINACOTHECA,** 20 W. 58: new oils by Adolf Gottleib, William Stanley Hayter, Louis Schanker, and others. (Weekdays 2 to 5 P.M.; through April 27.)

**Arthur K. D. Healy**—Brooks and trees, in unassuming water colors. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Hans Hofmann**—Expressionistic abstractions, some powerful, some spattery. (Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Ethel Katz**—Maine-coast water colors and drawings. (Marquié, 16 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Nathaniel Kaz**—A sculptor who has an inventive mind, working with a variety of materials. (Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Yeffe Kimball**—A first solo show of oils. (Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Jacques Lipchitz**—Recent sculptures and drawings. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 20.)

**Jean Lurçat**—Abstractions, reflecting the casual and impermanent days of the nineteen-thirties. (Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 13.)

**Claire Mahl**—Semi-abstract paintings, some of them with Southwest Indian themes. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Museum of the City of New York,** 5 Ave. at 104—Two hundred covers for *The New Yorker* in their original form—paintings, drawings, water colors, and the like—by forty-four artists. (Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., March 31.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53—An extensive display of native arts of the South Seas. (Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M., and Thurs. Eves. until 10; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through May 19.)

**National Academy of Design,** 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Its one-hundred-and-twentieth annual show of graphic arts, murals, and water colors. (Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Mon., April 1.)

**Georgia O'Keeffe**—Oils and pastels done in the past year. (An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 6.)

**Amédée Ozenfant**—Eight new paintings. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 13.)

**Photography**—The thirteenth international exhibition by the Pictorial Photographers of America. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 79. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 7.) . . . A retrospective show of photographs by Edward Weston, from 1903 to the present. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M., and Thurs. Eve. until 10; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., March 31.)

**Karl Priebe**—Antic blackamoors in a kind of mooncountry setting. (Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Hans Reichel**—A large show of small, abstract oils and water colors. (Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Georges Rouault**—Prints by one of the modern masters of black-and-white, on loan from various American collections. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Albert Ryder and Arthur B. Davies**—A pleasant testimonial to both men, particularly Ryder. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Henry E. Schnakenberg**—Water colors of Mexico and Guatemala. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Sculpture**—Oronzio Maldarelli, Warren Wheelock, and Hugo Robus, displaying their somewhat mixed talents. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 6.)

**Leon P. Smith**—Big, forthright abstractions in oil, and smaller water colors and gouaches. (Egan, 63 E. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Carroll Tyson**—More Maine landscapes, this time in Post-Impressionist paintings and water colors. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Pegeen Vail and Peter Busa**—Cheerfully naïve paintings by the first; more complex, Expressionistic ones by the second. (Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Vaclav Vytlacil**—New paintings in tempera. (Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 10.)

**Max Weber**—The poet of the rabbinical turns to still-lifes, musicians, and so on. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 30.)

**Whitney Museum,** 10 W. 8—Another group of selections from the Museum's permanent collection. (Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., April 3.)

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS**
**FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 28,**
**THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 6.**

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House, it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Final performances of the season—"Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Martial Singher, Josephine Antoine, and Salvatore Baccaloni, Thurs., March 28, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Otello," with Stella Roman, Torsten Ralf, and Leonard Warren, Fri., March 29, at 8 P.M. . . . "Die Walküre," with Helen Traubel, Astrid Varnay, and Herbert Janssen, Sat., March 30, at 2 P.M. . . . "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Raoul Jobin, and Robert Merrill, Sat., March 30, at 8 P.M. . . . "Madama Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Lucille Browning, and Charles Kullman, Wed., April 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House.)

### ORCHESTRAS

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—Artur Rodzinski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thurs., March 28, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 29, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., March 30, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., March 31, at 3 P.M.; Wed., April 3, at 8:45 P.M., in a benefit for the Philharmonic-Symphony Pension Fund; Thurs., April 4, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., April 5, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., April 6, at 8:45 P.M. Soloists: Zino Francescatti, violin, March 28, 29, and 31; Hilde Somer, piano, March 30; Jascha Heifetz, violin, April 3; Marian Anderson, contralto, April 4-5.)

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Eugene Ormandy conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tues., April 2, at 8:30 P.M.)

**Benefit Concert**—The Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, with Bruno Walter and Wilfred Pelletier conducting; Zino Francescatti, violin; Lily Djanel, contralto; Lawrence Tibbett, baritone; and others, in a program sponsored by Musicians for French-American Friendship. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sun., March 31, at 8:30 P.M.)

**New York City Symphony**—Leonard Bernstein conducting, with the Collegiate Chorale, directed by Robert Shaw. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Mon., April 1, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., April 2, at 6 P.M.)

**New York Little Symphony**—Joseph Baroné conducting. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. Fri., April 5, at 8:45 P.M.)

**Jazz Concert**—Another in Eddie Condon's series of programs, this time with such musicians as Max Kaminsky, trumpet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; and Dave Tough, drums. (Town Hall. Sat., April 6, at 5:30 P.M.)

### RECITALS

**Joel Berglund**—Baritone. (Town Hall. Fri., March 29, at 8:30 P.M.)

**Grace Castagnetta**—Piano. (Town Hall. Sat., March 30, at 2:30 P.M.)

**Maryla Jonas**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sat., March 30, at 3 P.M.)

**Joseph Szigeti**—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. Sat., March 30, at 8:30 P.M. For tickets call ST 9-1391.)

**Josef Marais and Rosa Miranda**—In a program of songs of the African veld. (Town Hall. Sat., March 30, at 11:30 P.M.)

**Nathan Milstein**—Violin. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400. Sun., March 31, at 8:40 P.M.)

**Josefa Rosanska**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Mon., April 1, at 8:30 P.M.)

**Katherine Bacon**—Piano. (Town Hall. Sat., April 6, at 3 P.M.)

**Benefit Concert**—Salvatore Baccaloni, bass, and John Brownlee, baritone, in a program of operatic arias for the benefit of Irvington House. (Town Hall. Sat., April 6, at 8:30 P.M.)

## SPORTS

**Basketball**—Eastern Stars vs. Western Stars in a benefit game for the Tribune Fresh Air Fund, to be preceded by a high-school championship match. (Madison Square Garden. Sat., March 30; major game at 9:30 P.M.)

**Boxing**—Marty Servo vs. Rocky Graziano, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Fri., March 29; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

**Fencing**—Individual Foil, Metropolitan Open Championship. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53. Sun., March 31, at 2:30 P.M.)

**Indoor Polo**—Expert, if often improvised, teams, in tournament games. (Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94. Sat., March 30 and April 6, at 8:30 P.M.)

**Racing**—The Jamaica meeting will open on Sat., April 6.

## OTHER EVENTS

**U.N.O. Meetings**—Forty-five tickets of admission to the sessions of the Security Council will be made available just before each session begins, on a first-come-first-served basis, at Building Four, Hunter College, Jerome Ave. at 200.

**Roosevelt Stamp Collection**—The second part of the late President's collection of stamps and covers will be on exhibition through Sat., March 30. On the following Mon. and Tues., it will be sold at auction by H. R. Harmer, Inc. Many of the covers from Great Britain and China are accompanied by Mr. Roosevelt's notes describing their history and acquisition. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57; exhibition: weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction: Mon., April 1, at 8 P.M., and Tues., April 2, at 2 and 8 P.M.)

**Sports Literature**—French and English manuscripts and illustrations of the fourteenth through the eighteenth century, dealing with sports and pastimes, from chess to wrestling, and including an autographed copy of Izaak Walton's little essay on fishing. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 29.)

**Military Maps**—A collection used in World War II, some of them German and Japanese, others of the rubber relief variety that were issued to our invasion troops, and still others of the scarf kind given to our fliers before starting out on missions. (New York Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., March 31.)

**Antiques Show**—Primitive American furniture of the early eighteenth century, including lamps and glassware, as well as collections of English and Continental porcelains. (Waldorf-Astoria. Thurs. and Fri., March 28-29, 11 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.)

**Navy Scientific Show**—A display which includes a radar view of New York City, a much enlarged model of an atom of Uranium-235, fused sands from the testing grounds of the atom bomb in New Mexico, and other scientific by-products of the war. (Museum of Science and Industry, 1250 Ave. of Americas, at 49. Daily 12 noon to 8 P.M.; through April 15.)

**Planetarium**—The current lecture and demonstration, "Radar, Rockets, and the Moon," will be succeeded on Mon., April 1, by "Atoms, Stars, and Cosmic Bombs." (Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performance Sat. at 11 A.M.)

**Auctions**—Paintings by old and modern masters, including Van Dyck, Raeburn, Monet, and Inness, owned by the firm of Scott & Fowles. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57; Thurs., March 28, at 8 P.M.) . . . Pictures by George Grosz, Alexander Calder, Josef Scharl, Lyonel Feininger, and other modern American artists, for the benefit of the Society of Friends' fund for sending food parcels to Europe. (Nierendorf Galleries, 53 E. 57; exhibition: Thurs. and Fri., March 28-29, from 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; auction: Sat., March 30, at 4 P.M.) . . . Seventeenth-century English silver and Oriental Lowestoft porcelain, from the collections of Charles Muenze and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57; Sat., March 30, at 2 P.M.). . . The original manuscript of "Alice in Wonderland," other Lewis Carroll memorabilia, and water-color drawings by George Cruikshank, owned by the late Eldridge R. Johnson. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Wed. and Thurs., April 3-4, at 2 P.M.) . . . Etchings by Rembrandt and Dürer, owned by the late Eldridge R. Johnson. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Wed. and Thurs., April 3-4, at 8 P.M.)

## ON THE AIR

**U.N.O. Meetings**—Each session of the Security Council, at the Bronx branch of Hunter College, will be broadcast in its entirety over WNYC.

**Music**—Metropolitan Opera: "Die Walküre," Sat., March 30, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., March 31, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., March 31, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Boston Symphony,

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 6.**

Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., March 30 and April 6; both at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., March 30 and April 6; both at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Ford Sunday Evening Hour, Efrem Kurtz conducting, Sun., March 31, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . New York City Symphony, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Mon., April 1, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

**NEWS COMMENTATORS**—Elmer Davis, Sun. at 3 P.M. and Tues. and Wed. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Fiorello LaGuardia, Sun. at 12 noon and 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

**SPORTS**—Boxing: Marty Servo vs. Rocky Graziano, Fri., March 29; Sonny Horne vs. Coley Welch, Fri., April 5; both at 10 P.M., WJZ.

## MOTION PICTURES

**CORNERED**—Dick Powell in pursuit of a gang of Fascists, who offer him everything from a belt on the head to the favors of a superbly endowed lady to make him lay off—with no success, of course. Walter Slezak and Morris Carnovsky help enliven the proceedings. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., March 28. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri. through Mon., March 29-April 1. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Wed., March 30-April 3.)

**THE HARVEY GIRLS**—A foolish story about waitresses in a cowtown, redeemed by some good tunes—"The Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe" among them—and agile dancing by Ray Bolger. Judy Garland leads the choristers. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., March 30. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., April 1. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., April 3.)

**IT HAPPENED AT THE INN**—From a great-grandfather, aged 106, to a foppish spratling in his twenties, everybody who turns up at this particular inn is worth your fond attention. The film was made in postwar France and has English subtitles. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

**THE LAST CHANCE**—You may find this film of refugees of assorted nationalities fleeing from Italy to Switzerland rather slow-moving, but there are some excellent scenes to compensate for its leisurely narration. English subtitles clear up the dialogue, which is in many languages. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., March 28.)

**THE LOST WEEKEND**—Even if you drink nothing stronger than ginger ale, you should find this account of five days in the life of an alcoholic continuously impressive. Ray Milland, who won an Academy Award for his performance, heads a superb cast, and the picture itself is the winner of the 1945 New York Film Critics' Award. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Fri., March 29.)

**MARIE LOUISE**—A simple, moving story of some youthful French refugees in Switzerland, excellently enacted by a Swiss and French cast. There are English subtitles for those who can't manage the several languages employed in the film. (Art, 36 E. 8; and Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., March 28.)

**MILDRED PIERCE**—Murder, blackmail, larceny, lust, and mother love as interpreted by James M. Cain. Joan Crawford, winner of an Academy Award for her performance, is assisted by a fine cast. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., March 31.)

**MY NAME IS JULIA ROSS**—A dotty old lady and her homicidal son try to drive a young woman out of her wits, which makes for pretty good, grim entertainment. With Nina Foch, George Macready, and Dame May Whitty. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Tues., April 2. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., March 30-April 2. . . . Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; Tues. through Thurs., April 2-4. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., April 2-6.)

**OPEN CITY**—The first film in over two decades that the Italians have been able to put together without worrying about Mussolini's opinions. Relieved of that stifling burden, they have made this account of the Italian underground a superlative piece of work, and everybody in the cast deserves commendation. English subtitles. (World, 153 W. 49.)

**SARATOGA TRUNK**—Edna Ferber's novel of New Orleans amours and New York railroad skulduggery, done in lush, old-fashioned style. With Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, and Flora Robson. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

**SPELLBOUND**—There's an overabundance of psychoanalytic palaver included in this latest Hitchcock creation, but the Old Master mixes enough melodrama with the chatter to keep things moving briskly. Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, and Wallace Ford. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

**THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE**—The tale of a strangler who doesn't like ladies with physical defects, however slight, related in a style eerie enough to keep you interested. Dorothy McGuire plays a mute in charming fashion, and Ethel Barrymore is on hand with her usual authoritative competence. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Tues., April 2.)

**THEY WERE EXPENDABLE**—A very long but often interesting account of the comings and goings of the fast, frail PT boats that made up a good part of our Navy around the Philippines in the uneasy weeks after Pearl Harbor. With Robert Montgomery, Donna Reed, and John Wayne. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., March 30. . . . Plaza, 42 E. 58; through Mon., April 1. . . . Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; Sat. through Mon., March 30-April 1. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., March 31-April 2. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Thurs., April 2-4.)

**ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1946**—Very rich, very colorful, very spectacular, and not a little boring. But the dancing of Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly is excellent and Victor Moore relieves the monotony by cutting some funny capers. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

## REVIVALS

**THE ADVENTURES OF CHICO** (1938)—Full-length travel film of Central America. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., March 30.)

**ALICE ADAMS** (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., March 28.)

**ARSENIC AND OLD LACE** (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., March 30.)

**THE BAKER'S WIFE** (1940)—Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. through Thurs., April 2-4.)

**CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (1914)—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," and "Caught in a Cabaret." (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. through Mon., March 29-April 1.)

**DODSWORTH** (1936)—Sinclair Lewis's retired businessman abroad. Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., March 29.)

**DUMBO** (1941)—Disney animals, mostly elephants. (Republic, B'way at 51; through Fri., April 5.)

**HOLD BACK THE DAWN** (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., April 1-3.)

**LAURA** (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews pretty deeply involved in murder. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Tues., March 30-April 2.)

**MY SISTER EILEEN** (1942)—The play about Greenwich Village life, transferred to the screen. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., April 3.)

**REBECCA** (1940)—Hitchcock's version of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

**THE SEVENTH CROSS** (1944)—Spencer Tracy playing a fugitive from a German concentration camp. Also with Signe Hasso and Hume Cronyn. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., April 2-3.)

**THE SILVER FLEET** (1945)—Ralph Richardson as a Dutch shipbuilder during the Nazi invasion. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., April 2-4.)

**TOP HAT** (1935)—Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irving Berlin music. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., March 31-April 1.)

**TOPPER** (1937)—You remember, the first of the Topper series. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., March 28.)

**THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW** (1945)—Edward G. Robinson as a murderer with the best of intentions. Also with Joan Bennett and Dan Duryea. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., March 29-April 1.)

**WUTHERING HEIGHTS** (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; tentative, Sat. through Fri., March 30-April 5.)

**NOTES**—**THE EAGLE,** that old curio made in 1925 by the celebrated romantic team of Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky, will be revived at the Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50, Thurs., March 28.

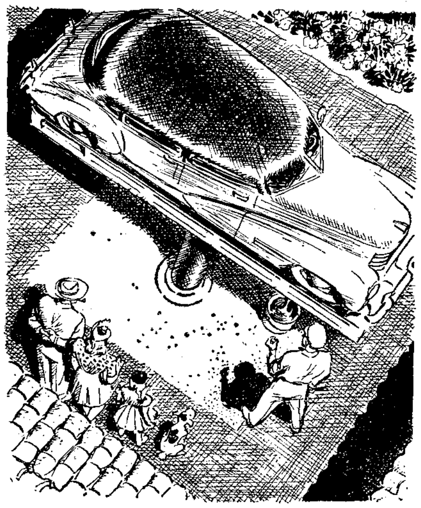
The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is presenting the following films as part of a series showing the origin and development of documentary pictures—**THURS., MARCH 28:** "Fellow Americans" (1942), "Power for Defense" (1941), "At the Front in North Africa" (1942), and "Ring of Steel" (1942). . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., MARCH 29-31:** "The World at War" (1943). . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., APRIL 1-4:** "Desert Victory" (1942), British film. . . . **FROM FRI., APRIL 5:** "Prelude to War" (1943). (Weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Thurs. Eves. at 8:15; Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.)

mais Oui
PRONOUNCED "MAY WE"— MEANS "BUT YES!"
mais Oui
BOURJOIS
the frankly flirtatious perfume by

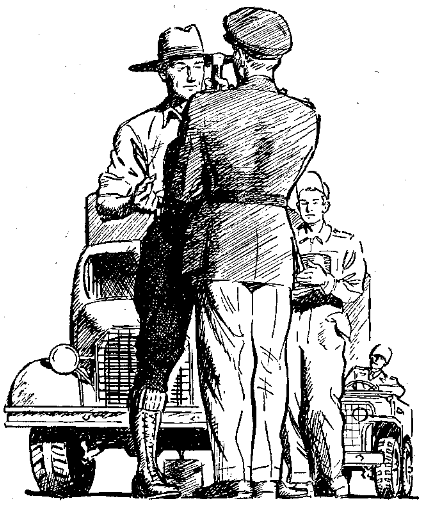
**BOURJOIS**

PERFUME—$1.50 TO $10.00 · EAU PARFUMEE—$1.50
TALCUM—75c · FACE POWDER—$1.00 · BATH POWDER—$1.25
ROUGE—75c · LIPSTICK—$1.25 *All Prices Plus Tax*

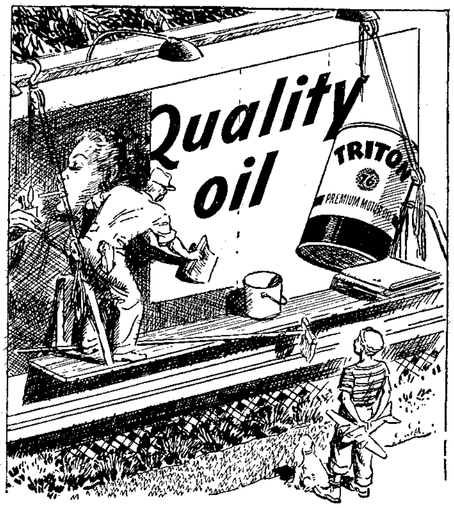
# Sometimes it's good to make customers dissatisfied



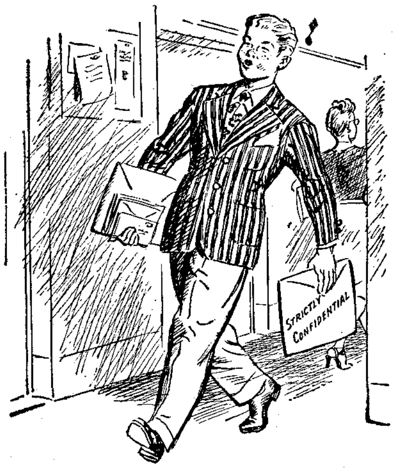
**1. For 25 years** it has been an accepted practice to change the oil in an automobile every 1,000 miles. With the motor oils we had before the war this was the only safe procedure. And the public had been told about it so long and so frequently, the habit was pretty well fixed.



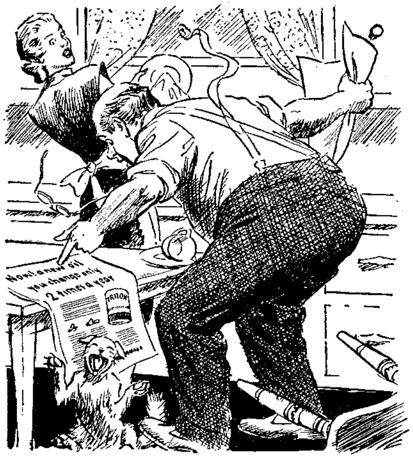
**2. During the war,** however, Union developed an oil that would last a good deal longer than 1,000 miles. In fact, it had to be changed only *two times a year.* A few months after V-J day we were in a position to offer this *New Triton* to the motoring public.



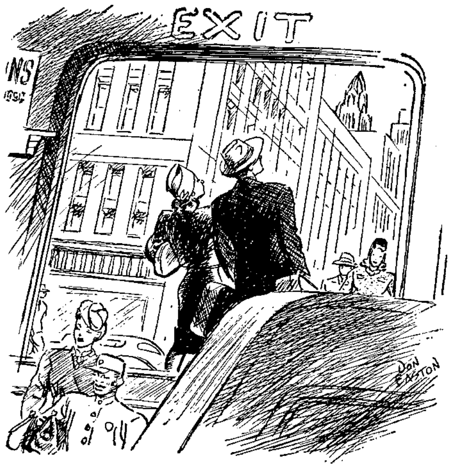
**3. At that point** we had to make a decision. Should we advertise *New Triton* simply as a superior oil and let people go on changing it every 1,000 miles? Or should we give them the whole story and upset a buying habit that had been established for years?



**4. If Union Oil** had been a monopoly—private or governmental—we would probably have kept quiet. There's no incentive to go after more business when you already have it all. And when the customers are satisfied, the motto of most monopolies is "Don't Rock the Boat."


Now! a new oil you change only 2 times a year
TRITON

**5. But we didn't have** all the business. We were in *competition.* By telling the whole story on *New Triton* we stood to gain two things: good will from our present customers and additional business from the dissatisfied customers of our competitors. So we told it. The results justified our decision.



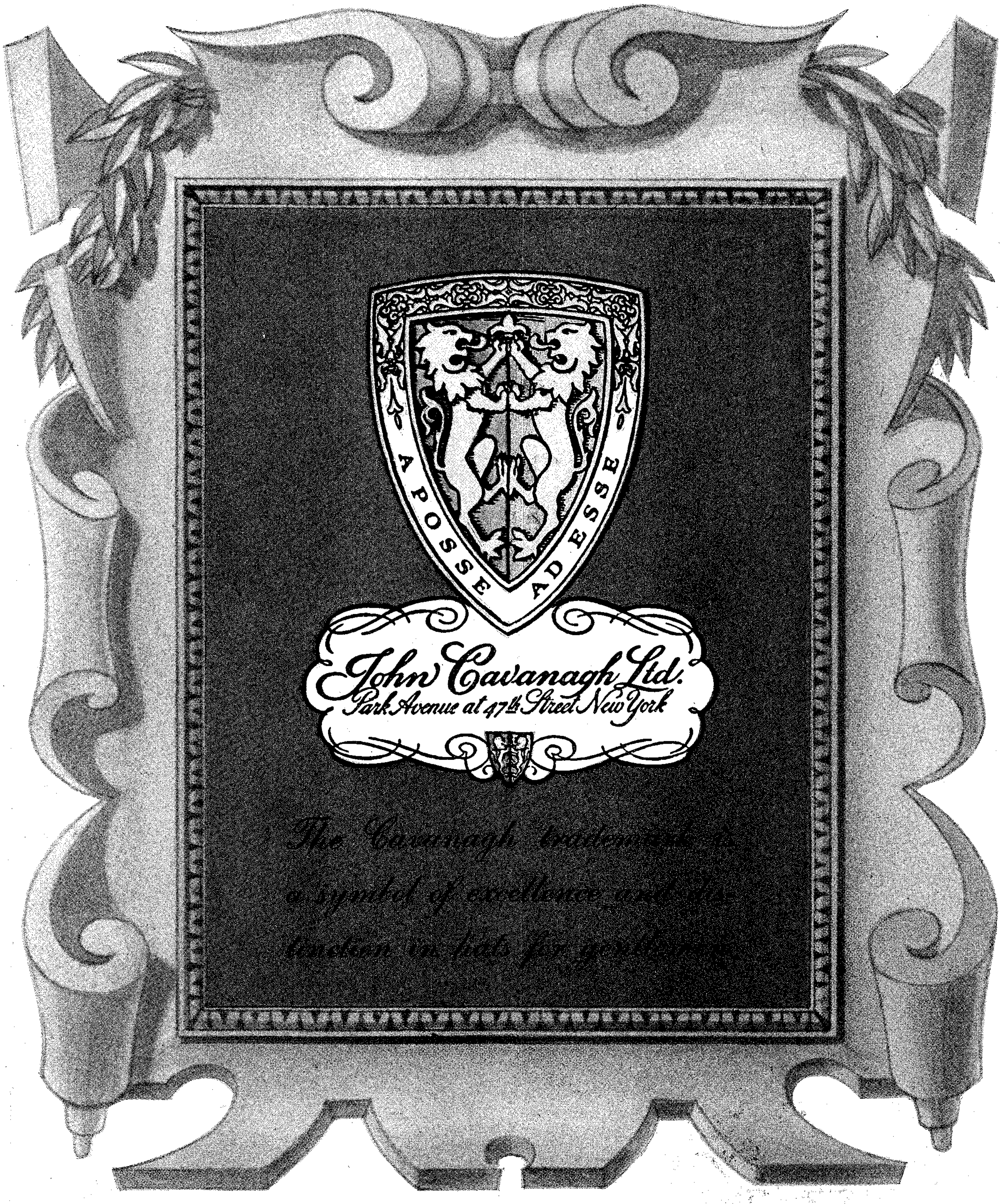
**6. Furthermore they proved** once again that as long as there's room for improvement in an industry, the only way to guarantee *maximum progress* is to have an economic system that guarantees *maximum incentives.* Our American system, with its *free competition,* provides these to a degree no other system has ever approached.

**UNION OIL COMPANY**

**OF CALIFORNIA**

*This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 14, Calif.*

**AMERICA'S FIFTH FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE**

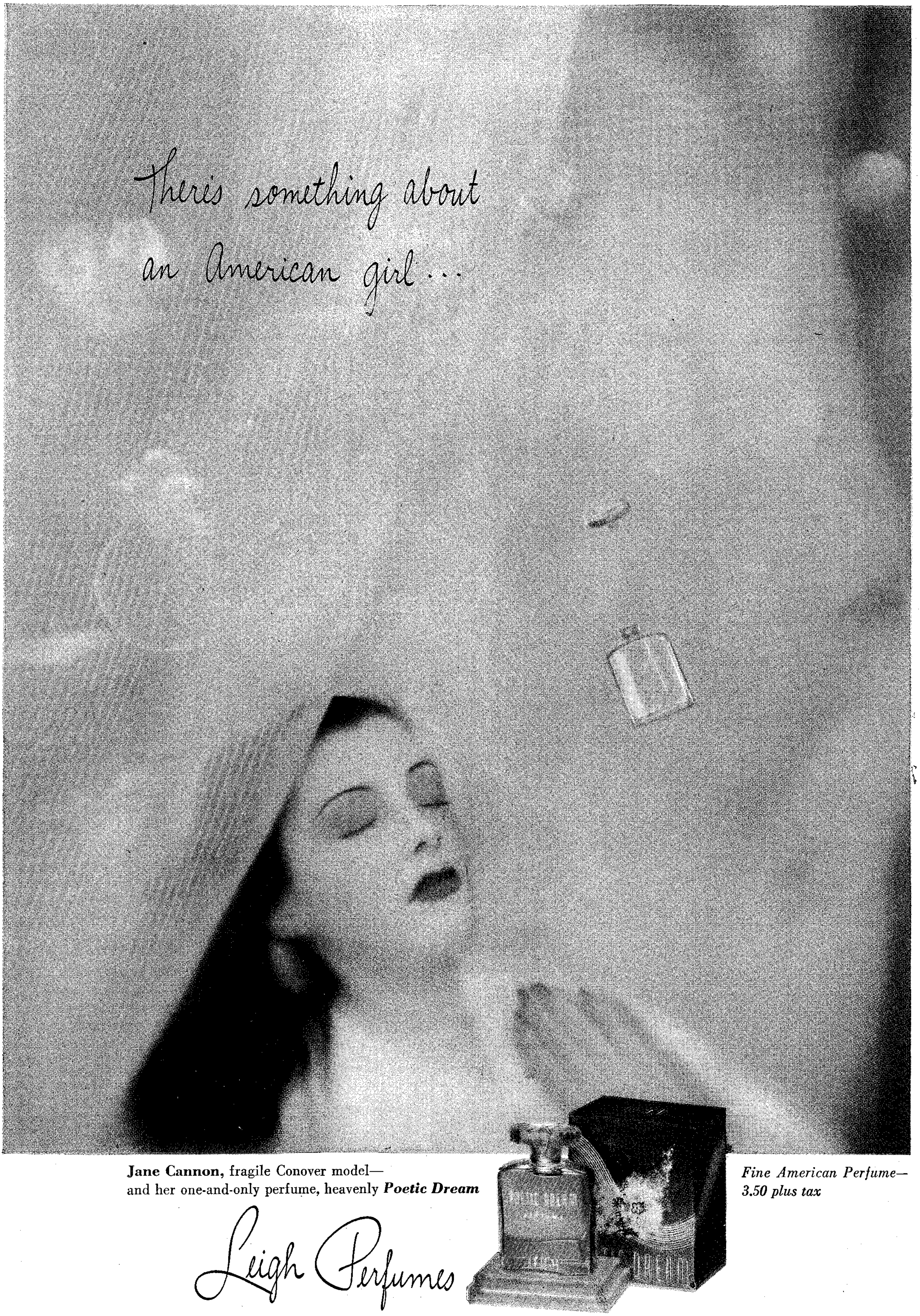

A POSSE AD ESSE
John Cavanagh Ltd.
Park Avenue at 47th Street New York
The Cavanagh trademark is a symbol of excellence and distinction in hats for gentlemen.

The Compleat Hatter

Cavanagh Hats

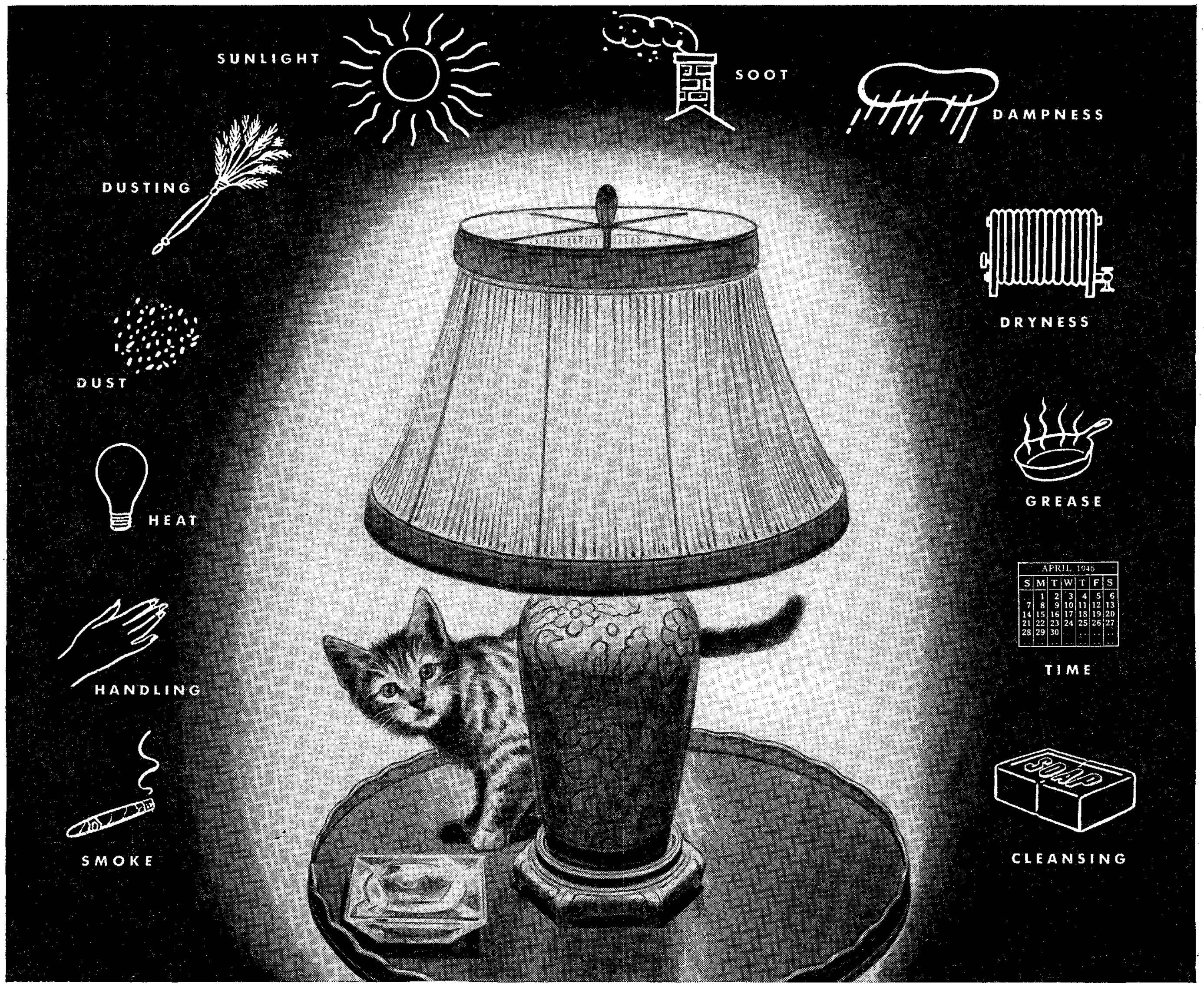
Park Avenue at 47th Street, New York

Cavanagh Associates in other cities.


There's something about
an American girl...
Leigh Perfumes

**Jane Cannon,** fragile Conover model—
and her one-and-only perfume, heavenly ***Poetic Dream***

*Fine American Perfume—*
*3.50 plus tax*



## Why a Lampshade Needs Nine Lives . . . PLUS!

DON'T THINK a lampshade has an easy time of it! Like a cat, it needs nine lives . . . and then some! Its existence is endlessly dogged by worrisome heat, dryness, dampness, dust, sunlight, cleansing, and many more things.

Rayon lampshades have a remarkable record for long life despite these hazards. That is because rayon is a man-made fiber, and thus can be engineered to do widely assorted things.

You see, rayon fibers are made in varied lengths, strengths and thicknesses. They are spun into an endless variety of yarns, for an endless variety of textiles. Textiles, moreover, with many different finishes.

Research engineers of American Viscose Corporation cooperate closely with textile makers in adapting rayon to given needs that range all the way from lampshades and lingerie to tough rayon cords that make your automobile tires stronger . . . longer lasting.

As the nation's largest producer of rayon, we never cease in our efforts to adapt rayon to new uses, for new and better products for everyone to enjoy.

**AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION**

*America's largest producer of rayon*

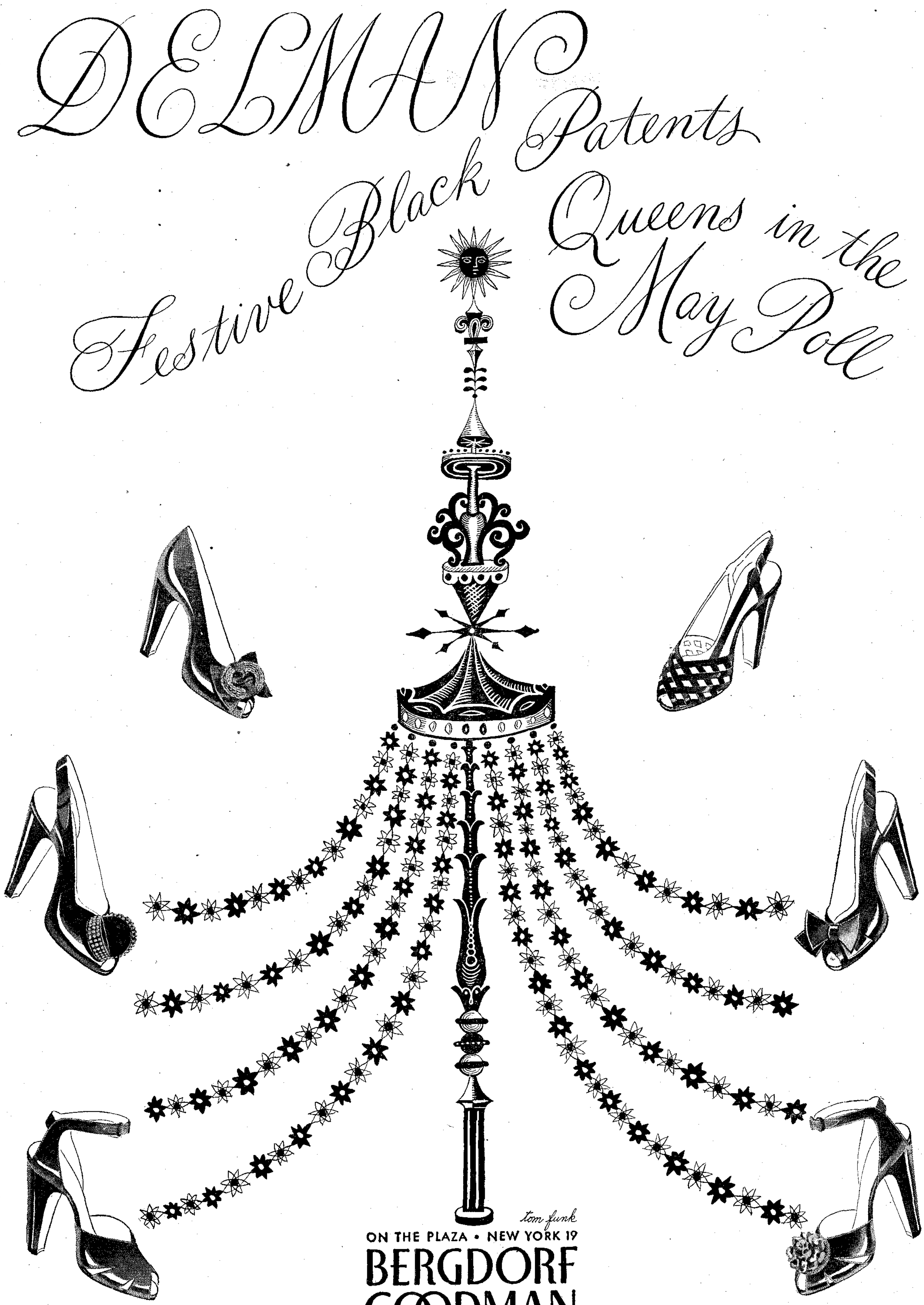
*Offices:* 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York; Charlotte, N.C.; Cleveland, Ohio; Philadelphia, Pa.; Providence, R.I.; Washington, D.C.; Wilmington, Del.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*A better way to buy Rayon Fabrics*

"CROWN" TESTED RAYON FABRIC

This identification is awarded only to fabrics containing CROWN* rayon after they have passed the CROWN Tests for serviceability.

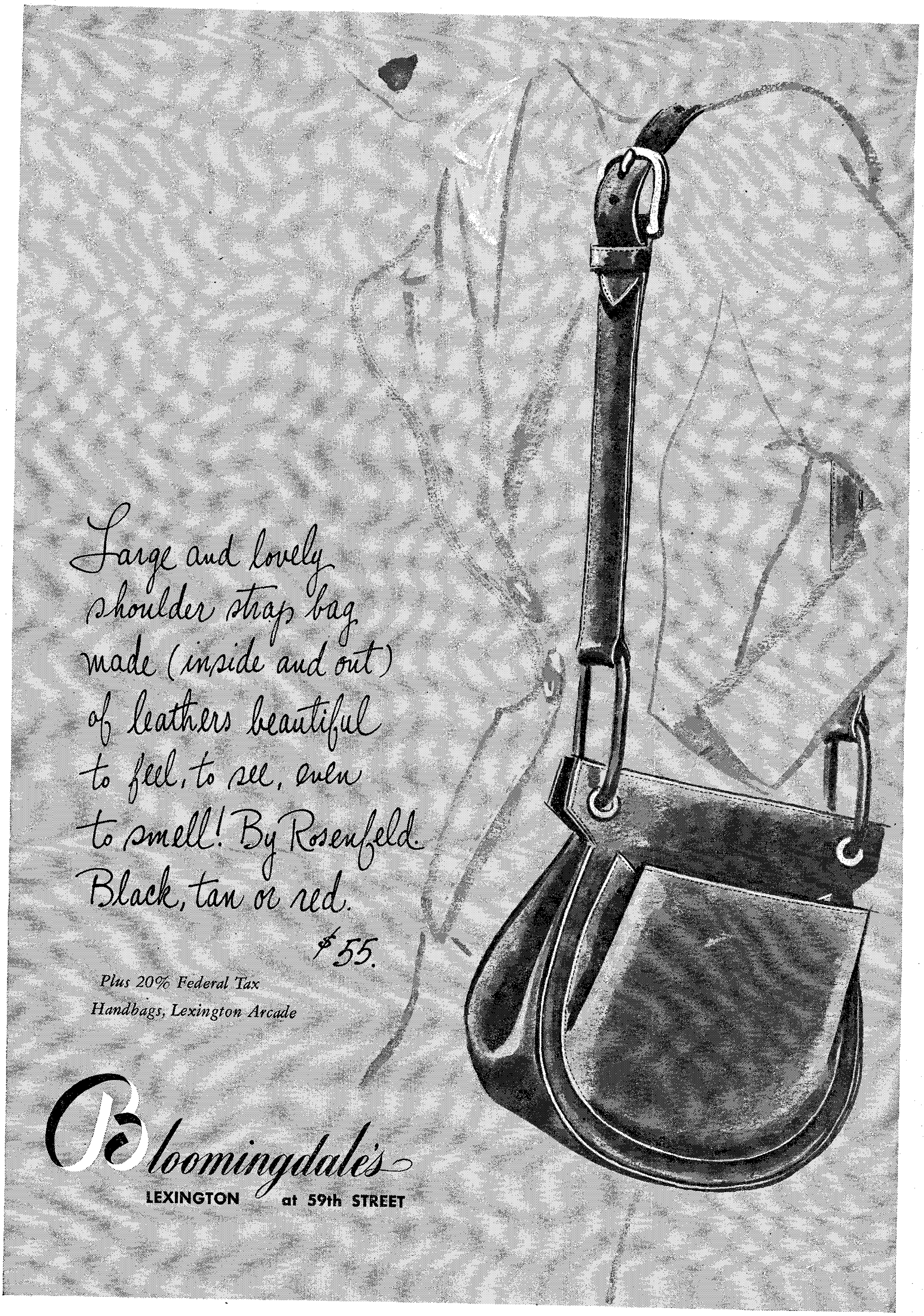


DELMAN
Festive Black Patents
Queens in the May Poll
tom funk

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19

**BERGDORF GOODMAN**

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

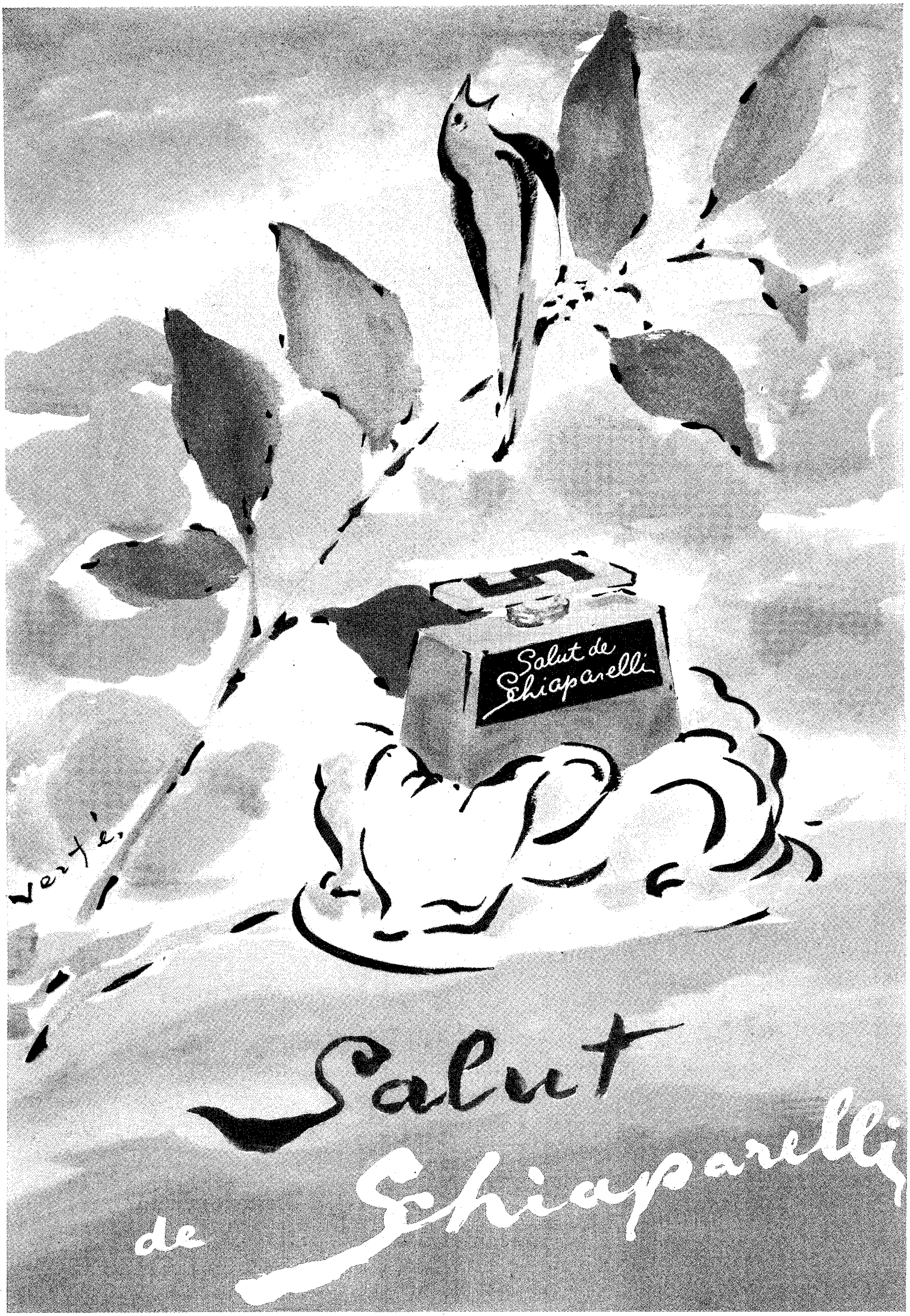


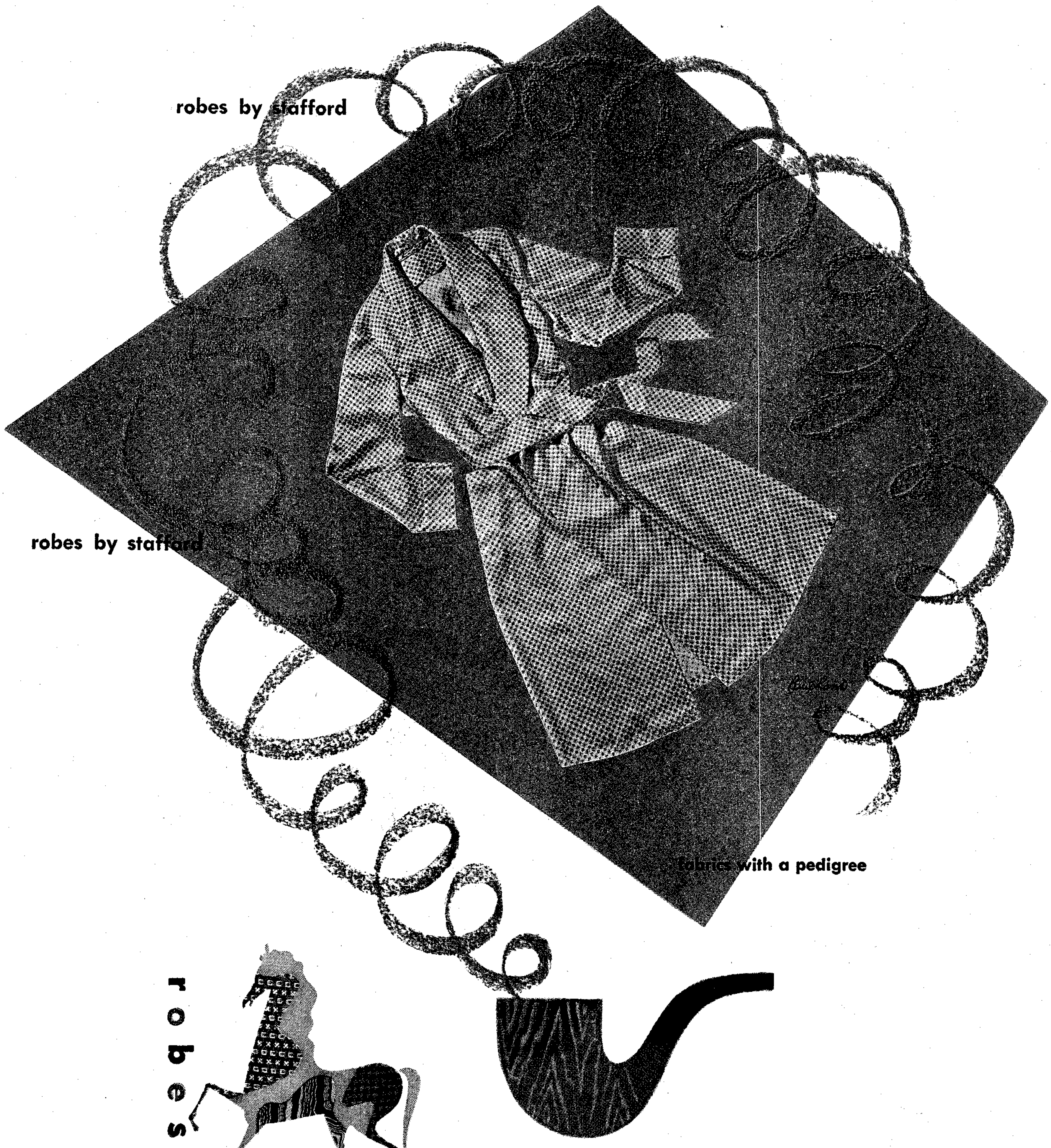
Large and lovely shoulder strap bag made (inside and out) of leathers beautiful to feel, to see, even to smell! By Rosenfeld. Black, tan or red.

$55.

*Plus 20% Federal Tax*
*Handbags, Lexington Arcade*

Bloomingdale's
**LEXINGTON at 59th STREET**


Salut de
Schiaparelli
Vertès
Salut
de Schiaparelli



robes by stafford

**a pipe dreamer's dream** At last...robes as gay as your hopes for tomorrow...as comfortably reassuring as a night at home. New men's robes by Stafford* out of Celanese* rayon yarn in colors that sing and patterns that live. You will find robes by Stafford at the better men's and department stores... bearing that famous trademark...the Stafford Stallion... symbol of fabrics with a pedigree. **staffordwear**

Stafford fabrics are woven in the Pennsylvania hills and printed in the little New England town for which they are named.

©1946, GOODMAN & THEISE, INC., 16 E. 34 ST., NEW YORK 16, N.Y. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# Mary Lewis Rain Capers—

BYRD CLOTH
MADE OF
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A REEVES FABRIC
TAILORED by
AQUATOGS

tailored by
Aquatogs
in the one and only
Byrd cloth

Goody — capes! Capes as debonair as a matador's. Capes that swing in the April breeze. Capes that go places, rain or shine! And the best part of it is, Rain-Capers are really designed for Spring and warmer weather. No sleeves (you slip into them easily, don't feel all bundled up). The superb quality of Byrd Cloth, that super-super cotton twill (wind-resistant, water-repellent) gives them an extra cachet. White, natural, powder, navy.
Sizes 10 to 16. 25.00 The "Coif" head covering 3.95

**MARY LEWIS**

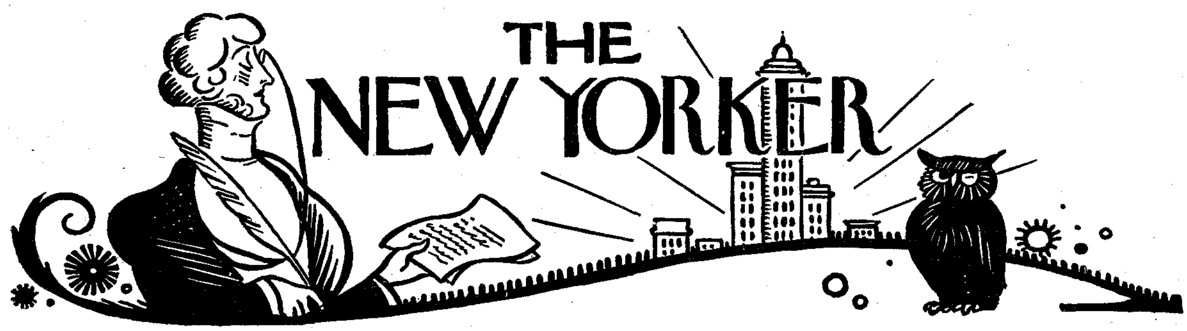
*746 Fifth Avenue*
*between 57 and 58 Streets, New York City*

**B. ALTMAN & CO.**

*Fifth Avenue New York*

*Toast to Gabardine* in a versatile coat with shirtcuffs and four geometric pockets. In golden toast color or in fire red wool gabardine. Sizes 12 to 18. 69.95

Altman coat fashions, third floor



# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

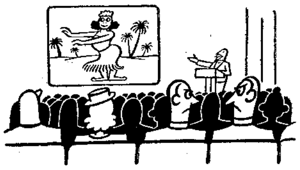
INFLATION NOTE: Emerson Books, Inc., has raised the price of "Getting More Out of Life," by Joseph Jastrow, from $2 to $2.50.

NOTE ON HOW TO START THE DAY IN A SNARLING TEMPER: If you call the Little Busy Bee Market on Second Avenue, a cheerful voice answers, "Good morning, Little Busy Bee."

IN this year of reconversion, the advertising copywriters ought to have the time of their lives. It has been a long and dreary wait for them, crouching in the foxholes with their boys, and we can imagine with what glee they are springing back into the tidy, exhilarating world of the uninhibited blurb and the all-out slogan. It would be nice if, in their giddy return to their own kind of normalcy, they paused to consider a few changes in their ways. We have one specific suggestion to offer for a starter—the outlawing of that old grammatical teaser which we will call the "agency comparative." It bothered us before the war and it bothers us still. We are tired of being told that one product is "better"—not better than anything, just better—or that another is smoother, sweeter, longer lasting, or sudsier. Sudsier than what, gentlemen?

This now familiar comparative-without-comparison, though probably nothing the Federal Trade Commission can put its finger on, seems to us based on a sly feeling on the part of advertising men that their public cannot distinguish between a comparative and a superlative and can thus be expected to mistake the former for the latter. Recently, the ad men have even been putting the agency comparative into the mouths of the customers themselves. "Eight out of every ten say, 'Royal Desserts taste more delicious!' " a radio announcer declared the other night. More delicious than an old shoe, or a dried newt? Evidently advertisers dare not announce merely that their product is good, because they believe the public incapable of assimilating an unqualified statement, or that their product is the best of its kind, because too many competitors are already around with a "better" product; that limb has already been sawed off. So the ad men fall back on the agency comparative, and if two out of every ten consumers protest that they prefer the English language used more explicitly, there is always a junior executive around to cover up the sponsor's ears. Our hope is that somewhere in the postwar world there may be a fresh young copywriter, as yet unveiled, of uncompromising grammatical standards. To him go our wishes for the critical months ahead. We trust they will be good ones, his best ones, better ones than most.

SPEAKING of the verbal aspects of reconversion, we noticed that Burton Holmes, the illustrated-travel-lecture man, again set up shop at Carnegie Hall, where he extolled the virtues of California ("Its Glorious Beauty" was the subtitle given in an ad we read), Hawaii ("Islands of Loveliness"), Quebec and Gaspé ("Quaint, Colorful"), Brazil ("Beautiful and Neighborly"), and Rio de Janeiro ("Metropolis Supreme"). We admire Mr. Holmes' courage in sticking to his guns. He has probably covered as much ground, if not quite so recently, as most of the young veterans in his audiences, and his colored pictures of distant scenes no doubt evoke many interesting memories of remote beauty and neighborliness. Mr. Holmes, understandably, has been discreet in his selection of places, and even during his one relatively daring lecture, that about Hawaii, he probably finds ex-service men ready to corroborate his testimony on the loveliness of this island group, except the inevitable minority who were unable to get enough passes to downtown Honolulu. We are afraid, though, that Mr. Holmes' source material for future appearances will have to be confined to equally innocuous spots, such as the Florida Everglades ("Oozy, Dank") and the Carlsbad Caverns ("Bat Cave Supreme"). The heyday of the South Sea Island raconteur, for instance, is past. There is, in fact, hardly a distant corner of the earth worth talking about on which some soldier or sailor has not been miserably perched, yearning bitterly to get the hell out of there and back to Carnegie Hall. One of these days, if it has not occurred already, some unhappy lecturer, embarking on a eulogy of a far-off Eden, is almost certain to be greeted with some picturesque and colloquial phrases of derisive dialect, culled from all the quaint and colorful lands of the world.



WE hurried to have a talk with our old friend R. Buckminster Fuller, inventor of the Dymaxion car, house, bathroom, and map, as soon as we heard of his staggering new plans for the mass production of Fuller Houses, which are to be shipped complete anywhere in the United States for $6,500—hemispherically constructed, along the lines of a suspension bridge; made of aluminum, plywood, and Plexiglas; air-conditioned, deep-freezed, rodent-proofed, and Lord knows what else. We found Fuller in a rectangular, non-aluminum suite at the Ritz, constructed along the lines of a suite at the Ritz. He's an abstracted-looking, round, stocky man of fifty, who talks rapidly in a kind of cablese, in low, compelling tones, as though everything he says contains seeds of indisputable truth. "Circumstances have converged to produce Emergency in relation to House," he said, "thus enabling mass production of House for the first time in the history of Man. When you talk mass production, you talk world-wide, and you talk Weight. We've licked Weight. Fuller House will weigh four tons, compared to a hundred and fifty tons for Ordinary House. You can't ship Ordinary House. We've licked Plant. We have Labor. We have Materials perfected through swift evolution of Technology. This brings us directly to House and its problem. What is the primary purpose of House?" We started to make a tentative answer to this question, but R. Buckminster Fuller kept right on talking. "Primary purpose of House is to give Man an initial advantage in relation to his environment. Initially, House must protect—against Fire, Flood, Disease, Plague, Pestilence, Marauders, Microbes, Cycles of Microbes, and Selfishness in Politics. Formerly, House was secondary to tilling the soil, but Man is no longer tied to the soil. He is liberated, has branched out, has swept over the surface of the globe. How many moves does Modern Man make in the course of one generation?" We sat tight. "Six," said R. Buckminster Fuller.

"Six moves per generation," he continued, "have made Man a new Species. A few figures on the Moves of Man: in 1913, Man walked further than he rode—thirteen hundred miles per annum per capita on foot, just to-ing and fro-ing; in 1919, Man rode sixteen hundred miles per annum per capita and still walked thirteen hundred miles; in 1939, Man rode sixty-five hundred miles per annum per capita, including invalids and prisoners, with housewives perhaps hitting ten thousand and air hostesses a hundred thousand, the whole thing averaging out, but *still* those thirteen hundred miles on foot, to-ing and fro-ing.

"Man's psyche," he continued, "is not shattered by the installation of a new Phone. No reason to be upset by the installation of a new House. Phone the Fuller people and just tell them to install a House. Takes only a few days for crews of ten men—swift, efficient, uniformed crews. Inside House, we've solved all the problems—heat, cold, light, vermin, ease. No stairways to slip on. No jagged edges to be injured with. No need to skid getting out of the bathtub; we've got a rubber step parallel with Tub Bottom. In the circular living room, Man can look wherever he wishes or pull the curtains and not look, if he doesn't want to look. Today, House is a *very* confused thing. Lamps fall down and hit Children on the head. Mother is exhausted from dishwashing and cannot give intellectual reflection to the questions posed by Children. Fuller House solves these problems—kitchens complete with refrigerator, dishwashing machine, sink, range, and garbage-disposal unit. Time for rest and relaxation, and intellectual effort in relation to questions posed by Children."

•

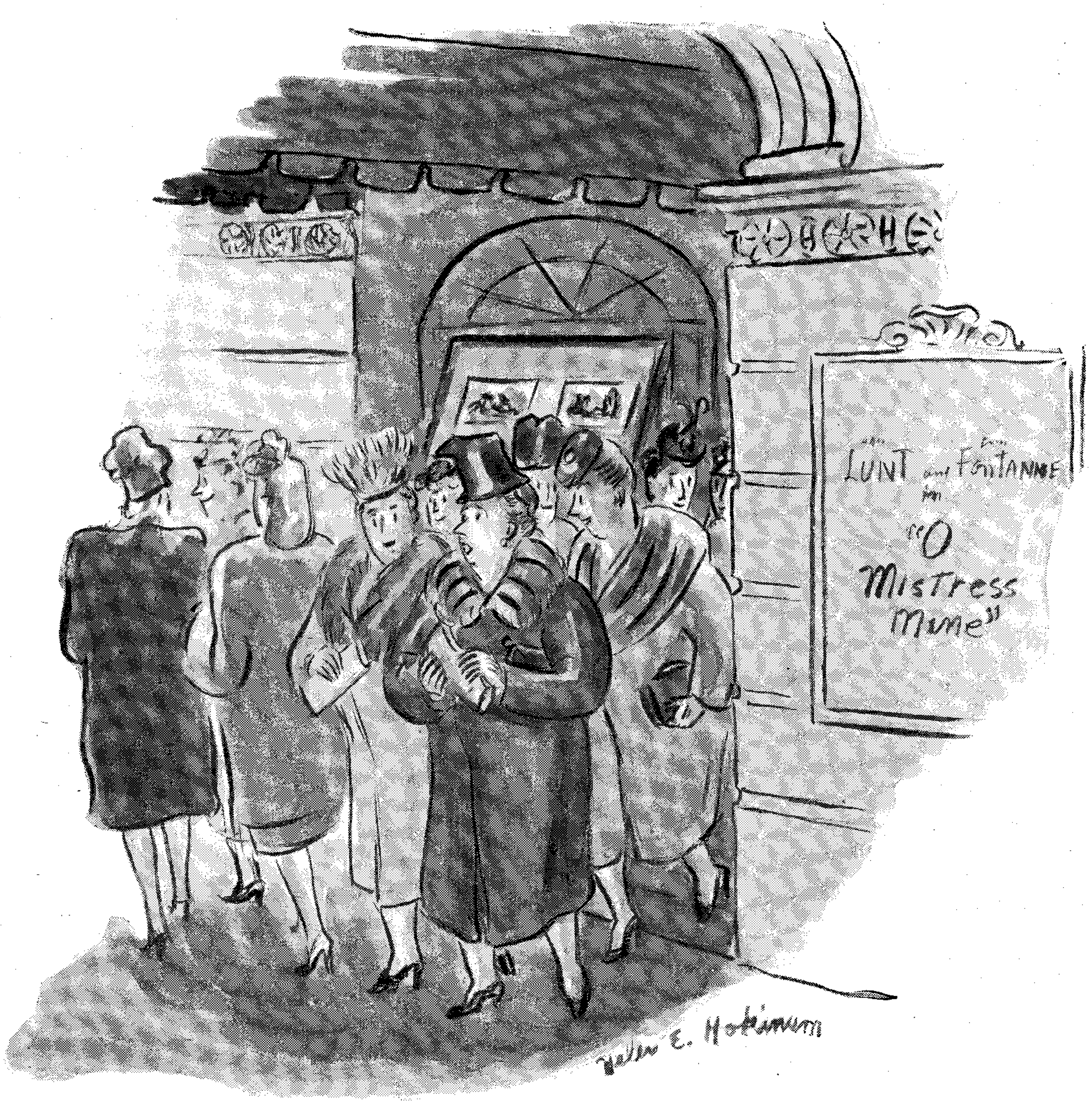
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: In the window of a stationery shop on Madison Avenue there is a sign advertising the Reynolds fountain pen, which states, rather recklessly, it would seem, "Guaranteed to write two years without refilling. Come in and try it."

According to a directory of the world's most important newspapers recently compiled by *Editor & Publisher*, the two big Russian journals, *Izvestia* and *Pravda*, are published in St. Petersburg.

There's a sign on a telephone booth in the Carlton Hotel in Washington that reads, "THIS TELEPHONE IS FOR LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE CALLS ONLY."

## *Heaven*

WE stood trying to get a cab last Saturday in the approved fashion—one foot on the curb and the other in the gutter, our right arm pumping up and down, and our lips pursed in a penetrating whistle. Despite our daring, one noisy old derelict after another chuffed past. Then, like some glittering and improbable mirage, a brand-new cab pulled up to our toes and the driver of it called out, "Where to, Mister?" Reaching forward, we touched a fender, found it real, opened the door, which gave no sign of coming off in our hand, and climbed in. We saw then that the cab was indubitably fresh off the assembly line. It had clean-smelling red-and-gray leather upholstery, jump seats with stainless-steel backing, a sky-view top through which it was actually possible to see the sky, and no springs protruding through the seat. The driver sat watching us with a smile of approval. "Yeah, ya like all the rest," he said after a moment. Apparently we had passed some sort of aptitude test which he set for his fares. "First ya can't believe it, then ya *wanta* believe it, then ya *do* believe it. 'It's out of this world,' one lady says to me. 'It's heaven!' Wait till ya get a load of the smooth ride I give ya. It *is* heaven. Where to?"


Lunt and Fontanne in "O Mistress Mine"
Helen E. Hokinson

*"I must say he was quite nice to her today. He used to slap her* *__terribly__.*"

We gave an address. The driver shifted gears with a colorless, plastic-tipped lever, and the cab slipped out into the main stream of traffic. There were no squeaks, no rattles—for the first time in years. As, with a superior smile playing over our face, we glided past a number of coughing cripples of taxis, we asked the driver how this miracle had befallen him. "I deserved it," he said simply. "This here cab belongs to the Meteor Cab Company, which is owned by the Terminal System, which gets its cabs from the Waters Company, which gets its cabs from De Soto. De Soto always makes a nice cab. Easy on a man's kidneys. Well, I and the night driver have been driving our old cab since '41. I and him run up about three hundred thousand miles on her, I working her from seven to four and him working her all night till he wants to quit. We keep her in fine shape, considering, and when the Terminal people get some new cabs, I and him are assigned to one of them. I understand there's only a hundred new cabs in the city. They're not so different from the old cabs as they look. We got a shiny new grille up front, the ashtrays are in the doors instead of on the armrests, and the running boards are built-in instead of hanging outside. The bumpers we got now are temporary; later on, we'll get big, showy, wrap-around ones. I and the night driver have about a thousand miles on her so far. The very first day, I take a fare over to Brooklyn, near where I live. I swing around and give the wife a look at her. 'She's beauti-ful!' she says, like she was talking about a newborn babe."

According to our driver, who was in a benign and confidential mood, hackmen's earnings have fallen off slightly since gas rationing was abandoned, and he counts on the new cab to bring his earnings up again. "People notice," he told us. "The other day I picked up a fare at South Ferry who said he'd been waiting an hour and a half for a ride in a new cab. I says, 'Mister, you might a had to wait all night.' 'Then I'd a waited all night,' he says. 'I'm never gonna ride in one of them dirty, crummy old taxis again.' I took him to a house on Fifth Avenue. You could tell by the way he talked he expected the best. Of course the other hackies kid the shirt off me. 'Good fenders yet?' they yell. 'No scratches?' 'Take it easy,' I tell them. 'If you touch her, she'll bleed.' "

• •

## *Tough*

THE mother of a boy in school in a small and supposedly idyllic Long Island community happened the other day to glance through his social-studies notebook. She gathered from the latest contents that he and his class had taken up a study of the various departments of the local government. At the top of one page her son had printed the words "Police Dept." with considerable care. Under this heading, his mother was startled to find the following list:

14 policemen
1 asst cheif acting like cheif
8 patrol cars
2 motorcycles
1 third degree

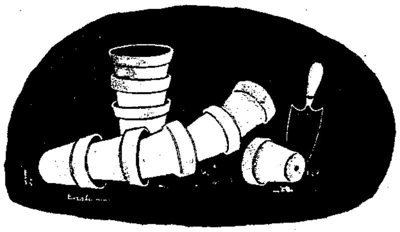
## *Voices*

FOR complexity, the sound equipment used by the Security Council at Hunter surpasses the equipment set up at the San Francisco Conference and Nuremberg trials, but, according to Major G. Robert Vincent, the man responsible for all three jobs, it was far simpler to whip into working shape. Major Vincent, who is temporarily detached from the Signal Corps for the purpose of wiring U.N.O. for sound, told us this one morning last week when we visited him in the recording room under the council chamber. "I'm used to having to string all the wires myself," he said. "This time the electricians and Edward Content, an acoustics consultant on leave from WOR, did most of the preliminary installation for me. Besides, my staff and I were given two whole weeks to fuss over things. In San Francisco, we were given two days. In Nuremberg, one day."

Vincent is a boyish-looking little man of forty-six who has been in sound since he was twelve. As we noted in a piece about him some years ago, he formed the world's largest private collection of recordings of voices of prominent people, which he later presented to the Sterling Memorial Library at Yale. After getting a commission as first lieutenant in the Army, he invented a variety of jobs for himself, the most satisfactory being the production of V-discs—plastic, unbreakable phonograph records—which were shipped overseas for the entertainment of the armed forces. Vincent and his staff turned out nearly eight million of them. He was assigned to the job of supervising sound at San Francisco at the request of Edward Stettinius, then Secretary of State, who, as Lend-Lease Administrator, had heard about him from Bernhard Knollenberg, Senior Deputy Lend-Lease Administrator and former librarian at Yale. The moral here seems to be that Yale men never forget, which strikes us as unlikely.

Vincent was about to return to civilian life when Army brass called him in to ask his opinion of the sound equipment they were considering for Nuremberg. "Like a fool," he told us, "I said I knew a better way to handle the job. The next thing, I was on my way to Nuremberg with ninety-five hundred pounds of equipment and a staff of five. At Nuremberg, we set up an earphone system by means of which a person may listen to what is actually being said or to interpreters—seated in a glass-enclosed booth in a corner of the courtroom—translating into English, Russian, French, and German almost simultaneously." A number of snags turned up at Nuremberg, most of them not Vincent's fault. At first, the judges tended to forget when their mikes were alive and engaged in confidential conversations that were audible to everyone in the courtroom. Vincent installed special switches on each mike, so they could shut themselves off. Some users complain, after using earphones all day, of what is beginning to be known as "Nuremberg ear," a remote cousin of cauliflower ear. The sound system is indispensable, however; whenever it breaks down, court must adjourn.

Up at Hunter, there are seventeen mikes on the Council table and four at the interpreters' table. Voices picked up by the mikes enter a control booth, where an engineer at a large console mixes and modulates them. The sound is then piped to the public-address system; to ten control rooms used by American and Canadian networks and radio stations; to another control room, operated jointly by several international agencies which are beaming short-wave broadcasts of the meetings overseas; to television and movie booths; to interpreters' earphones; and, by six separate channels, to the recording department downstairs. Here the proceedings of the Council are registered on high-fidelity transcription discs for reference and documentary purposes, on Magnetophon metallic-paper tape (a German invention being used here for the first time) for broadcasting purposes, and on Recordgraph, or embossed film, by means of which court reporters are, so Vincent says, quickly able to check their notes. There is special provision for recording, on wire, the proceedings of closed conferences. The whole sound-transmitting system is laid out in duplicate to allow for the possibility of a raised voice blowing a fuse, which God forbid.

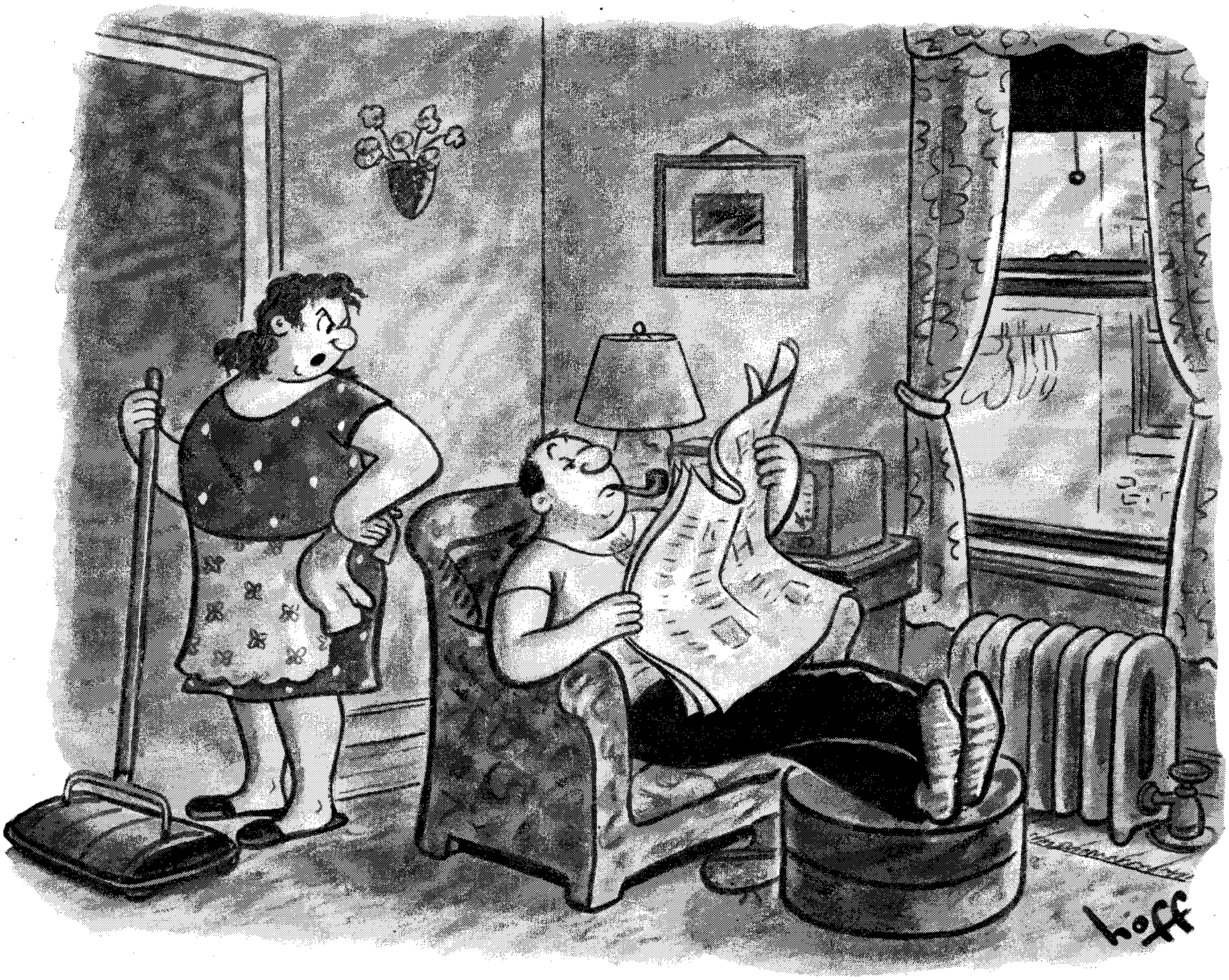


## *Near Miss*

A YOUNG musician in a small Midwestern town was recently thrown over by his girl. Desperate, he came here to follow the traditional pattern of outraged lovers and lose himself in wine, women, and song. His knowledge of the city was limited to the handful of names his mother and father recalled from their wedding trip of some twenty-five years ago, and this has had its effect on the young man's plans. He is conscientiously trying to drink himself to death, but the place he has chosen to do it in is a Schrafft's.

## *Back*

DAFFODILS that come before the swallow dares and take the winds of March with beauty took the Grand Central Palace last week, when, for the first time in four years, the International Flower Show put on a display of pralines, tractors, health foods, birdhouses, antiques, folding doors, metal jewelry, and well-bred plants, all in fulsome and unnatural bloom. Since up to last October the Palace served as the induction center for Greater New York, its corridors echoing to the uneasy shuffle of thousands of young men naked except for their shoes, socks, and shorts, we expected to note some evidence of the armed services around—an old shirt, a dog tag, a draft dodger lurking about the fire stairs, at least—but we found that the last used-up psychiatrist had long since been sent packing. The walls were freshly painted and hung with greenery, and tea was being served on the fourth floor. The crowds in attendance were made up of fully dressed women with big busts and hats decorated with little birds, accompanied by men who looked too emaciated to drag a rake over a gravel path. Four years had not, however, dimmed the enthusiasm that blossoms in every flower lover's breast, and high, petunia-sized shrieks of delight reached us from every side. "*Look* at Marshall Field! Did you ever see anything so lovely? So pale? So delicate?" one lady cried to her companion. We swung about to get a good look at Field, fearing that he was being pushed around by some publisher bigger than he is, but it turned out that what the lady had in mind was a pretty little garden of tulips, azaleas, Scotch broom, dogwood, rhododendron, and juniper



*"You'll find the help-wanted ads on the back page, Mr. Walter Lippmann."*

• •

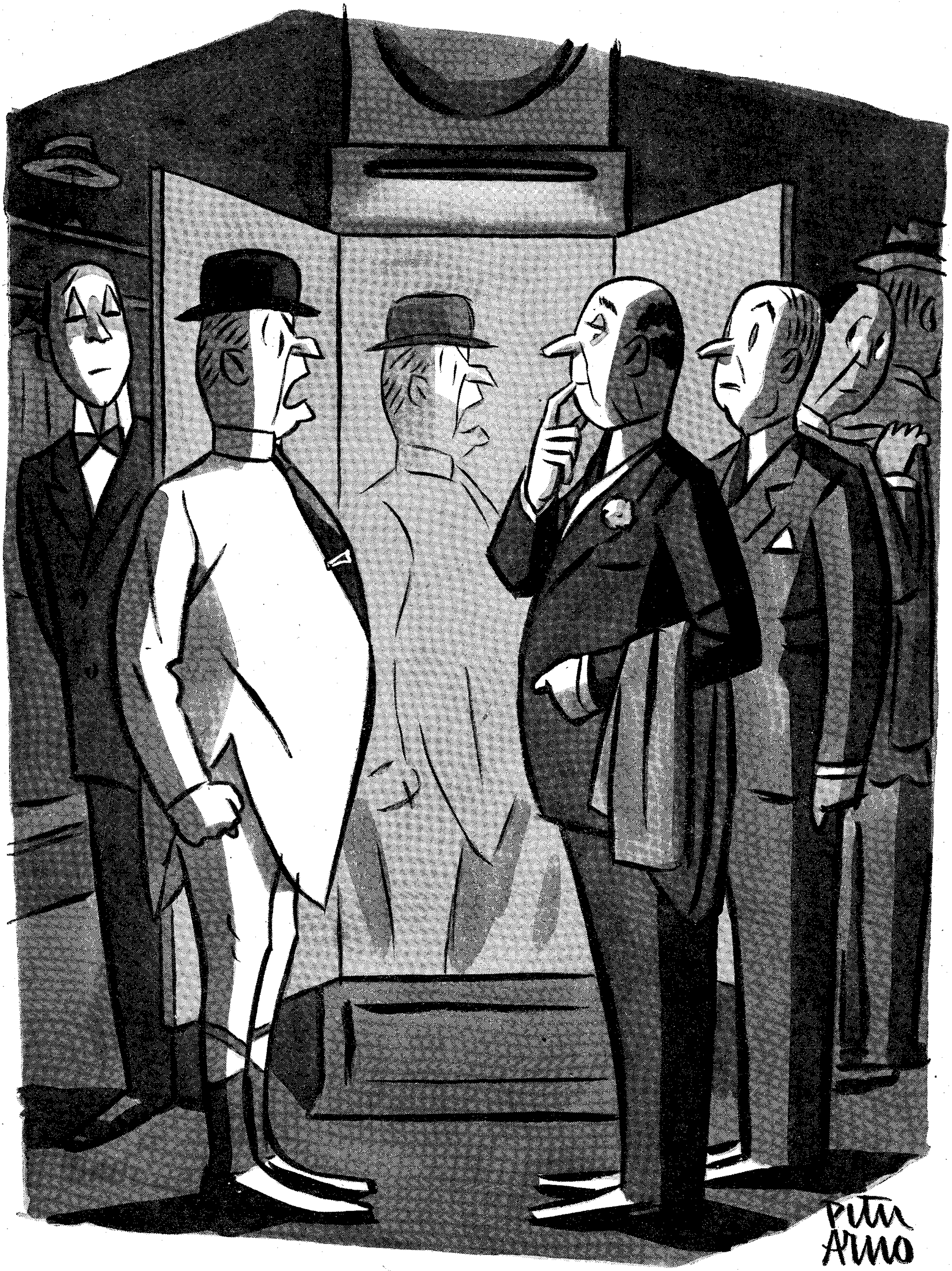
which Field's gardener had run up for the occasion, and for which Field was awarded a first prize in the private-garden class, nosing out those hardy old green thumbs, the John Hay Whitneys, Mrs. Harold I. Pratt, and the Ziegler Estate.

There was to us something disconcerting about looking at the bright flowers and vivid green grass of midsummer when we *knew* it was rainy and cold outside, and it was with some relief that we found ourself before an exhibit sponsored by the New York Botanical Garden. This was entitled "Plants Without Flowers" and consisted of a series of panels filled with test tubes, bubbling beakers, drawings of fungi, and other unpleasant objects. The pillars at each end of the exhibit were festooned with real, old-fashioned, foul-smelling seaweed. Dr. Ernst E. Naylor, assistant curator of the Garden, took us on a private tour of the panels, which covered about thirty-five feet. He reacted to his own handiwork about as we did—shudderingly. "Nothing pretty about that, is there?" he demanded, pointing to a test tube full of green scum. "Vile stuff. *Penicillium notatum.* One gallon of the culture liquid yields about one one-thousandth of a pound of penicillin. In January, thirteen hundred pounds of penicillin were manufactured in this country—valued at five million dollars. That's what this exhibit's intended to show—that plants aren't just decorative, that they're a matter of life and death and dollars and cents."

Dr. Naylor pointed out to us that seaweed is used to make ice cream, cake, salad dressings, beauty lotions, iodine, and agar jelly, that yeast is needed in the making of beer and bread, and that bacteria help make butter, cheese, and vinegar. "Up at the Garden, we're engaged in research in all these fields, hoping to make helpful discoveries, and from time to time we send out expeditions in search of rare plants. About three hundred and fifty thousand plants have been discovered all over the world so far, and about a hundred and fifty thousand remain to be discovered." We asked how, if they hadn't been discovered, anyone knew how many there were. "You leave that to us," Dr. Naylor said sharply.

## *Temper*

ONE of our agents with sensitive ears, waiting to duck across Madison Avenue last Monday afternoon, found himself beside a lady and a dog, evidently in the midst of a family quarrel. As the light changed, the lady gave the dog's leash a firm tug and started across the street with determination, at the same time declaring, "Once and for all, Champ, no! Today we're going home *my* way."



"Are you suggesting that I was not wearing a suit when I came in here?"

# MR. ARBUTHNOT TESTIFIES ON NAMES

Q—Ah, you here, Mr. Arbuthnot?

A—Of course you know, young man, there's a movement afoot to disbar from conversation all persons who look at a vis-à-vis and then say, "Ah, you here?"

Q—It slipped out. I'm sorry.

A—One day's loss of conversational privileges for each offense is being considered as a penalty, though I think, myself, that is too mild. But in answer to your question—yes, I'm here. And I must say you gave me very short notice. I have no idea what kind of cliché you want to discuss.

Q—My deepest apologies. Frankly, I didn't plan to discuss clichés today. I'm concerned with the nomenclature, or, you might say, the orthographic vagaries, of the names of persons in the public eye. I understand that you qualify as an expert on this subject, too?

A—Quite. It happens that I was moved to do some research on the problem when a journalist friend of mine suffered a nervous breakdown on account of it.

Q—Really? What happened?

A—He blew his top one day when he had to edit a dispatch which in one paragraph contained the names of Henry Morton Robinson, Flora Robson, United States Senator Edward V. Robertson, Paul Robeson, and Congressman John M. Robsion of Kentucky.

Q—A man-size order, I must admit.

A—You may well admit so. My friend said he could have handled Robinson, Robson, Robertson, and Robeson, but Robsion was the straw.

Q—Perhaps Robsion is a typographical error.

A—No member of the Congress of these United States, sir, is ever a typographical error.

Q—I beg your most humble pardon.

A—Furthermore, another friend of mine has become a benzedrine addict simply from trying to figure why Waldo Peirce, the artist, won't spell his surname normally.

Q—You mean spell it Peerce, as in Jan Peerce, the tenor?

A—I do not. Jan is as far off the beam as Waldo is. The traditional spelling, to which generations of American newspapermen have grown comfortably adjusted, is Pierce, as in S. S. Pierce, the Boston victualler. My boy, this nomenclature situation is serious. The traps and pitfalls in well-known names have caused countless reporters, editors, copyreaders, compositors, proofreaders, correspondents, district men, sob sisters, columnists—to say nothing, as usual, of the reader—to become victims of severe anxiety neuroses. Why, for instance, does Miss Helen Hayes, the actress, sport an "e" in her surname when Will H. Hays and Arthur Garfield Hays scorn to use one?

Q—But Rutherford Birchard Hayes . . .

A—Gracious sake, son, don't go reaching into the past for examples! We've got enough trouble right now. Why is George S. Kaufman restricted to one "n" while two are lavished on Walter Lippmann? Is this justice?

Q—It does seem unfair. More "n"s for Kaufman!

A—Who is to blame if, nine times out of ten, Vincent Sheean's name gets into the public prints as Vincent Sheehan?

Q—Vincent Sheehan is. I mean Sheean. Do you suppose people put these traps in their names on purpose, to confuse?

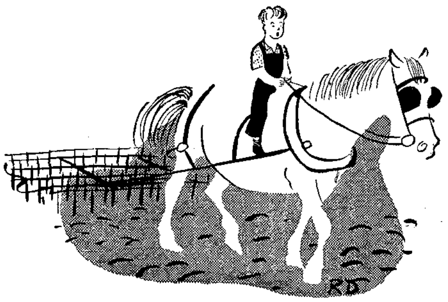
A—It is possible. Mrs. Walsh McLean, coruscating owner of the Hope Diamond, spells her front name Evalyn, although she must know that the great non-coruscating mass of her countrymen will see it as Evelyn. Miss Imogene Coca certainly must sense that great numbers of people are going to call her Cocoa, yet she persists.

Q—She ought to change her name to something simple, like, for instance, Bennett.

A—Like, for instance, Bennett, eh? Just which, for instance, Bennett?

Q—Well, any of the clan. They're all the same.

A—You think so? Joan and Constance, they spell it Bennett. So does Robert Russell Bennett, the composer. But Augustus W., the young congressman who so gloriously trounced Ham Fish, spells it Bennet. And William Rose, the poet, not only spells it B-e-n-e-t but pronounces it fancy, as in Benay Venuta. No, no, my boy. Take a simpler name.



Q—Well, my own has never been tampered with.

A—Sullivan?

Q—Yes. We're standardized, if you concede the occasional prefatory "O." Mark, Maxine, Ed, John L., Sir Arthur, General John, Louis, the architect—all spell it alike.

A—And Margaret Sullavan? She spells it alike, too?

Q—Oh-oh! I forgot Margaret. *Touché*, Mr. Arbuthnot.

A—You see how tricky the thing is? By the way, there's a newspaper writer in Boston named Donal Sullivan.

Q—Perhaps he gave that caudal "d" to Edd Johnson of *PM* and the Chicago *Sun*.

A—An interesting theory. I like to speculate on these erosions and accretions in names. I often wonder to whom Jo Davidson gave that "e."

Q—I should think to John Steuart Curry, in all likelihood.

A—But of course! I'm sure you have something there, my boy.

Q—I never dreamed the subject was so interesting.

A—Yes, but it makes for vertigo if pondered too long. A Justinian or Napoleon is badly needed to codify the names of our celebrities. For instance, Russell Davenport and Rosalind Russell, the glamour girl, carry two "l"s in their Russells, but Russel Crouse, the playwright, has only one. Why?

Q—Perhaps he gave the other to Lilly Daché.

A—If so, it is a dangerous precedent to set. Crouse is playing with dynamite. He should be made to carry his fair share of "l"s. But what can you do about it? It's a free country, and a man has a right to spell his name as he chooses. Kindly spell me the name of a great pianist.

Q—Certainly. Arthur Rubinstein. You thought you'd catch me there, but I happen to know he spells it R-u-b-*i*-n-s-t-e-i-n.

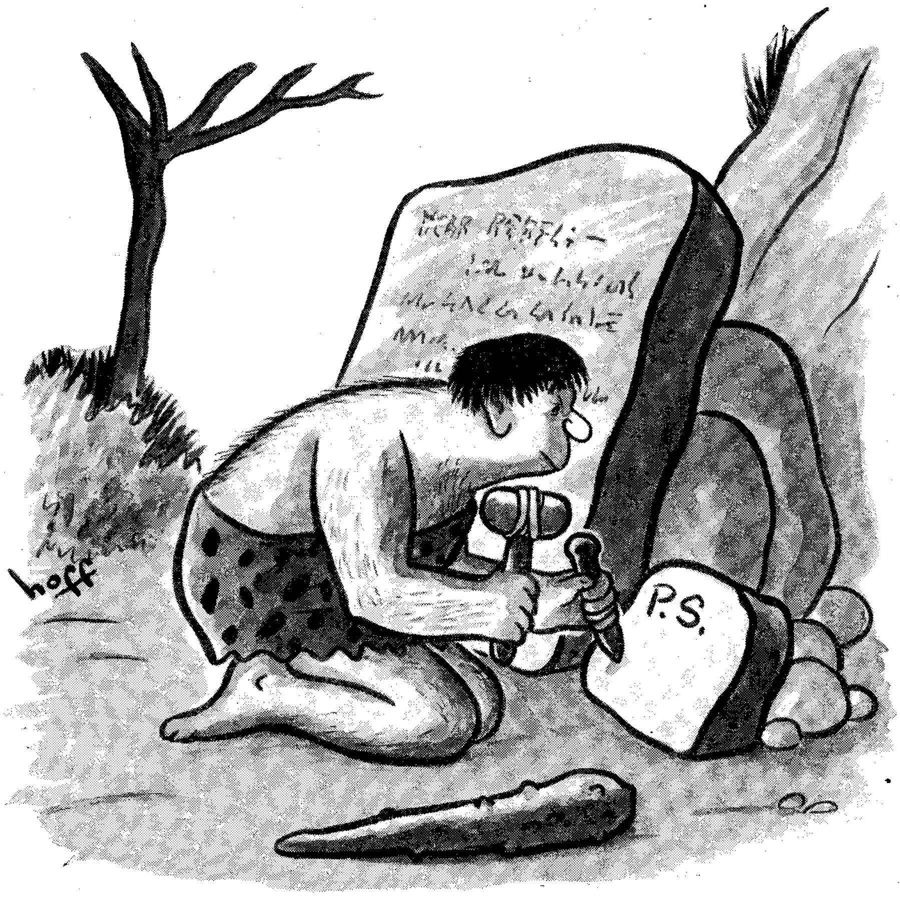
A—Do you also happen to know he spells his first name A-r-t-h-u-r?

Q—Doesn't he?

A—He does not. He spells it A-r-t-u-r. He is a typical example of the double-pitfall name, like J. Carrol Naish and Laurence Olivier.

Q—Double pitfall?

A—Yes. They think to trip you up twice, usually where you least expect it. Watch your step or you'll be calling them Arthur Rubenstein, J. Carroll Nash, and Lawrence Oliver. What's



the difference between Hugh Herbert and F. Hugh Herbert?

Q—F. is.

A—Yes, but in spite of it, most people think they are the same man.

Q—Why, aren't they?

A—Certainly not. Hugh is the movie comedian. F. is the noted playwright.

Q—Bless my soul, I always assumed that F. Hugh Herbert was the name Hugh Herbert wore on Sundays and formal occasions. Really, Congress ought to take action.

A—Yes, and its first action should be to sweep out some of the mines in the names of its own members.

Q—Who d'ye mean?

A—I mean the distinguished Senator from Alabama.

Q—Lester Hill?

A—There you go. Everybody does it. His name is Lister. Single pitfall. Name the distinguished Senator from West Virginia.

Q—Harvey M. Kilgore.

A—It's Harley M. Kilgore. Another single pitfall. What is the name of the senior Senator from Kentucky?

Q—Alvin Barkley.

A—Wrong. Alben Barkley. There are others. Our friend Robsion, for instance. Also Congressman Andresen of Minnesota, whose surname is nicely calculated to bring premature gray hairs to proofreaders. Does Maxwell Anderson, the playwright, pie his name like that?

Q—No, and neither does Marion Anderson, the singer.

A—Mari*an* Anderson.

Q—No. Mari*on*.

A—I say no. It's Mari*an*. Mari*on* is the front name many otherwise honest and straightforward Southern parents give their sons in order to confuse Yankees and undo the effects of General Grant's victory at Appomattox. Scarcely a Northerner exists who has not been embarrassed at one time or another by writing to a male Southern Marion who is a stranger to him and addressing the fellow as Miss.

Q—Why don't we make them stop?

A—We can't. Northerners who live in glass houses cannot call Southerners black. Are you aware that many Yank parents, especially those of Celtic lineage, christen their male offspring Florence?

Q—Surely you jest.

A—Not at all. The real name of Fred Allen of the radio is John Florence Sullivan.

Q—Oh, dear!

A—Pray do not be alarmed. Many British cricket champions are named Vivian. Fathers of large French families often bear Marie as a middle name. And there is always Evelyn Waugh.

Q—Yes. And I remember hearing of a British actress named Ffolliott Paget—

A—Hold on! No fair! If you start lugging in British names, only chaos can ensue.

Q—I believe it was you, Mr. Arbuthnot, who mentioned Evelyn Waugh.

A—Well, I apologize, and mention Robert Morss Lovett.

Q—Why?

A—Because I think it is unfair of him to pop that Morss at us when we have every right to expect that a Morse is coming along the assembly line. And why does John J. Floherty call himself that when the weight of evidence indicates Flaherty?

Q—It may be the Margaret Sullavan influence. Or Margaret may be under the Floherty influence.

A—Quite possible. The pitfalls are endless. Jon Hall.

Q—I see what you mean.

A—Jimmy Foxx.

Q—Precisely. Mr. Arbuthnot, do you ever call Walter Wanger Walter Wagner?

A—Not in a dog's age I haven't. Simple pitfalls like that fool you once, but then you learn to handle them in your stride. What really confuses me is the type of ruse represented in Johns Hopkins.

Q—But he is the only man who did that. Besides, he is dead.

A—But he left a university behind to befuddle us orthographically. Suppose Evalyn Walsh McLean or Waldo Peirce or Vincent Sheean found universities someday. Anyhow, Johns Hopkins wasn't the only ones—I mean one. There's Rogers Hornsby and there was a citizen of New York named Williams Burden. Such pluralizing is confusing. No matter how estimable a man may be, one of him is enough at a time.

Q—Is there any way out, Mr. Arbuthnot? Is there any method by which one can master the intricacies of these name spellings?

A—Fortunately, yes. In the research I undertook in behalf of my stricken journalist friend, I devised a simple yet effective formula by which one can thread his way through these mazes in safety.

Q—Is it a secret? Can you let me in on it?

A—Certainly, my friend. All there is to it is this: simply bear in mind that while Gracie Allen's George is Burns, Jack & Charlie's Charlie is Berns, although our worthy Secretary of State persists in being Byrnes.

Q—That's quite simple.

A—There is a bit more. Remember that Marc is Connelly but Senator Tom is Connally and James B., the novelist, is Connolly. Miss Cornell is Katharine, but Miss Porter is Katherine. Do not spell Laraine Day Lorraine, and do not spell Lorraine Manville Dresselhuys Laraine. Do not try to spell Dresselhuys at all. Bear in mind that Lyn Murray takes one "n," though Mrs. Lunt is Lynn; and that the Secretary of War seems to need two "t"s to buttress his Patterson, though Isabel of the *Herald Tribune* screams if you give her two "t"s.

Q—Screams, eh?

A—Indeed, yes, and lustily. Joseph Cotten, the actor, thinks to trip the unwary with that "e." I prefer the more straightforward course taken by William Cotton, the artist, who has clung to the good old familiar boll-weevil spelling of the name. There is no "a" in Ned Wever, the actor. Don't spell Marta Eggerth Martha.

Q—Whew!

A—It gets easier later on. Alan Campbell takes one "l" in his given name. Allen Jenkins, the actor, takes two. Alan Hale and Alan Bunce, the other actors, string along with Campbell, while Allen Dekdebrun, the Cornell football star, holds with Jenkins. None of these gentlemen is to be confused orthographically with Allyn Joslyn, the other actor. Don't spell Roland Young or Roland Winters Rowland, and don't spell Rollin Kirby either Rowland or Roland. Distinguish between the Greens and the Greenes, the Clarks and Clarkes, the Kellys and Kelleys, and the Cohns, Cohens, and Cohans. Once you have learned to make all these distinctions, you will find the rest of the road comparatively easy. Do I make myself clear?

Q—Oh, yes. Yes, indeed. Oh, perfectly.

A—Intrepid of you to say that, dear boy. You're a brave chap, and game. Yet I note the suspicion of a glaze over your countenance similar to that my friend wore just before he came a cropper on Congressman Robsion. Take my advice: Be careful, or you will find yourself signing yourself something like Franks Sullivan.

Q—Oh, nonsense, Mr. Arbuthnot! I tell you my head is clear. I'm perfectly all right. —FLORENCE SULLAVAN

## PARABLE OF THE PERFECTIONIST

THERE was once a man who was looking for something. He was a poet, and every few days he would write a poem, and every poem he wrote he thought was better than the previous one, and as he finished a new one, he threw the old one away. As a result, he never had more than one poem.

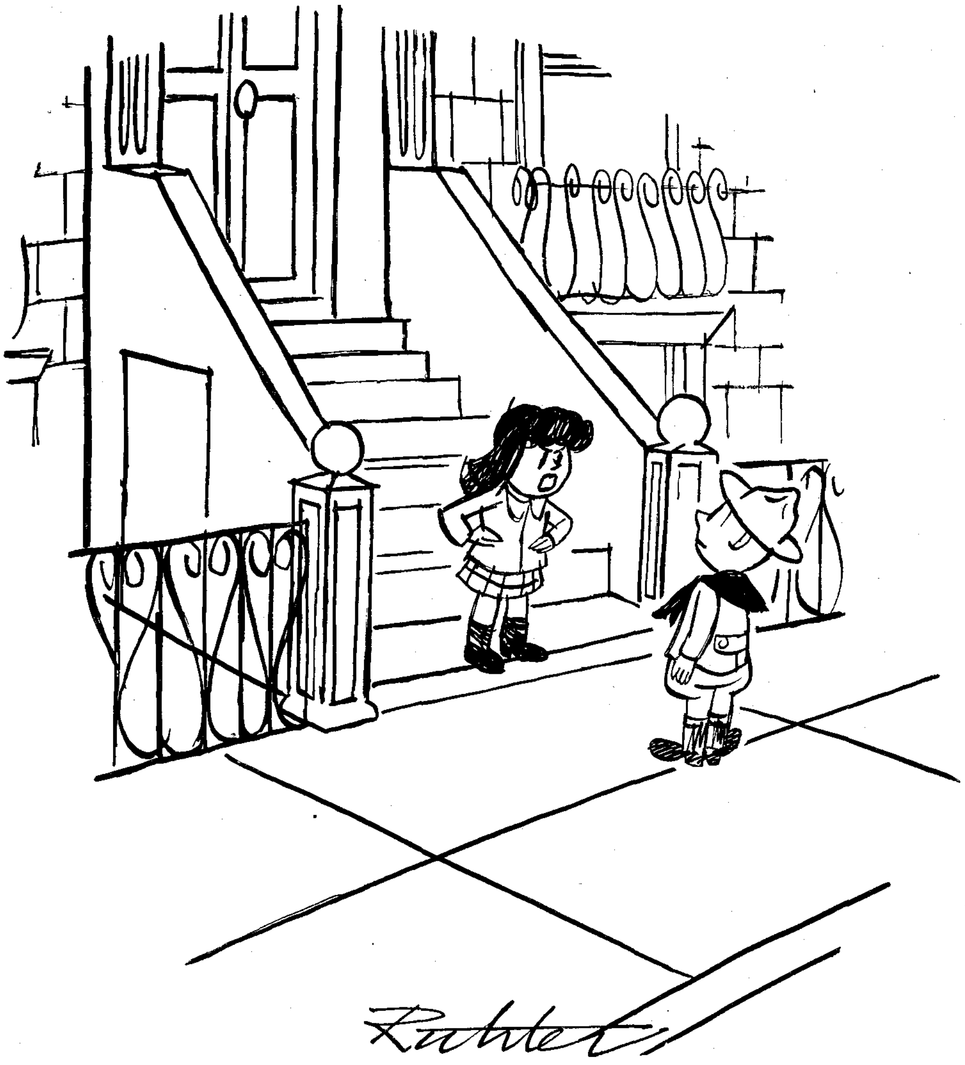
By and by he gave up poetry and became a painter. Every picture he painted he thought was better than the one before. He liked each one of them until he had made a new one; then the previous one disgusted him, so he burned each picture as soon as he had another to replace it.

This went on for many years, until one morning he woke up and discovered that he was seventy-five years old. He said to himself, "Judas priest, I ought to be having an exhibition of my work." So he rented a gallery and hung up his one painting and placed his one poem under a glass on a table nearby. Many people came to see, and one day he overheard a famous critic say, "This man's art is infinitely better than his poetry." At this he removed the poem and destroyed it. The next day he heard another critic say, "This painting is wonderful; it transcends even the artist himself."

They found him the next morning with the gas turned on, his body slumped on the floor. The painting went for the rent of the gallery. After that it hung for a dozen years or so in a dentist's office in Manhattan. The dentist's wife, however, did not like the picture and finally gave it to a rummage sale.

There are many persons like that who do not appreciate art.

—PAUL H. OEHSER



*"The trouble with you, John Watkins, is that you're untrustworthy, disloyal, unhelpful, unfriendly, discourteous, unkind, disobedient, uncheerful, thriftless, cowardly, unclean, and irreverent!"*

# THE FINISHING TOUCH

Mrs. Gregg waited until after dinner to broach the subject of the night table. She asked her husband whether the coffee was all right, and he said it was. "Are you sure you wouldn't like some more floating island?" she inquired earnestly. Mr. Gregg thanked her but said he guessed he had had enough. He slipped the band off a cigar and reached for a match. "Here, let me," she said. Then she watched him as he savored his perfecto and sipped his coffee. This, obviously, was the right moment—before he could escape to the living room and the radio or the gory attractions of Mignon G. Eberhart.

"I can't understand how some people can be so heartless about selling their family heirlooms," she began. "I know that if anything happened to me, I'd want my things to go to people who were entitled to them. Even third or fourth cousins would be better than perfect strangers."

Mr. Gregg looked both astonished and a little worried. "What on earth are you talking about?" he said. "Nothing's going to happen to you."

"Except Cousin Elsie Vredenburgh," Mrs. Gregg amended thoughtfully. "All she cares about is horses."

"What *is* all this?" Mr. Gregg said with sudden fierceness. "Has some doctor been scaring you?"

"Oh, no," she said, and she gave him a warm smile because he was being so concerned. "It's the Catlett sale. Old Mrs. Gordon Catlett, who died last summer and left so much money to St. Bartholomew's. Some relatives out in California are selling off everything she ever owned. Furniture, rugs, silver, pictures—*everything*. I went to look at the things this afternoon. It was like going through a museum."

Mr. Gregg seemed relieved. "You had me worried for a minute," he said.

"Of course I didn't see anything we'd really want to *own*," Mrs. Gregg said judiciously, eating an after-dinner peppermint with studied casualness. "Except perhaps a night table. A fine old night table with rope legs. I suppose we might as well get it while we have the chance." She spoke as if it were a minor household duty that had to be performed, like stocking up on clothespins at a bargain sale. On several occasions this offhand tone had proved distinctly successful.

"Night table?" said Mr. Gregg, frowning. "What's a night table?"

"Why, you know as well as I do. It's just a table that goes beside a bed. Our night tables are all modern. That's what's the trouble with them, especially the one in the guest room, where everything else we have is really old."

Realizing that he had been betrayed, Mr. Gregg got up and said with appropriate majesty that it was time for H. V. Kaltenborn.

As he headed toward the radio and his new detective story, Mrs. Gregg followed him. "It would *make* the guest room," she said persuasively. "Just think, it might go for as little as ten dollars, or maybe fifteen."

Unable to resist scoring a point, he said it was strange that she hadn't even bothered to look at the price tag.

"There weren't any prices," she said. "Just numbers. Everything's going to be sold at auction on the twenty-third."

"Urrr," he said. To Mrs. Gregg's experienced ear, this meant that he had heard her, that he disapproved of the frivolous practice of buying things at auctions, and that he considered the subject closed. The radio blared out a fanfare, as if to back him up, but Mrs. Gregg perched herself on an arm of his chair and went sunnily ahead. She knew as well as any army commander that an attack, to be effective, must be sustained.

"The guest room cries out for an old night table!" she said urgently. "It would be the finishing touch."

Mr. Gregg said, "*Please*, Alice!" in a reproachful tone, and twisted the dial briskly until he reached Mr. Kaltenborn.

"I'd be willing to call it my birthday present," she said, with reluctance, since she would have preferred to hold her heavier weapons in reserve. "We could put it away until next month and then take it out and call it my birthday present. It would be just as much fun as if it were a surprise."

Here Mr. Kaltenborn cautiously suggested that developments in Manchuria would bear watching.

"How do you know that it won't go for more than fifteen dollars?" Mr. Gregg demanded, and Mrs. Gregg sighed happily, correctly guessing at this point that victory would be hers. In fairly short order it was settled that the night table was to serve as Mrs. Gregg's birthday present, provided that she could get it for no more than fifteen dollars, or twenty at the most.

The day of the sale, Mrs. Gregg awoke with a headache, a backache, a sore throat, and an ominously subnormal temperature. As her husband kissed her goodbye before leaving the house, she said hoarsely that he shouldn't, that he'd probably catch something. Then she plucked at his sleeve and said, "They let people leave bids, you know. You don't actually have to *be* there while it's going on. You will stop and do it, won't you, on your way downtown?"

He stared helplessly at the poor, delirious creature. "Bids?" he said.

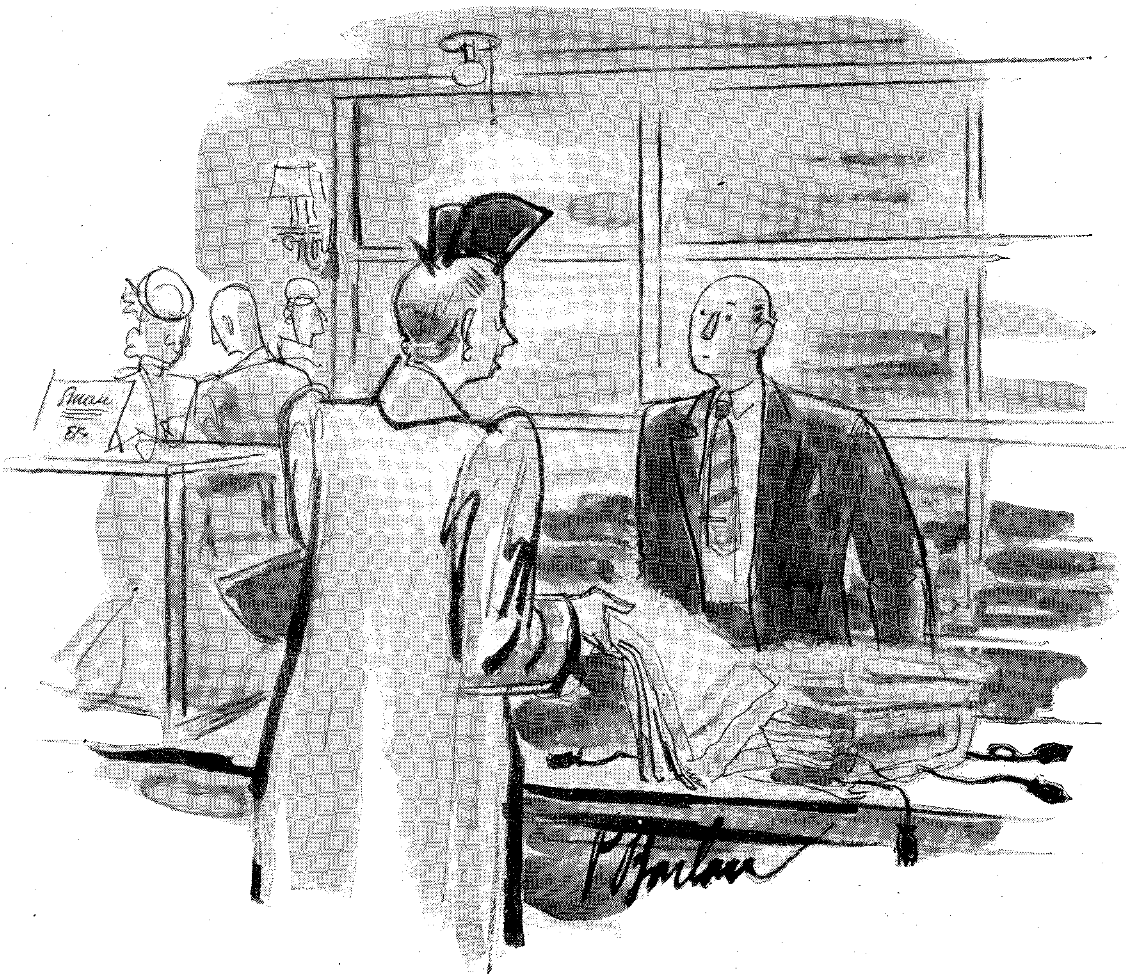
"My night table. It won't take more than a minute. You promised!"

Mr. Gregg reacted to this with very poor grace. He was late already, he said, and he couldn't possibly stop anywhere. When Mrs. Gregg saw that her protests were not yielding results, she said sadly that she'd have to try to persuade the firm that was running the sale to accept a bid by telephone. She added that it would probably be refused. "Oh, all right," he said, with resignation. "I won't have time to stop on my way downtown, but I'll send Miss Grayson over. She can attend to it."

Mrs. Gregg regarded him with affection, and, miserable though she was, smiled brightly. "Tell her the only thing she needs to remember is Number 173. The old night table with rope legs. Tell her to say I'll come and get it on Monday. If I'm still grippy, I'll have somebody call for it."

"All right," he said.

Collecting a great miscellany of toilet articles, Mrs. Gregg arranged herself in bed as comfortably as she could. First she gave herself a scalp treatment. It involved a good deal of stretch-



"*Have you this same design without the electricity?*"

ing and squirming, and some of the tonic spilled on the bedclothes. But since she seldom had an opportunity to spend a morning in this manner, she almost enjoyed herself, in spite of an inordinate amount of nose blowing and having to get up and gargle every now and then. After massaging her face thoroughly with her favorite skin cream, she gave herself an elaborate manicure. Then she smoothed out the sheets and blankets and fell asleep.

THE clock said half past twelve. Mrs. Gregg heard her husband humming as he moved about the living room and realized that this was what had awakened her. Fearing that he, too, had begun to feel grippy and that this was why he had come home in the middle of the day, she called out to him and asked how he was. "I'm all right," he replied, sounding preoccupied. "Did you remember about Miss Grayson, and did she leave the bid for me?" Mrs. Gregg inquired. "No," he said, as if it were a minor matter, and he added, "I'll be there in just a minute. How do you feel?"

The question was one that she simply wasn't equal to answering. Instead, she burrowed miserably into her pillow. In a moment Mr. Gregg came into the room and placed a dozen or more peculiar-looking objects on her bed. "I went to the auction," he said. "On my way downtown I realized that I'd never been to an auction, so I phoned Miss Grayson and told her I guessed I'd take the day off."

"*What?*" Mrs. Gregg gasped.

"More in the living room," he said. "Be right back."

Mrs. Gregg sat up and stared at the wildly disparate assortment of wood, china, metal, textiles, and glass. "Why, Arthur Stoddard Gregg!" she said. She started to move her legs and then froze like a bird dog as the whole collection heaved convulsively. After a moment or two her mind began to function normally again. "Did you get the table?" she called after him.

"It hadn't come up by the time they stopped for lunch," he replied. Soon he was back in the room with a second armload. "It certainly was interesting. A lot of dealers were there. They beat me on a couple of things. What makes me mad is that sometimes when you raise your arm the auctioneer pretends he doesn't see you. Maybe he really *doesn't*, but it looks to me as if the auctioneer is a friend of some of the dealers and deliberately tries to give them a break. Here's the first thing I got. I made a big mistake on this one. I raised my own bid. That was because the auctioneer was going pretty fast and I hadn't got used to him."

Mr. Gregg picked up a battered metal object, which consisted of twelve cylinders on a frame, and handed it to his wife. "Know what this is?" he said.

"Why, yes," she said. "It's a candle mold. It's just an old-fashioned tin candle mold."

"Colonial. And I think it's pewter," he said. "Now you can make your own candles if you want to."

"Don't be absurd," she said. "Why should I want to make my own candles when I can buy them for ten or fifteen cents apiece?" Then, her intuition warning her that this strange new side of Mr. Gregg's personality should be encouraged, she said, "Of course, it's awfully interesting for—er—for historical reasons."

"This goes with it," he said, holding up a plain wooden box. "It's a candle box. The man said it could be used as a spice box, or maybe he said to hold sugar or tea. I forget. I was lucky with this. None of the dealers wanted it."

By making a really heroic effort, Mrs. Gregg succeeded in keeping silent.

"Isn't this old glass lamp something?" Mr. Gregg said. "Notice the dark red. That shows it's original. The imitation ones are always lighter, the man said. It was meant for kerosene, but what you do is convert it for electricity. I'm going to do it myself, on Sunday. You'll have to buy a shade for it. What kind of shade do you think it ought to have?"

"Why, I don't know. Maybe parchment?"

"I guess that'll be all right," Mr. Gregg said, and he added severely, "But be sure you get something *good.* I don't want it to have just any cheap little shade. Here's another lamp. It's called a Betty lamp, somebody told me afterward." A note of embarrassment crept into his voice. "I don't know why. Matter of fact, I thought it was something entirely different. My seat was halfway back, and I couldn't see very well. But here's something I'm really satisfied with. I almost didn't get it. Won't this be swell for mixing Martinis in? It was a water pitcher originally. I guess you'd call it cut glass."

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Gregg said excitedly. "It's called hobnail, and it's just the right amber color, the way it's supposed to be. You can't possibly use it for Martinis. Real hobnail glass should be treated with more respect."

She could have bitten out her tongue. Somehow, in the course of his new dementia, Mr. Gregg had bought something perfectly beautiful and was planning to use it in the presence of guests. The pitcher was stunning; there could be no questioning that. It was the one really handsome object in an otherwise depressing mélange of odds and ends. Mrs. Gregg, who had always prided herself on her tact, now realized that she was not doing too brilliantly.

"After all, it's *yours*, dear, so I guess you ought to use it for anything you want to," she hastened to assure him. Then she surreptitiously picked up the pitcher and deposited it on the floor on the far side of her bed, out of harm's way. Mr. Gregg was unaware of this move. He had gone to a window and was unfolding a large piece of fabric and holding it to the light.

"This is a little torn," he said, "or maybe it's moth holes."

"It's awfully nice," she said feebly.

"Mmm, I'm not so sure. Maybe it wasn't a very good investment."

"Those red-and-white patchwork quilts are very rare," she said generously.

"The man didn't unfold it all the way," Mr. Gregg said in an apologetic tone. "Someone asked him to, but he said he couldn't waste the whole morning turning everything inside out."

"Did any of the dealers bid for it?"

"No."

"Well, anyway, it's perfectly lovely," she said.

"Now here's something that's really a find!" he said, coming back to the bed. "You don't see a thing like this very often. It's an old leather fire bucket."

Mrs. Gregg had been wondering about this object. At first she had suspected it of being a horse's feed bag, and even now that she had heard her husband's explanation she was not entirely certain. "What are you planning to use it for?" she asked.

"I'm not planning to use it for anything at all," he said, gently patient. "It's just something interesting to *have*."

"Oh," she said.

Mr. Gregg showed her his other purchases, accompanying the display with a running commentary that reflected, more or less accurately, the auctioneer's idiom. Mr. Gregg was in the highest possible spirits, except for one unfortunate moment when he started to show her a putty-colored earthenware bowl of hideous design. This repellent treasure slid from his hands and crashed on the floor. Mr. Gregg's gloom was temporary but heartfelt. "What a damned shame!" he said. "And you never even saw the picture on the side. It was on the side facing *me*. I was looking at it when the whole bowl shot out of my hands like a greased pig."

"The picture on the side?" said Mrs. Gregg, bearing up remarkably well.

"Montcalm surrendering to Wolfe.

That's what the man said it was. You remember General Montcalm and General Wolfe. They fought a battle at—er—"

"Quebec?" Mrs. Gregg suggested helpfully, in the manner of Clifton Fadiman.

"That's right. Quebec. But I don't mind so much about the bowl, because it wasn't one of my favorites. It was just something I thought *you* might like. If there's anything I'd say I was *particularly* interested in"—he surveyed the entire collection with a connoisseur's eye—"it's the old leather fire bucket." He ran loving fingers over the dilapidated article. "I went through quite a tussle to get it, too. And then, just when I thought the bidding was over, some woman raised me twenty-five cents. I almost didn't realize it. I'd already said, 'Thirty-six seventy-five,' and the auctioneer was rattling away fast, the way they do, and then somebody next to me said, 'You know it's going to that woman over there in the red hat for thirty-seven, don't you?,' and I barely had time to say, 'Thirty-seven and a quarter.' But I managed to say it, and the auctioneer didn't wait a minute longer. He said, 'Sold for thirty-seven and a quarter!' "

"Arthur Stoddard Gregg!" she cried. "Do you mean to say you paid thirty-seven dollars and twenty-five cents for that old horse bucket or fire bag or whatever it is?"

"I certainly did!" he said.

## WHEN SELZNICK SELLS

Producer David O. Selznick is training a corps of gorgeous gals to tour 130 cities and help him sell "Duel in the Sun" as another "Gone with the Wind." They are billed as "The Face" . . . "The Complexion" . . . "The Shape" . . . "The Hair." . . .
—*U.P. dispatch from Hollywood.*

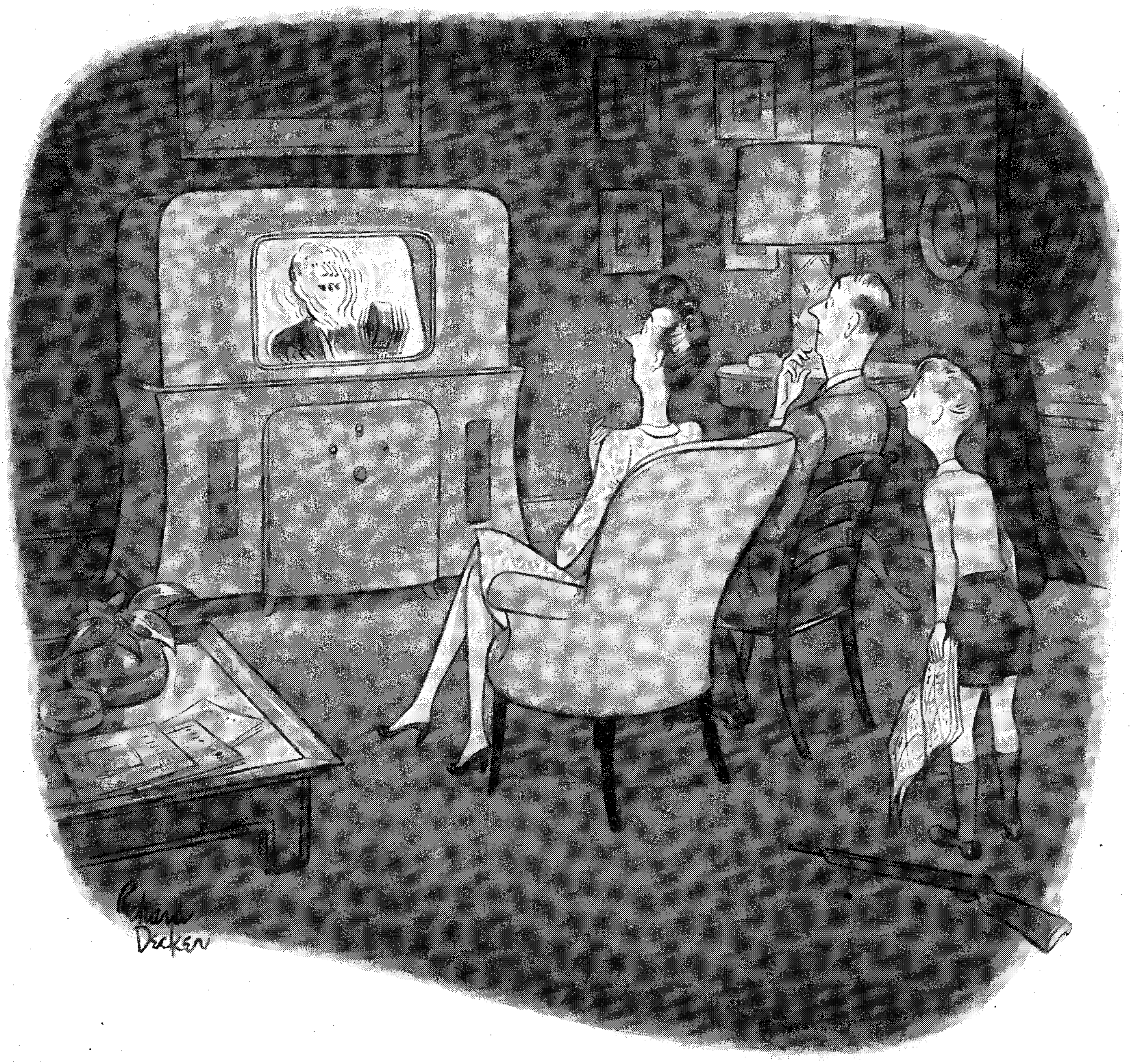
O little man upon the street,
O little man about the square,
Have you been followed by the Feet?
Have you been harried by the Hair?

Svelte in your city spins the Shape,
The Legs are twinkling toward you now;
There is not anywhere escape—
The Face is sultry, dark the Brow.

Complexion? She is on your track.
The Voice? She's calling—do you hear?
The Eyes are boring in your back;
The Hips, the Nose, the Chin, the Ear . . .

Mesdemoiselles Look, Waist, and Bust,
You are the one they seek to find.
Man, in the dark of your distrust
Be glad they've not unleashed the Mind.

—David McCord



*"Try this simple test, folks. Does my image seem blurred, fuzzy, vague? If it does, you probably need glasses. Stop in at one of the Sure-Fit Optical Company stores tomorrow for an absolutely free checkup."*

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"Well, then, you can go right straight back this afternoon and get that night table for me! It won't go for a cent more than fifteen or twenty dollars, and it's the *least* you can do."

"Why, of course," he said, astonished. "I'm going to get your night table and a lot of other things. Didn't I tell you? I'm going back as soon as I've had a sandwich and a glass of milk. All the really big things are coming up this afternoon."

"The big things?" Mrs. Gregg was both worried and fascinated.

"Oh, yes. All the furniture. Great big things, like sideboards and tables and chests of drawers. And a couple of huge vases, about the size of a man. I think they're Chinese." Mr. Gregg consulted a notebook. "Then there's a mammoth thing, like a sideboard with bookshelves on top of it. It's got a crazy name, but it's good looking and solid as a battleship. Let's see. A break-front credenza, they call it."

Mrs. Gregg reached for her bathrobe. "I'm feeling ever so much better," she said eagerly. "I think it would do me good to get dressed and go outdoors for a little while."

"That's swell!" he said. "That's really swell! I wish you felt like going to the auction with me. I bet it wouldn't hurt you a bit."

"You're absolutely right," she said. "Anyway, it's probably bad psychology for me to lie here in bed and pamper myself this way."

—James Reid Parker

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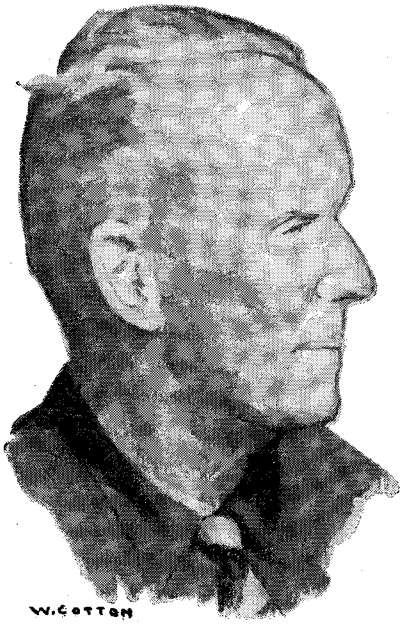
3. "Bridesmaid Revisited," by Evelyn Waugh.—*From "What Los Angeles Is Reading," in the Herald & Express.*

Twice revisited, never a Waugh.

# PROFILES

## WHOOPING IT UP—I



THE fact that Robert W. Service, author of nearly three hundred published poems, including "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," is alive, rather than dead, has been a source of pleasurable astonishment to a growing number of people on this continent during the past few years. They owe this surprise treat to the late Adolf Hitler and to Mr. Frank C. Dodd, head of Dodd, Mead & Company. Service was born in England in 1874, raised in Scotland, made his first trip to North America at the age of twenty-one, has spent twenty-two of his seventy-two years here, and is still a British citizen. Except for brief sojourns in California and Vancouver, he spent most of the years between 1912 and 1940 in France, where he associated almost exclusively with people who had no idea who he was. He also made a couple of side trips to Tahiti and North Africa, where *no one* had any idea who he was. Service has a hunger for obscurity and would be the last man in the world to identify himself willingly to anyone. The fact that his literary career reached its pinnacle long ago has contributed to the legend that he is a distinguished corpse. His most durable ballads were written in the Yukon territory, in northwest Canada, forty years ago. By 1921, he had had two novels and five books of verse published. For nearly two decades after that his poetical output, which had brought him his fame, was nil, and during those years the assumption grew that Service was dead, possibly as the result of a brawl in the Yukon. In the early twenties, Service wrote four novels, all of which escaped general notice, and in 1928 a health book entitled "Why Not Grow Young? Or, Living for Longevity." Embellished with an orange jacket characterizing it as "the book every middle-aged man should read," this volume, in which Service pointed out that he ate twenty-two thousand potatoes a year, was read by few men of any age. Service, who would rather take it easy than do anything else he can think of, then lapsed contentedly into a twelve-year literary silence, during which he ate two hundred and sixty-four thousand potatoes. He divided his time between a house he owns in Brittany and apartments in Paris, Nice, and Monte Carlo. On the Riviera he swam, took long walks, read, played the piano accordion, sang, did setting-up exercises designed to woo longevity, and conversed easily in French with his neighbors, who rightly regarded him as a wealthy eccentric with a taste for simplicity, informal café life, and long spells of solitude.

He was living in his Breton house when, on June 17, 1940, he learned that the Germans had bombed Rennes, a nearby town, killing four thousand people. Service, who has a French wife and a grownup daughter, decided to get himself and his family out of there. Taking back roads in order to avoid the main highways, which were clogged with refugees, he drove his family to St. Malo, where he left his car, a Lancia, on a pier. Thanks to some British officers, the Services managed to squeeze onto a Weymouth-bound collier crammed with ammunition and wounded British troops, a number of whom died during the thirty hours it took to cross the Channel. According to Service, this was the last boat to get out of St. Malo before the British abandoned the port. The Services proceeded to London, in time for the first bombings of that city, and in September they sailed for Montreal, along with a thousand English children. By December they had journeyed on, via Toronto, Ottawa, and Vancouver, to Hollywood. "Oh, the huge Christmas trees lining the boulevards, the marvellous illumination after the blackout," Service said to a friend, "the sugar on the table, the wonderful markets, the abundance of everything—that's what struck us most." He took a bungalow in Hollywood and settled down. "Robert Service! My God, I thought you were dead!" scores of Californians were soon saying to him, and he realized, with a sinking feeling, that the sugar, the lights, and the abundance also meant the shattering of his dream of obscurity.

Frank Dodd, whose firm has been Service's chief American publisher for thirty years, then stepped in to do his part in the shattering of the Service dream. A year or so after the author's arrival, Dodd asked him to write his autobiography. Service refused, on the ground that it might bring his continuing existence to more general notice, but as he ran into more and more people who greeted him with "Robert Service! My God, I thought you were dead!," he saw that the game was up and set to work on his memoirs. He neglected to inform Mr. Dodd of this change of heart, so the publisher was agreeably surprised, late in 1944, when the postman brought him a one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-word autobiography, complete to 1912. Dodd, Mead published this as "Ploughman of the Moon," a title Service took from a couplet by Verlaine:

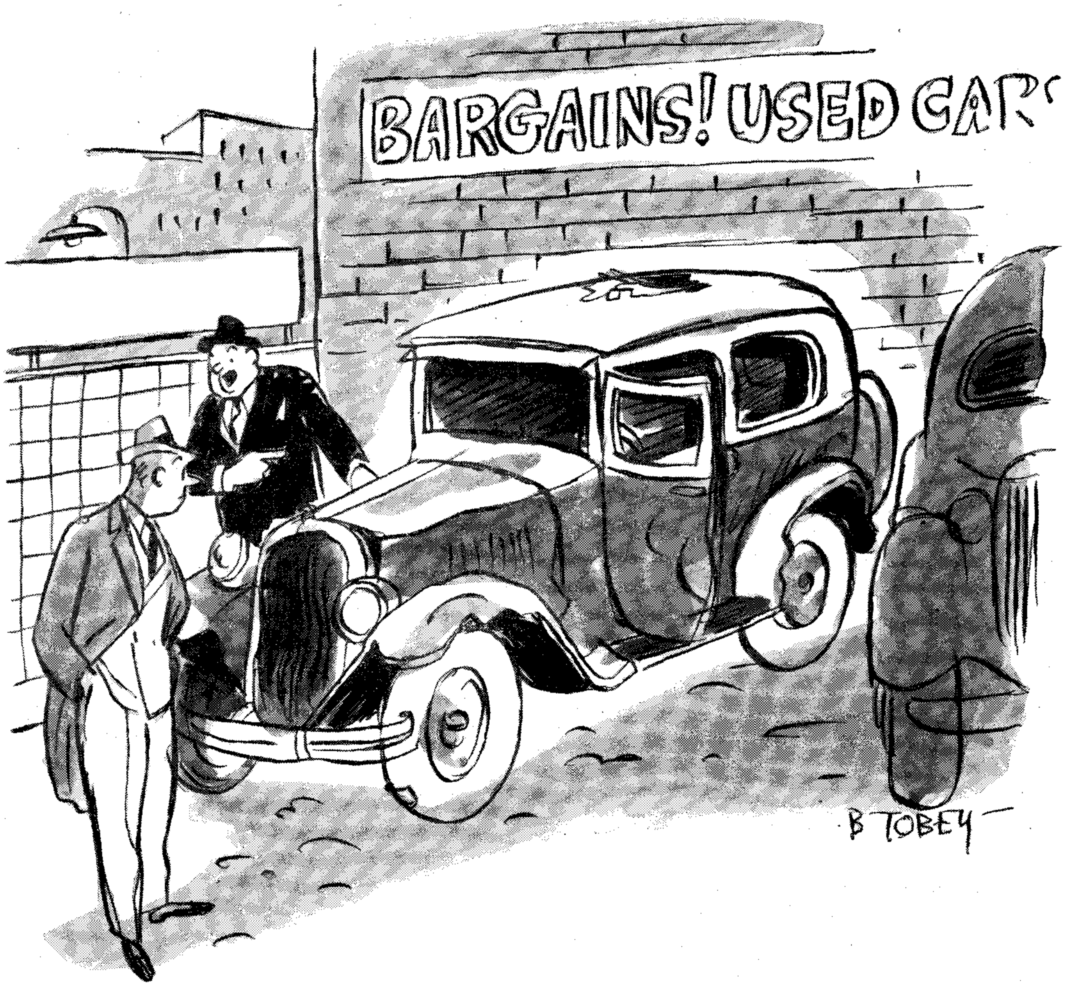
Pedlar of dream-stuff, piping an empty
 tune;
Fisher of shadows, Ploughman of the
 Moon.

The book has sold twelve thousand copies and has cut down considerably on the number of people who think Service is dead. Even as an autobiographer, however, Service has a certain reticence; his recollections, for example, do not contain a single date, and it is impossible to find out from them even when the author was born. He concentrates on moods and impressions rather than on names, places, facts, and figures. Thus a reader of the autobiography with no knowledge of Service might easily suppose that he was perusing the vague memoirs of a literary vagabond who had hit a modest jackpot once or twice between moonlight walks and skating parties in the Far North instead of those of an author whose ballads have netted him a substantial fortune and have for nearly forty years been as familiar as Shakespeare to millions of people.

SERVICE's long struggle against fame was an uphill one. His early Yukon ballads, which did not receive enough critical attention to be mentioned in any issues of the *Book Review Digest*, a monthly digest of American and English book reviews, began to catch on around 1910. For the next twenty years, Service was, with the possible exception of Edgar Guest, the most popular living poet in the English-speaking world. As recently as 1938, the New York *Times* stated firmly, "There can be no question that the author of 'Dan McGrew' and Edgar A. Guest are the two leading American [sic] folk poets of our time." In 1941, Simeon Strunsky, writing in the same paper, paid an emphatic, if left-handed, tribute to Service's renown:

> But if we are to go in for the lighter literature, one wonders if among Canadian [sic] verse writers there ought not to be at least brief mention of Robert W. Service, if only by way of segregating him from true literature. The trouble that beset Dan McGrew in the Malamute saloon is now part of our folklore south of the 49th parallel.

The main motivation of Service's zeal for obscurity is his passion to be master of his own time. Until 1907, when he was thirty-three, Service, who worked at various times as a truck loader, dishwasher, gardener, and so on, and whose only real vocation was that of bank clerk, was afflicted with severe poverty. His resentment of this state, because it prevented him from doing just what he wanted to do, was continuous and intense. That year his first book of verse, "Songs of a Sourdough," later reissued as "The Spell of the Yukon," was published. It was written on location. It has sold more than a million and a half copies. The ballad which gave it its final title begins:



*"Why, there are dozens of miles left in the old gal."*

I wanted the gold, and I sought it;
  I scrabbled and mucked like a slave.
Was it famine or scurvy—I fought it;
  I hurled my youth into a grave.
I wanted the gold, and I got it—
  Came out with a fortune last fall—
Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,
  And somehow the gold isn't all.

Many verses in this strain have identified Service, who never mucked for gold himself, as firmly with Canadian prospecting as Kipling, whom Service admiringly emulated, is identified with the Empire. In 1934, for example, the New York *Times* heralded a Canadian mining convention as follows:

> Time was when one heard the cry that "there's gold in them thar hills" there immediately came to one's mind the rush of prospectors—men with whiskers, hobnailed boots, chewing tobacco, hardy and sturdy men inured to the hardships of the craft. Such men as these were immortalized by the Klondike poet Robert W. Service, whose poems have stirred the declamatory instincts of many a youth. But like so many other things, the picturesque, tobacco-spitting prospector has passed even as the gold he extracted from the soil has passed away. In his place will be seen a keen-eyed, well-spoken man, mostly rather young, who is indistinguishable from the mining engineer, metallurgist, and geologist with whom he mingles. This fact will be brought out clearly in Quebec in April at the annual meeting of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy.

A couple of years after "The Spell of the Yukon" appeared, Service turned out a volume called "Ballads of a Cheechako," which introduced to the public such characters as the Sailor Swede, the Dago Kid, Claw-Fingered Kitty and Windy Ike ("bad as the worst were they"), Pious Pete (who "tried to refine that neighbor of mine, honest to God, I did"), Blasphemous Bill MacKie ("a dainty kind of cuss"), One-Eyed Mike, Hard-Luck Henry, Muckluck Mag ("there's concentrated honey in her smile"), Gum-Boot Ben, Clancy of the Mounted Police, and the Last Recorder (God). This book was also a big success. Then Service, having ten thousand dollars in royalties put away in the bank, decided, with joy and amazement, that he no longer had to be any man's slave. He had worked himself up to nine hundred dollars a year as teller in the Canadian Bank of Commerce, in Dawson, the capital of Yukon territory, but the job, in the light of his extracurricular success, hardly seemed worth the effort, so he retired, with a cat and a Siberian bearhound, one of which unfortunately ate the other up, to a nearby mountain cabin. There he lived alone, wrote, sang, and played the guitar, occasionally mushing to town for a moose steak and a romp with the girls. "With what joy I arranged my cabin!" he recalls in his up-to-1912 recollections. "I was keyed up to such a pitch of happiness that I brimmed over in dance and song."

Service's ecstasy was short-lived. His royalties kept increasing, and within a year he was sobered by the suspicion that he was on his way to becoming rich and famous. Ever since then he has been trying to duck what he considers the hazards of wealth and fame. He has done this first by forgetting who he is, thus causing a number of other people to lose track of him, so his fan mail and aren't-you-the-man-who conversational problems have, on the whole, been negligible. He also has adopted a very casual manner of handling his finances, involving himself in almost none of the fretting and fussing with financial advisers and investment portfolios other men worth several hundred thousand dollars like to go in for. "My books have sold between two and three million copies, I guess, and I'll be goddammed if I understand why," he told a friend when he was last in New York, on his way back to France, some weeks ago. "It's kind of staggering when I think of it, but I don't often think of it. I've never kept much track of my finances since I saved my first ten thousand dollars, nearly forty years ago. I keep my money in cash or life annuities and I never know within thirty or forty thousand dollars what I have in the bank." Service took a rather sophisticated flyer in arbitrage in the nineteen-twenties and worked his way up to over a million dollars before the 1929 crash demoted him to the six-figure class. Since then, he has been strictly a cash-and-annuity man.

## POSTWAR PLANNING

(Academic Division)

This is the college campus, tight
And circumscribed and strictly right,
Where waves of learning come and go
And science is the undertow.
Russian is necessary now,
And calm professors tell us how
The prospect changed from day to day
And why the whole world got this way.
The student may not pick and choose
But must be docile, nor refuse
To take the long, the general view.
(And science knows a thing or two.)
Though the great elms dissolve to lace,
There is the question mark of space;
Though the birds somehow dare to fly,
There is no comfort in the sky,
But here are courses two or three
Showing how all this came to be;
And good alumnae should endow
(Russian is necessary now)
A place so safe, a plan so sure,
A life so reasonable and pure.
Though maps are hardly what they were,
Though contours fade and often blur,
Here are big books explaining that
It is believed care killed the cat.
To be uneasy is absurd.
(What was that voice almost unheard?
Science repeating a dark word.)

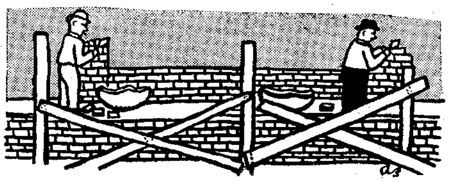
—Genova Charlot

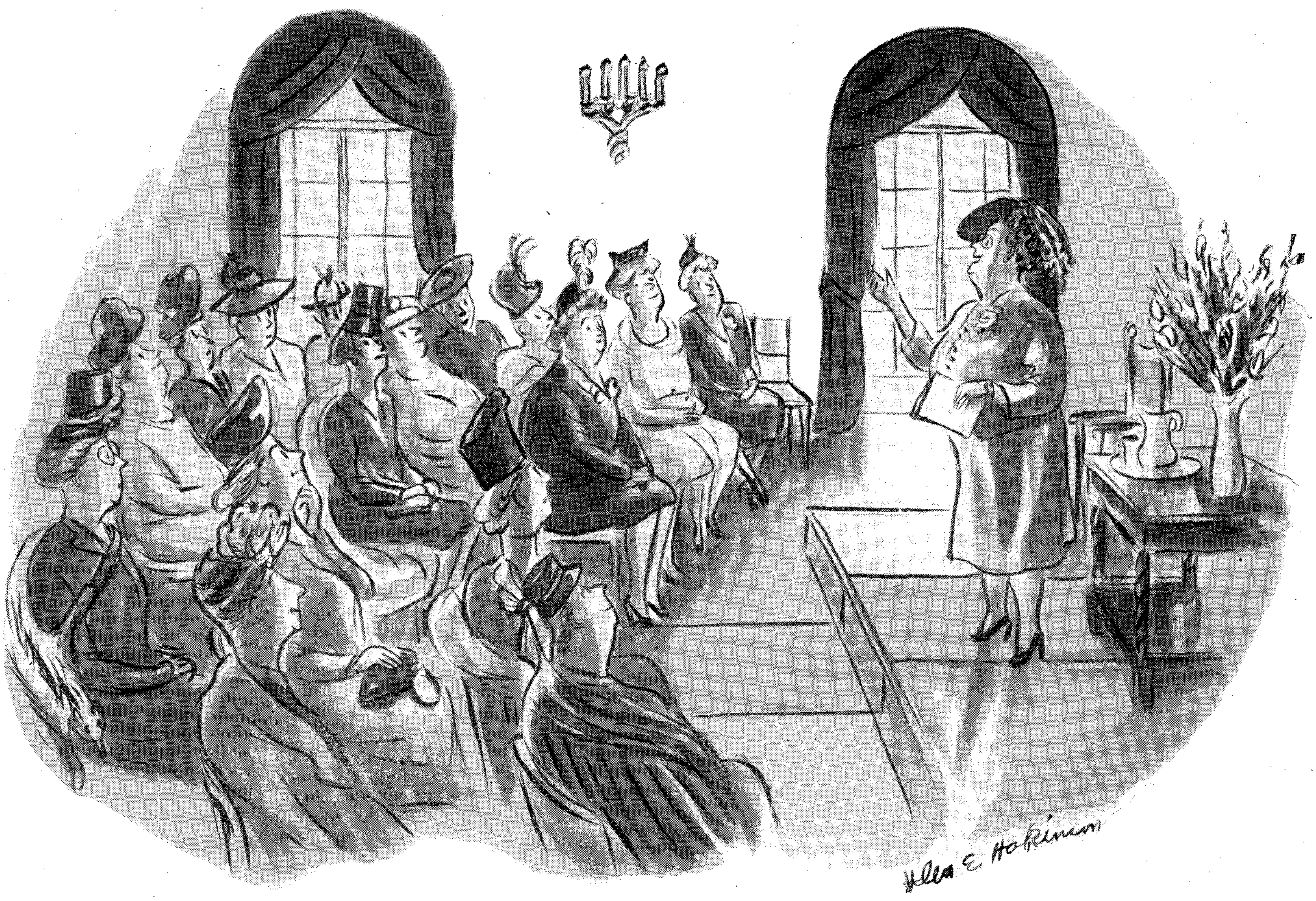
• •

IN 1912, when it began to look as though his renown as the Kipling of the Klondike might get troublesome, Service, after bringing out his third book of verses, "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone," left North America, where he was better known than he was on any other continent, and went to Europe. After a few months in the Balkans as a war correspondent for the Toronto *Star*, he settled in France. He shrewdly foresaw that there the danger of his name's becoming a household word was greatly lessened by the difficulty of Gallicizing such passages as:

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute saloon;
The kid that handles the music box was hitting a jag-time tune;
Back of the bar, in a solo game, sat Dangerous Dan McGrew,
And watching his luck was his light-o'-love, the lady that's known as Lou.

Service's campaign to drop out of sight *qua* Service and to avoid the trappings, and traps, of wealth was so adroitly executed that in 1913 he was able to marry an otherwise well-informed Parisian girl without her having more than a vague idea of who he was. Service met the lady, Mlle. Germaine Bourgoin, the daughter of a *petit-bourgeois* family, one day when he rescued her and her younger sister from a crowd milling about two streetcars that had been in a spectacular collision. After being properly introduced to the young lady's mother, he began a courtship under the pretense of wishing to learn French from a girl who really knew the language. He posed as an obscure writer of small means through his period of wooing and right on into matrimony. Mrs. Service knew only that her husband was a poet whose verse, which was entirely incomprehensible to her, enabled them to live pleasantly in a small apartment on the Boulevard Montparnasse and maintain a budget that provided for good food and good wine. She had no idea, in the fuzzy days of early married life, that his poetry had brought him over a hundred thousand dollars or that during his courtship he had been living on a mere tenth of his income. Frank Dodd was in Paris the summer of 1913, and when Service told him that he was engaged, Dodd not only gave a dinner party in honor of the fiancée but sent her some roses beforehand. She told him later that they were the first flowers she had ever received from a man. Her innocence of Service's circumstances was a great help when, on a bicycle trip through Brittany, the honeymooning couple developed a crush on a house in Lancieux, on the coast. The mayor of the town, who owned it, was willing to sell it for twenty-five thousand francs. Service and his wife wheeled to the mayor's office. Service was wearing old clothes and assumed the attitude of a man in a modest financial condition. He removed the bicycle clips from his pants, and offered the mayor seventeen thousand francs, adding that he would pay seven thousand down, which he agreed to forfeit if he couldn't raise the remaining ten thousand within four weeks. *"O mon Dieu!"* said Mrs. Service apprehensively. The mayor, heartened by Mrs. Service's authentic alarm, took the offer up eagerly and a few days later smiled a





*"Will all friends of the African daisy please stand up?"*

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wry Gallic smile when he received Service's check for ten thousand francs.

SERVICE has never attempted to deny that he has been influenced by the works of Kipling. In his autobiography, he says that when, as a young man, he was an amateur recitalist "Gunga Din" was one of his favorite items, and in one of the "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone" there are the lines:

I'm dreaming to-night in the fire-glow, alone in my study tower,
My books battalioned around me, my Kipling flat on my knee.

It is just possible that Kipling had his Service flat on *his* knee when, in his autobiography, "Something of Myself," he wrote, "And, if it be in your power, bear serenely with imitators." Service's challenge to Kipling's serenity was remarked upon in the Boston *Transcript's* review of the "Rolling Stone" ballads:

> Philosophy, mood, and meter have as strong and savory a flavor of Kipling as ever, revealing an unchanged and singlehearted discipleship on the part of their author.

During the first World War, Service, who was living in France when it broke out, became an ambulance driver for the American Red Cross and then, after an illness had forced him to give up the work, an intelligence officer in the Canadian Army. During that illness he wrote "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," a collection of war poems. This was by far the most popular book of poetry about the war published in this country. It headed the non-fiction best-seller lists in 1917 and 1918, and it caused Service to be bracketed eulogistically with Kipling on at least two occasions. Reviewing it in the *Dial*, Witter Bynner, the poet, observed:

> Robert W. Service has been a poetic phenomenon. More or less ignored by the critics, he has won a vast following. And it seems to me time for a fellow-craftsman to protest that in this case the public is right.... We have been inquiring for the poetry of the war. In my judgment, here it is.

In 1921, the *Texas Review*, a literary quarterly, expressed the same sentiment in an article entitled "Kipling Influence in the Verse of Robert W. Service," by William A. Whatley, of the University of Texas history department. Whatley felt that Service was an enthusiastic follower rather than a mere imitator of Kipling and that he had poetic genius in his own right. "Kipling failed utterly to contribute anything of poetic value to the literary output of the period of the Great War," Whatley remarked severely, "and it was left to Service, hitherto a simple follower of the elder poet, to sing the saga of the trenches, the hospital, and the camp." Part of "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" was translated into Norwegian by Carl J. Hambro, a Norwegian journalist who later became President of the League of Nations Assembly. In the June, 1918, issue of *Litteraturen*, a Norwegian literary monthly, Mr. Hambro pointed out irritably that nothing of Service's had been included in a collection of war poems translated into Norwegian by one Valdemar Rørdam, and added:

> This in spite of the fact that the note is one of the most unusual and the voice one of the most masculine in the entire orchestra of war.... There was in Rørdam's book... nothing as great as this, nothing which made it immortal.... His [Service's] earliest war poem... is an overture with an utterly different chime and

> strength than usually written in those days. A grasp on the strings so mighty that they could hardly be strained further.

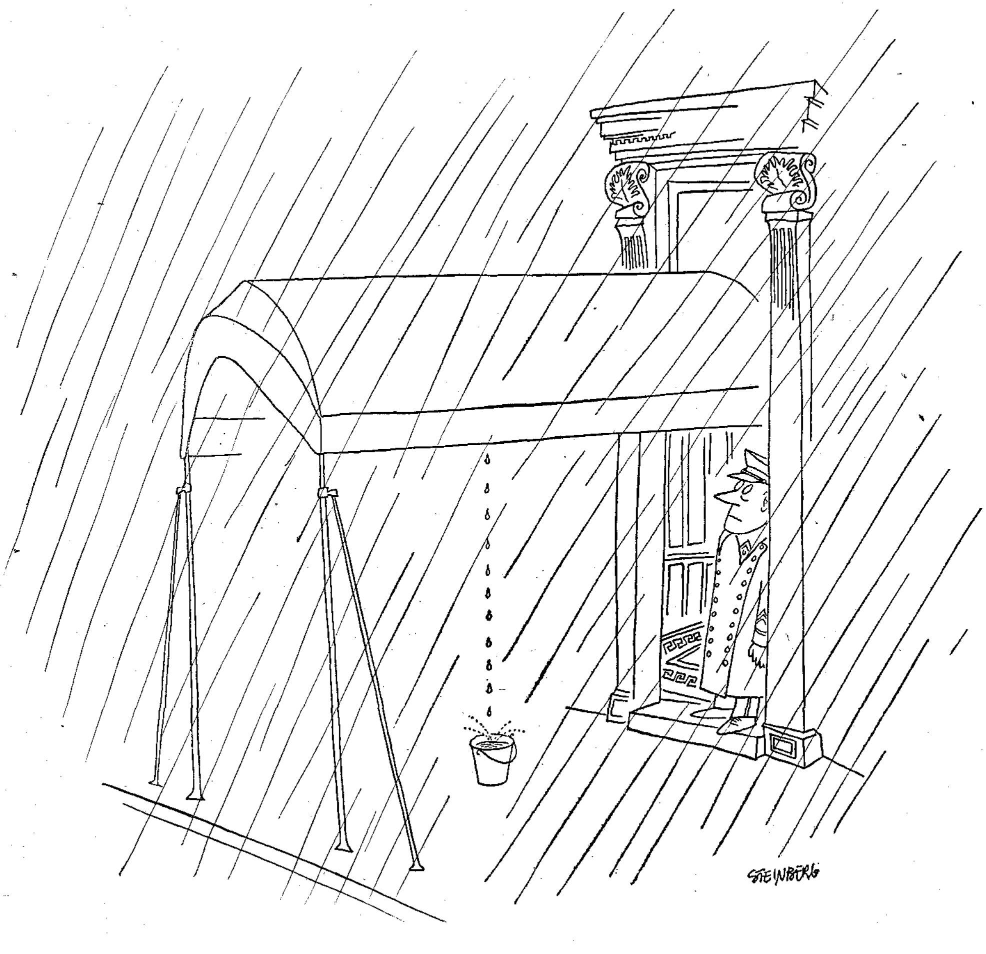
Service, who had for some time been mildly nettled by the refusal of most critics to take him seriously, was gratified by these tributes. He was less gratified by the reception of his next book, "Ballads of a Bohemian," a collection of verses he wrote in Paris after the war and which, in a way, had everything. It abounded in apaches, grisettes, cocottes, gendarmes, absinthe drinkers, cocaine sniffers, tuberculous shopgirls, cigar-smoking boulevardiers, and selfless prostitutes. It even had a poem called "It Is Later Than You Think," which read in part:

> There's the wretched rent to pay,
> Yet I glower at pen and ink:
> Oh, inspire me, Muse, I pray,
> *It is later than you think!*

"Despite the occasional excellent poems . . . 'Ballads of a Bohemian' is a far cry from the vigor of Mr. Service's early work," the Boston *Transcript* wrote, and went on to make what is probably the most concise critical evaluation of Service ever attempted, "In those days Mr. Service was—Mr. Service." The *New Republic* also detected a retrogression: "One does not, of course, expect poetry from Mr. Service. But the present volume must seem a little flat even to those who felt so strongly moved by the red-blooded virility of the versifier's earlier works." These two notices appeared in May of 1921. Three months later, Service was rather puzzled by another journalistic attention—a parody of his Yukon style published in *Vanity Fair* under the title "The Ballad of Yukon Jake." Its author, Edward E. Paramore, Jr., had graduated from the Sheffield Engineering School at Yale in 1917, when Service's vogue was terrific. Paramore's class had voted Tennyson its Favorite Poet, with thirty-four votes, and Service the runner-up, with thirty-three. (Students of Yale undergraduate psychology feel that this tabulation represented the same kind of lip service to culture that impels so many Yale College classes to name Phi Beta Kappa, rather than Skull & Bones, as the Honor Most Desired, and that a number of the Tennyson men would have voted for Service had they been sure that Billy Phelps wasn't looking over their shoulders.) The Paramore parody, which chronicled the hair-raising activities of Jacob Kaime, the Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal, aroused such enthusiasm that *Vanity Fair* reprinted it twice, in 1926 and 1934. Condé Nast, publishers of the magazine, have also distributed three thousand photostats of it and still fill three or four requests a month. "Yukon Jake," which, according to some critics, bears the same relation to Service as Service does to Kipling, was even published as a book by Coward-McCann in 1928. It won its author, who lives in Beverly Hills, an invitation to join the Los Angeles Adventurers Club, the club having assumed that Paramore must have been an old explorer of the Yukon.

SERVICE, who has been reprinted in many anthologies, has undoubtedly been not only parodied more often, but declaimed in or at schools, colleges, clubs, bars, soldiers' camps, conventions, smokers, and office parties more often, than any other living author. "Is there . . . a doughboy that has not heard (for the seventeenth time) 'The Shooting of Dan McGrew'?" Louis Untermeyer wrote in the *Bookman* in 1922. Mr. Untermeyer, generally considered an authority on verse, thinks that Service's immense popularity derived largely from the masculinity of his subject matter and treatment. "Like Burns, he took the curse off effeminacy in poetry; he cashed in on the reaction against the 'sissy' writing of Tennyson and Wordsworth," Untermeyer said recently. "Kipling did it first and did it better, but Service was the American answer." Untermeyer once parodied Service (and Kipling) in "Rudyard Kipling and Robert W. Service Collaborate on a New Red-Blooded Ballad," which commenced, "Now there was a man of the Sassenach clan and he was a garrulous *goy*." This appeared in Untermeyer's "Collected Parodies" in 1926 and brought its author several letters from Service fans who said it wasn't cricket to attack a man who was no longer alive to defend himself. A more recent Service parody was dished up three or four years ago in "Star and Garter," a revue in which Bobby Clark enacted "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

After the first World War, Service became distressed by the growing volume of his fan mail and the demands it might eventually make on his time, and he was delighted by an authoritative indication that his obscurity was at least safe in his native land. "The London *Times* ran an article called 'Heritors of Unfulfilled Renown,' " he said not long ago. "It was about writers and artists killed in the war, in which they included me. I never contradicted it. I rather liked the idea. I'm amused that so many people in America think I'm dead. As a matter of fact, most of the people I used to know are dead. I'm one of the



# The beauties you've waited for—JASPER

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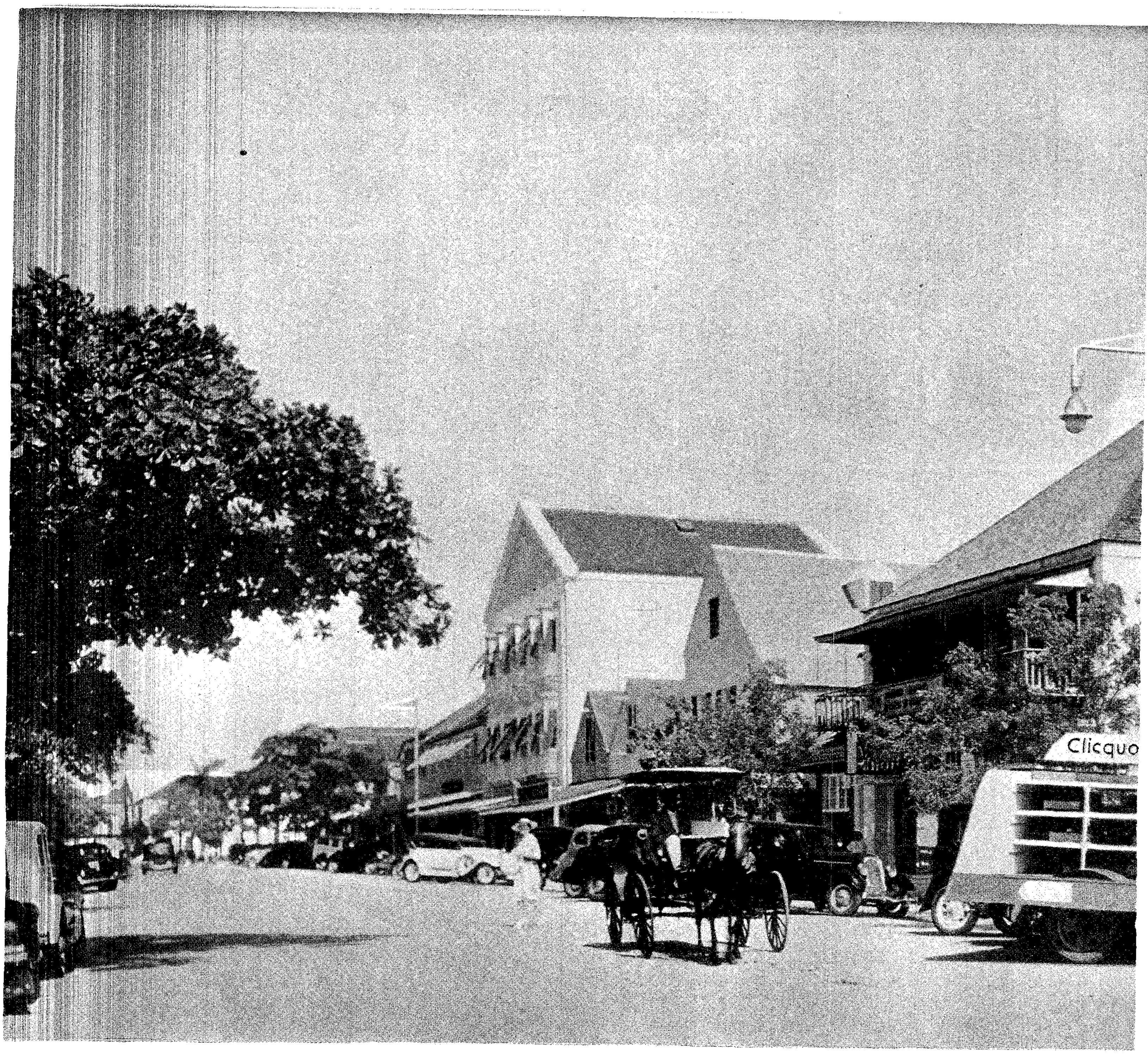

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few people I used to know who *aren't* dead."

Service's neighbors in Brittany—chiefly peasants—and acquaintances on the Riviera—chiefly French frequenters of pubs who didn't belong to the Somerset Maugham set—for the most part had never heard of his poetry or his fame. Service enjoyed this situation. He is again living in Monte Carlo, where he is working on a 1912-to-date autobiography, which he proposes to call "Blue-Behinded Ape," after a phrase in a Baudelaire verse. The day before he left this country, a friend took him to lunch at the Dutch Treat Club, where, although he was not on the program, he was encouraged to recite a few of his verses. At the end, Service was admiringly surrounded by members of the club, a supposedly knowing bunch of publishers and writers. "Robert Service!" several of them said. "My God, I thought you were dead!" Service beamed at this professional tribute to his obscurity. His pleasure at the supposition that he is dead has its limits, however. He was rather miffed last year when, autographing copies of "Ploughman of the Moon" in a Los Angeles department store, he was confronted by a woman who said, "I thought you were dead for *years*." That was going too far. —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

*(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Service.)*

•

She impressed Doc White, but she didn't notice him. A year later, when she had returned to Michigan, he began courting her by mail. The result was William Allen White, born in Emporia on Feb. 10, 1868. —*Lewis Gannett in the Herald Tribune.*

Now, wait a minute!

•

ARCADIA, CAL., Feb. 19—Bull Reigh, eight-year-old stallion considered one of the favorites for the $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap on March 9, was retired to study today as the result of an injury suffered Saturday.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

Well, he'll need a gooseneck lamp, for one thing . . .

•

**HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT**

[*From "Lazarus Laughed," in Random House's "Nine Plays by Eugene O'Neill"*]

He touches one hand on her breast, as if he were taking an oath to life on her heart, looks upward and laughs, his vice ringing more and more with a terrible unbearable power and beauty that beats those in the room into an abject submissive panic.

LISTEN: MARCH 30, 1946

Some 500 boys who manned the B-29's that bombed Japan regularly thank their stars for the Navy's celebrated plane-to-submarine radio teamwork when they were forced down in the Pacific off the Japanese coast. The patrol planes spotted them, broadcast their location to the nearest sub which pulled them out of the water.

If you happened to tune in *Feature Story* a few weeks ago you heard a thrilling reproduction of this vital phase of the war when Bert Buzzini, a CBS reporter, spoke from the submarine *Blackfin* to his colleague Don Mozley overhead in the Navy bomber *Yardbird* 30 miles out in the open sea off the San Francisco coast. It was the first coast-to-coast broadcast of a vocal message between a submarine and a plane, but it sounded like a conversation in the next room.

★

You may recall reading in this space from time to time evidence pointing to the self-inspired, community-minded efforts of various radio stations affiliated with or operated by the CBS network. They add up to a compelling record of public service which may partly account for the public attitude expressed in a recent poll taken by Denver University's National Opinion Research Center.

The NORC went to a carefully chosen sample of U. S. citizens weighted by age, income, education and geographic distribution with the following question:

"In every community, the schools, the newspapers, the local government, each has a different job to do. Around here, would you say that the schools are doing an excellent, good, fair or poor job? How about the newspapers? The radio stations? The local government? The churches?"

More people (82%) gave credit to radio for doing an "excellent or good" community job than to any of the other civic institutions.

The verdict bears out a cardinal tenet of CBS policy uttered as far back as 1934 in these terms:

"...Radio as an industry has from its earliest days conceived its proper task to be to draw the whole community into its focus. Within any given locality, each individual station has sought to do this. The result has been intense competition in devising programs to win the interest not merely of one, or a few groups, but of all groups within the community. "That is the basis of our broadcasting industry today: it is what we in Columbia understand the business of broadcasting to be..."

★

The *Congressional Record* now carries a tribute to the young New Jersey farm boy who spends a portion of each Saturday in a CBS studio lifting a growing calf named Phoebe at 1:30 p.m. EST on Columbia's *County Fair.*

To his fellow Senators on February 8 last the Hon. Albert W. Hawkes (R., New Jersey) said in part:

"...New Jersey has found a brand new ambassador of goodwill in young Allen La Fever. Every Saturday over a coast-to-coast Columbia Broadcasting System network, Allen is interviewed ...He then lifts Phoebe and collects the sizeable amount of $10 a pound for each pound she has gained during the week. So far Allen has banked well over $800 toward his college career...(He) is the kind of boy who will lead our nation in the future."

Weight (as of March 16): Allen, 150; Phoebe, 289.

★

Seven U.S. cities lead St. Louis in size, but none in fervent support of one of the nation's most urgent and rewarding charities—the Mile O'Dimes campaign of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Just the other day the St. Louis chapter turned in its check for $111,208.98, or 12½ miles of dimes, or more than any other city in the country, to the Foundation.

Four times a day for 18 consecutive days St. Louis citizens heard their favorite station KMOX (CBS) sound the tocsin to empty their pockets. It took only 2½ days to make the first mile, but Jerry Hoekstra, KMOX's diesel-driven public relations chief and chairman of the campaign, kept going. He was out to beat last year's figure of $95,000. He did.

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THE THEATRE

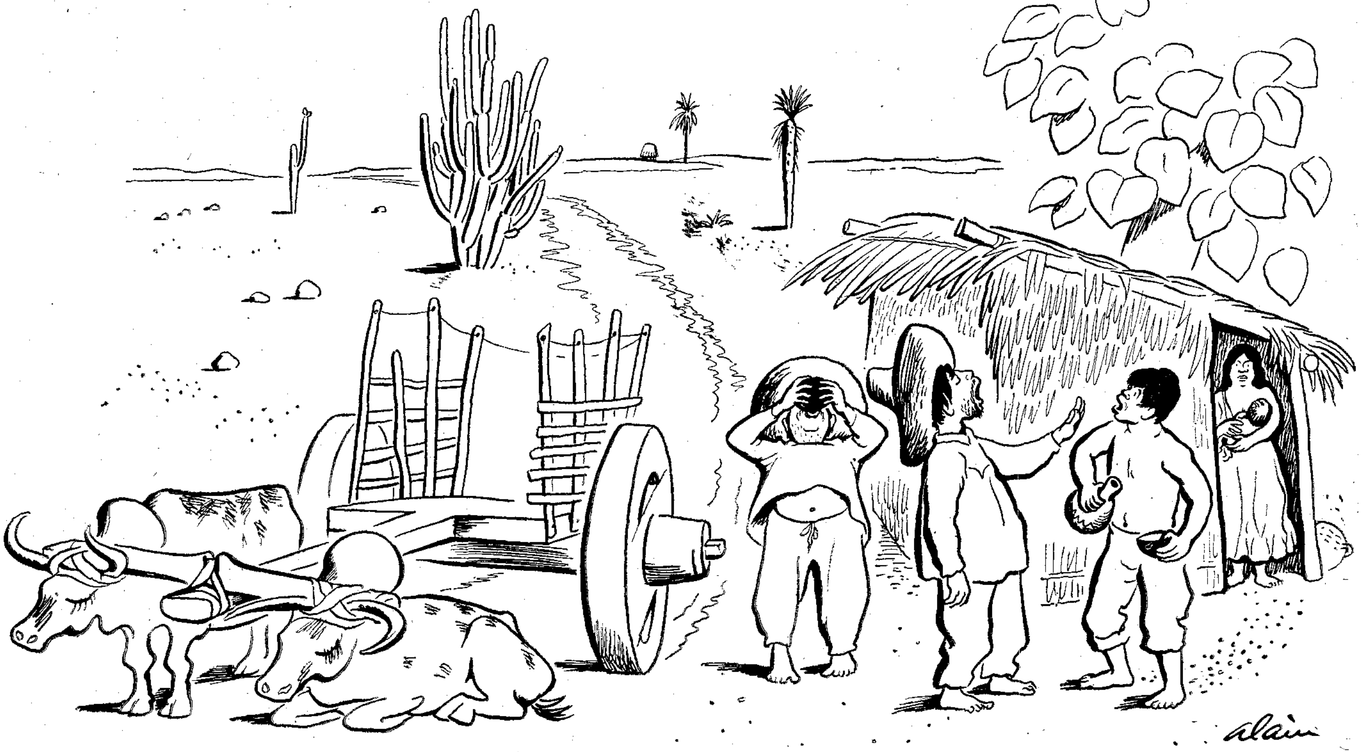
# THE THEATRE

## ON A NOTE OF PROTEST

IT is very hard to locate any traces of grace or merit in the three plays that were produced here last week and even harder to locate the virtuous motives of the ladies and gentlemen who chose to put them on. The first, "Flamingo Road," was adapted from Robert Wilder's novel of the same name by Mr. Wilder and a lady calling herself Sally Wilder, presumably a spouse. It was presented by Rowland Stebbins with a cast of seventeen, consisting largely of character actors, among whom were Will Geer, Philip Bourneuf, Francis Felton, and Judith Parrish. It had, I suppose, some vague political implications or allusions, since its protagonist (Mr. Felton) was a fat man with designs on the right of free franchise in the State of Florida. Most of the time, Mr. Felton sat on the porch of a small hotel, fanning himself and plotting against the public interest with a lack of reticence that might have caused talk in the Third Reich. Even in his conversations with almost total strangers, Mr. Felton was apt to say things like "Ah reckon Ah wouldn't do that if Ah was you, bub. Florida ain't none too healthy for them that votes the wrong way." He was, as you can see, a man of homely idiom—a sort of corrupt Scattergood Baines. Anyway, he went from bad to worse and, finally, making the serious mistake of crossing up a high-minded daughter of joy, he was shot right out of the Belasco Theatre, along with the rest of his cast. In a way, it seemed a pity, since, bad as "Flamingo Road" certainly was, it had its elements of foolish entertainment, which was a good deal more than could be said for the succeeding commerce of that March and muddy week.

"HE WHO GETS SLAPPED," as you've probably been told behind some barn, is a Theatre Guild revival of an inexplicable success that happened during 1922. If this piece has any surviving interest whatever, it must be as a commentary on the sort of thing that was considered amusing and cultivated a quarter of a century ago, when we were all so young and shot with charm. The story has something to do with a gentleman, alleging himself to be in romantically reduced circumstances (Dennis King), who gets himself employed as a clown in a French circus, takes some moral exception to the behavior of a decadent old count who wants to sell his daughter to a rich man, and eventually poisons himself and her for reasons that can hardly be as absurd as I think they are. Probably on the theory that this manuscript must have some mysterious quality of rococo charm, since clearly it has no other, the Guild has produced it in a style that would also have done very nicely for a revival of "Ben Hur" or "The Littlest Rebel." It was apparently an opinion shared by Mr. King and almost all his companions, including Stella Adler, John Abbott, Reinhold Schunzel, Wolfe Barzel, and a young actress named Susan Douglas, whose future, I'm sure, holds better things than playing beautiful equestriennes in red-plush period pieces.

THE last sample I'd like to show Madam today is called "I Like It Here." In essence it is a one-man show for Oscar Karlweis, written by A. B. Shiffrin and produced by William Cahn, probably one of the great optimists of our time. This would seem to be about a terribly unattractive family called Merriweather who may or



*"Not for me, Pancho! I have to drive."*

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LOOK TO LOCKHEED FOR LEADERSHIP LOCKHEED YEARS AHEAD IN THE SCIENCE OF FLIGHT may not live in the State of Connecticut. Mr. Merriweather is a professor of something or other at the local university and his wife is a club lady; their daughter, Laura, is having quite a time trying to decide whether she ought to marry Brad, who has been reduced by the American economy to driving a taxicab, or David, who is running for the State Senate, suggested in the script as a stepping-stone to the White House, though I remain suspicious.

This highly unpromising situation gets more so as the evening wears along, and it is not long before everybody is a candidate for the Senate, except Mr. Karlweis, who is pretending to be a butler patterned roughly on Sir James Barrie's Crichton. In the end, nothing is a damn bit clearer than it was in the beginning, except possibly that Mr. K. can be a good deal funnier with nothing to do than eight other comedians I decline to name could be, assisted by countless reminiscences about the old Palace, not to mention a troupe of performing dogs and a couple of chorus girls to do bumps behind them. Dennis King (or, in this case, Bert Lytell) gives what might be described as a supporting performance, though it won't by me.

Instead of listing the others in the cast, I would like to say that several somewhat meritorious plays, including "Home of the Brave," "Jeb," "Strange Fruit," and "The Assassin," found it impossible to survive on Broadway this season. There is a moral in this somewhere, but I guess you'll have to work it out for yourself.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

His swearing was like a bitter poem, a long, black, vitriolic epic, composed by himself. Dark words and phrases fell from his lips in cascades of rage. And once at it, he could hold an audience shocked and stunned for half an hour together.

"And take *that* into yer gizzards!" he would conclude venomously, as his hearers stumbled away.—*From a story by P. L. Travers in Cosmopolitan.*

Gad, what invective!

•

### THE GOOD OLD DAYS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Modern Library edition of "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser.*]

Carrie and he went out looking for a flat, as arranged, and found one in Seventy-eighth Street near Amsterdam Avenue. It was a five-story building, and their flat was on the third floor. . . . For the privilege of six rooms and a bath, running in a straight line, they were compelled to pay thirty-five dollars a month.

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *From Ziegfeld in Heaven*

NO expense has been spared in the creation of "Ziegfeld Follies of 1946." The sets are sumptuous, the showgirls are magnificently arrayed, and there is a plethora of costly talent. But for all its Technicolor splendor, the film as a whole is as hard to digest as a box of pretty bonbons. Beginning with a shot of William Powell as Florenz Ziegfeld in an unlikely Heaven, where William Shakespeare and P. T. Barnum are also in residence, the picture rambles through a dozen variety acts, ranging from a water ballet, in which Esther Williams remains submerged for what struck me as an unconscionable length of time, to a scene in which several handsome young women slither through huge masses of soap bubbles to the accompaniment of a tune succinctly entitled "Beauty." There are songs and witty patter, the former not very distinguished and the latter a trifle dull, except in a droll, if antique, sketch in which Victor Moore, after spitting out the end of his cigar in a subway, finds himself whirled through every court and jailhouse in the state because his proud lawyer, Edward Arnold, won't let him pay a two-dollar fine for committing a nuisance. Besides Mr. Moore, "Ziegfeld Follies of 1946" also has in its favor the presence of Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly. Both of them step around with their accustomed agility, and you may be willing to put up with a good bit of spectacular boredom just to see them dance Gershwin's "The Babbitt and the Bromide" together.

THE durable Pygmalion legend is with us again in an item called "Kitty," which makes use of the good looks if not the talents of Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland. The picture takes Miss Goddard all the way from a repulsive hovel to the vaulted halls of an English duke, mainly through the good offices of a noble scapegrace, played without much enthusiasm by Mr. Milland. As Miss Goddard's mentor, Mr. Milland duplicates the feat of Shaw's Professor Higgins in transforming a guttersnipe into a lady, but there any resemblance to the Old Master's character ends abruptly. The exigencies of the plot require Mr. Milland to push Miss Goddard into a couple of remunerative marriages so that she'll have enough money to keep him in the style to which he is accustomed. "Kitty" has not only this dubious protagonist but some very gamy dialogue concerning the tired old duke who winds up as Miss Goddard's second husband. As Kitty, Miss Goddard is supposed to be with child by her previous spouse at the time of her marriage to the duke, and much, entirely too much, is made of the duke's delusion that he is the little one's sire. All this, incidentally, takes place in the eighteenth century, and Kitty gets started onward and upward by trying to steal the shoes of Thomas Gainsborough, whose eagle eye sees her beauty through the grime. The action and dialogue of "Kitty," as I recall them, consist mostly of people bowing low and saying, "Your obedient servant," which makes for stylish but not very stimulating tableaux.

GEORGE RAFT, no more animated than a cigar-store Indian, is the hero of "Whistle Stop," a sleazy account of life in a Middle Western town. Mr. Raft in his present role is, as usual, fatally attractive to the ladies, even though he is notorious as a loafer and spends most of his evenings playing poker with the boys in the barbershop. When he does go out with a girl, his conversation is, at best, something less than galvanic. Asked by a lovely companion to pour a drink of beer, he says, "You like attention, huh?" and then lapses into numb silence. That's the way I left him when I quietly departed from "Whistle Stop."

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

By daylight the guests, accompanied by about an inch of rain, had subsided with an accompanying sharp drop in temperature.—*The Sun.*

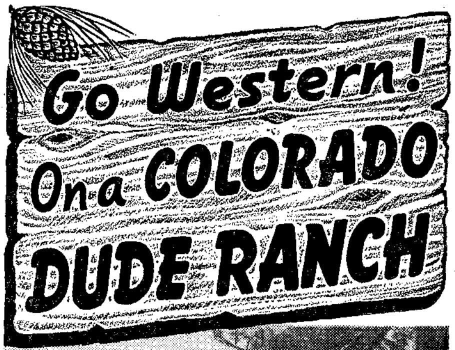
Well, when guests subside, it's about all you can ask.

•

**WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.**

[*From the Memphis Commercial Appeal*]

And as an anticlimax, Mrs. Donna Fisher Brame, enveloped in flowing white robes, will be revealed in pantomine as the Statue of Liberty.



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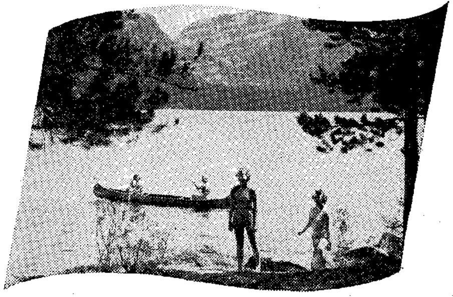

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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE GREAT PHILATELIST

THE late Franklin D. Roosevelt once said, "I owe my life to my hobbies, especially stamp-collecting." In a sense, then, a great many million people are debtors of philately. Even during the most unsettling times of the war, Roosevelt always spent a half-hour a day with his stamps—usually the last half-hour at night, before he switched off his light to go to sleep. It was a tranquil period. The counterpane was dotted with stamps, and the President, propped up on his pillows, lost himself in the peculiar bliss of the hobbyist as he fixed the bright trifles in his albums. "When my husband was absorbed in his stamps," Mrs. Roosevelt said not long ago, "he got a relaxation absolutely unknown, I believe, to most people. It refreshed and prepared him like nothing else for his next day's work." In Roosevelt's case, the stamp-collecting habit was without a doubt mental therapy of a high order. It also had its global repercussions. It is impossible to estimate the indirect effect on history of those daily philatelic sessions, which in twelve years at the White House amounted to well over two thousand hours, but it must have been considerable. In addition, his hobby occasionally bobbed up to affect the course of events directly.

For instance, when Roosevelt flew to the Casablanca conference, he carried with him, as he did on every trip, a large assortment of stamps. The President's stamps were always the heaviest item in his luggage, whether he was going on a fishing trip or to a Big Three conference. For this particular journey, he told his valet to pack several albums, even if they displaced a few extra changes of clothes that might be needed in the warm climate. At the conference, as everyone must recall, Roosevelt and Churchill found themselves hung up for several days because of the antagonism that developed between Giraud and de Gaulle. During the deadlock, a member of Roosevelt's party went into his room one night and found him riding his hobby with much more than his usual intensity. He was studying a 1935 issue of Argentina, a tall, skinny stamp whose motif is a pair of clasped hands. He held it up. "I suspect," said the President firmly, "that here we have the operation for Giraud and de Gaulle." The rest of the story is well known. The next day the two Frenchmen literally, and perhaps even figuratively, shook hands, and plans for the peaceful administration of North Africa were under way.

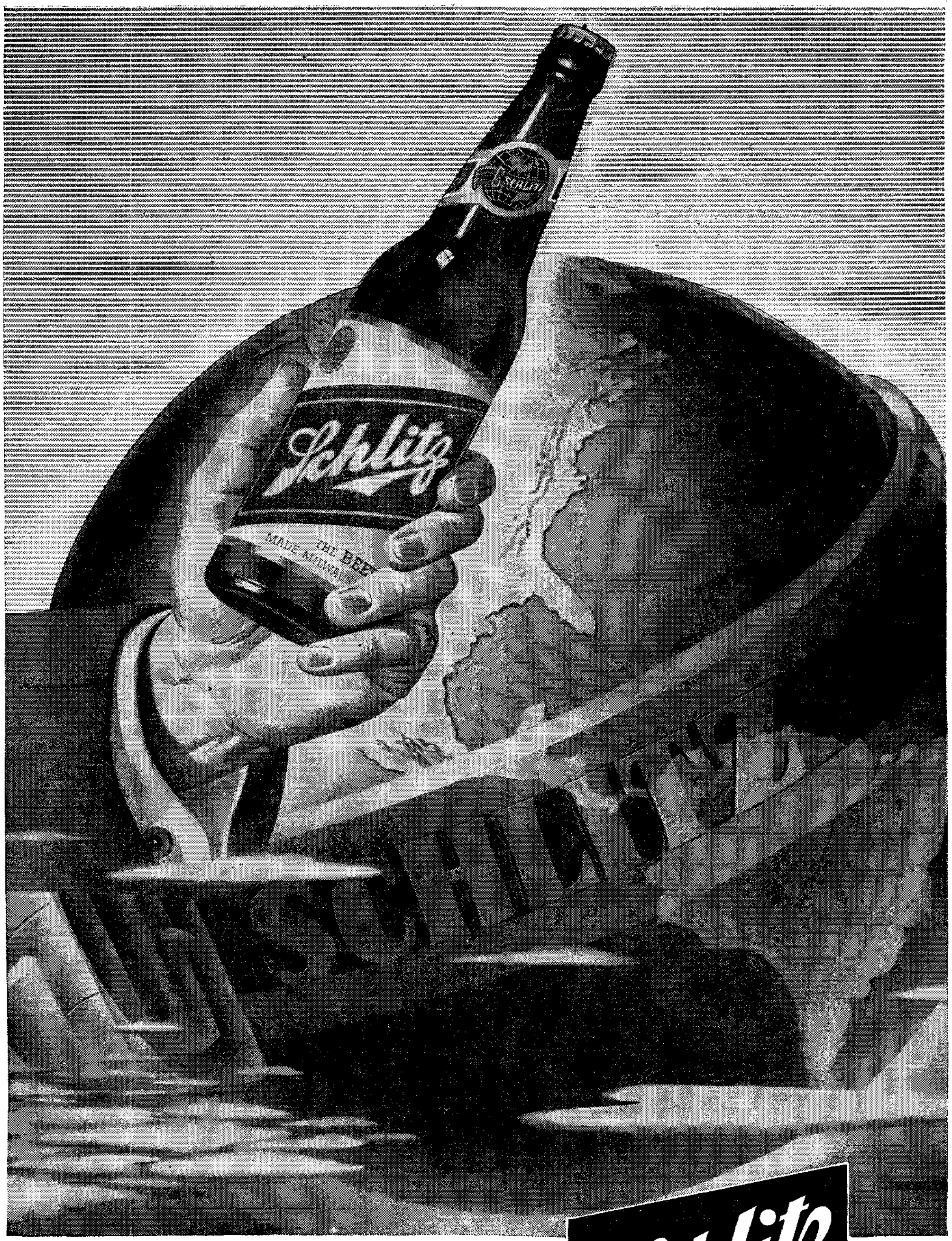
Roosevelt's philately also intervened at a meeting of the Allied Pacific War Council, which was composed of the President and the leading representatives in Washington of nations that were at war with Japan. At this meeting, which was held about a year after Pearl Harbor, Mr. Walter Nash, the New Zealand Deputy Prime Minister, proposed that our forces occupy a certain Pacific island as a stepping-stone in our drive toward Tokyo. President Roosevelt thought for a moment. "That would be all right," he said, "but Mangareva would be better." Nash said he was embarrassed to admit that he wasn't acquainted with that island, which is in the Tuamotu Archipelago, under the postal administration of Tahiti. "Oh, it's a few thousand miles from New Zealand," the President told him. "I know the place because I'm a stamp collector." It wasn't long after that that our forces moved into Mangareva.

AFTER Roosevelt died, none of his close friends were surprised to learn that his last official act had been connected with stamps. He always believed that stamps could be an agency for international friendliness and that this potentiality had, on the whole, been overlooked. On the day of his death, in a concluding gesture of philatelic good will, he made arrangements with Postmaster General Frank Walker, by long-distance telephone, to purchase the first stamp of a new issue to commemorate the United Nations Conference then being held in San Francisco. A half-hour later he was stricken. When his personal belongings at Warm Springs were gathered up, the stamps on which he worked the final morning of his life were among them. They were in envelopes and booklets, tossed into a wire basket of the sort customarily used for correspondence—a hodgepodge of recent issues of Rumania, Norway, the Philippines under Japanese occupation, and ten or twelve other countries. A number were duplicates he had placed in an envelope marked "To give away." Thrown in with the stamps, inexplicably, was the President's draft card, which was just like the ordinary draft card except for a red-white-and-blue border. Along with these items were the usual bric-a-brac of a philatelist—a magnifying glass, a pair of long scissors, a package of stamp hinges, some pads and pencils, and a number of small glassine envelopes.

When Roosevelt's philatelic collection was finally all brought together at Hyde Park, it was found to consist

*"Mote in your eye, Brother Timothy?"*

*A name that's famous around the World*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THE BEER
MADE MILWAUKEE

*Brewed with*

**JUST THE**

*Kiss*

**OF THE HOPS**

*No harsh bitterness*

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Judith Guthrie's version from Andreyev's original
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Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
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Harold Keel • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
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THE NATIONAL COMPANY
OKLAHOMA!
NOW—Curran Theatre, San Francisco

"A Phenomenal Success!"—Coleman, Mirror
KERN AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
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Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
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ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th St. & 6th Ave. Cl. 5-5200
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"O Mistress Mine"
A New Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
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"DREAM GIRL is a dream of a play and Betty Field a dream of a girl"
—CHAPMAN, Daily News
BETTY FIELD
in ELMER RICE'S New Comedy
Dream Girl
with WENDELL COREY • EVELYN VARDEN
CORONET, W. 49 St. Eves. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:35

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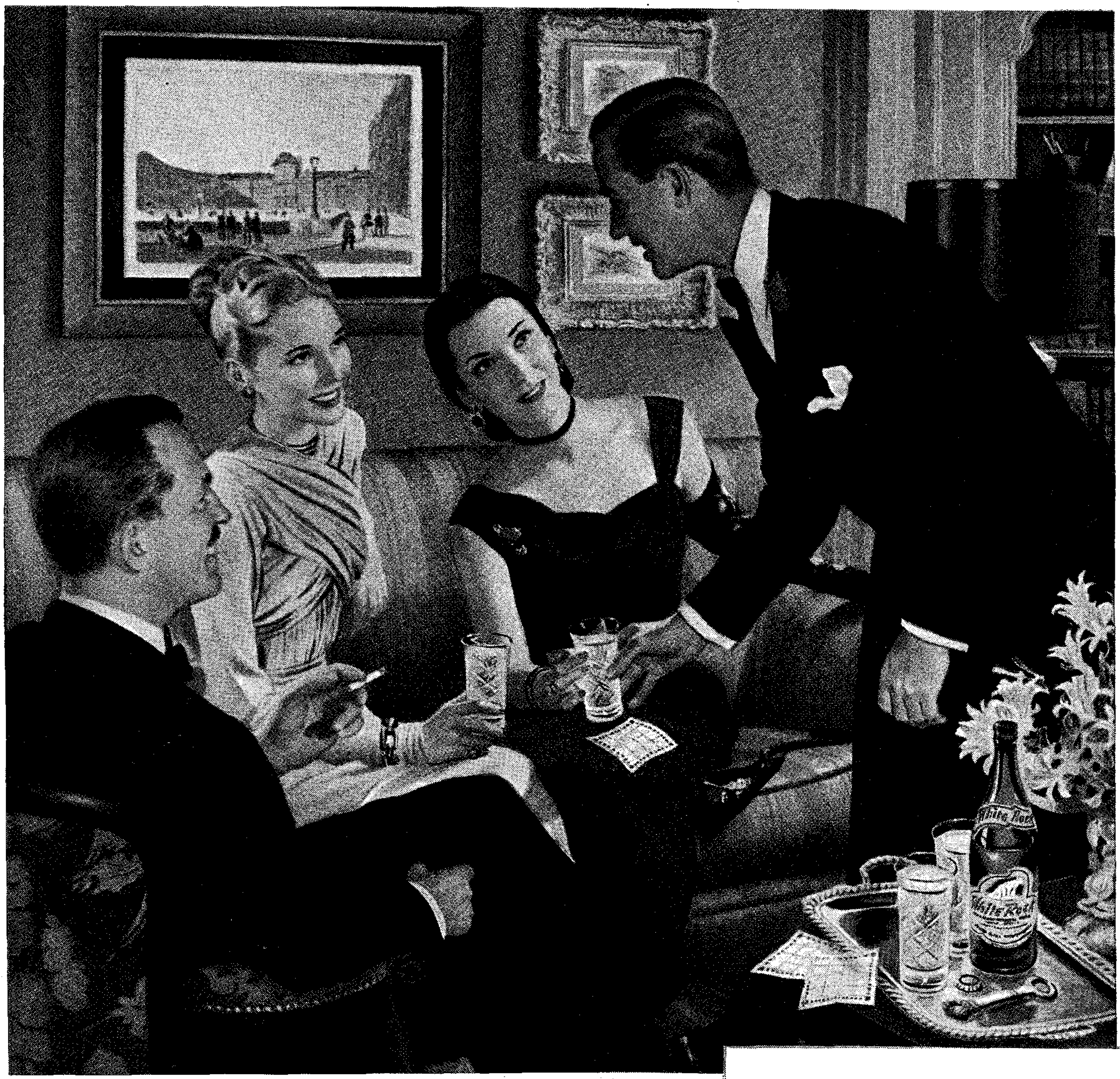
"MAGNIFICENT" -BARNES H. TRIBUNE
THE Magnificent Yankee (JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES)
A New Play by EMMET LAVERY
LOUIS CALHERN DOROTHY GISH
ROYALE THEATRE W. 45th St. • Eves. 8:30 MATS. WED. & SAT.

of more than a hundred and fifty albums, which had been shipped there in six packing cases, and a great deal of loose material in eleven large cartons, some of which were originally containers for Coca-Cola-syrup bottles. Most of the four hundred-odd nations or lesser geographical areas that have ever issued stamps were represented. The important part of the collection, over a quarter of a million stamps, was in the albums. This was appraised last April at $80,000, and arrangements were made by the Roosevelt estate for it to be sold at auction this year. (The rest of the collection, consisting of more than a million unsorted and ungraded stamps in the cartons, was what is known in the trade as junk. The estate at present has no plans for these, but presumably they will be disposed of in a clump sometime in the future.) The appraiser, a New York City stamp dealer, Mr. George B. Sloane, of 116 Nassau Street, was, as he puts it, in a delicate position. "I had to set a value on the stamps themselves—just what they'd bring if any nonentity owned them," he said after he had finished his assignment, "but in this case, of course, they will unquestionably go for much higher prices because of their association." He was right.

The stamps appraised by Mr. Sloane were divided into two sections. The first, which was sold in February at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in eight hundred and eighty-five lots by H. R. Harmer, Inc., philatelic auctioneers, brought $134,550. This section was made up of all Roosevelt's stamps of the United States and Latin America, except Venezuela, and attracted to the auction almost a thousand collectors, dealers, and Roosevelt enthusiasts, by far the largest crowd ever to attend a stamp sale anywhere in the world. A set of four hundred-year-old Brazilian stamps, ordinarily worth $160, sold for ten times that amount to a good neighbor from South America, who happily outbid a good neighbor from Park Avenue. Also included in the auction were Roosevelt's proofs of United States stamps—engravers' impressions of every stamp issued by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing between 1894, when it took over the job, and 1933—by all odds the most valuable category in his collection; they brought $52,955, exceeding their appraisal value by more than thirty per cent. The proofs had been presented to him by the Bureau, and their sale, along with that of presentation items from foreign sources, aroused Roosevelt opponents all over the country to something approaching a frenzy. John O'Donnell, of the *Daily News*, wrote a column suggesting that all Roosevelt's stamps ought to go to a museum and calling the collection "possibly the most valuable in the world." O'Donnell was not only sore; he was inaccurate. Hundreds of Americans, including solid isolationists, have more valuable collections. As for the Bureau's presenting Roosevelt with proofs, any stamp historian knows that there is nothing new in the practice. The custom of making such presentations has existed ever since the Bureau had anything to do with stamps, and it existed even before that, when banknote companies were doing the work for the government. In the nineteenth century, not only officials but ordinary citizens often got them; a request to a congressman brought stamp proofs like seed packets. Proofs that were distributed as far back as 1847 are on the market, and the most notable collection of them was assembled during the Administration of Theodore Roosevelt, when eighty-three sets were got up and handed over to such eminent Republicans as Uncle Joe Cannon, Elihu Root, and Chauncey M. Depew.

The second most valuable category of stamps in the February sale was a hundred and twenty-six lots of full sheets of unused United States stamps issued between 1929 and 1944, all of them signed by the President. They brought a total of $26,850. Rivalry for these items was strong, and sentiment was obviously the main motive. Sheets like these, without the autographs, can be bought at many shops in the city for around ten dollars apiece, but at the auction they brought up to $725, mostly from non-philatelists. Other instances of Roosevelt worship were numerous. Empty albums marked with his name and the Presidential seal went for as much as a hundred dollars each. A bit of idolatry was revealed in the purchase for $400 by some wealthy fetishist of six ordinary three-cent Mother's Day stamps, fastened to an album page marked "Presented to Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt by a fellow-philatelist on Mother's Day, May 13, 1934, as a token of esteem," and signed by the President and the President's mother. Altogether, the stamps in this auction were split among two hundred and fifty-two pur-

Saint
Sinner
Saint . . . to be loved and adored Sinner . . . as mischievous as a sidelong glance
Adrian
Adrian
Adrian



# You'll enjoy the taste tonight...

And feel the
difference
tomorrow!

WITH the first sip you can taste the difference, when you mix with White Rock sparkling water.

For the minerals in White Rock give it a distinctive *tang* that brings out the best in drinks—points up your enjoyment as everyday mixers can't possibly do.

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That is why White Rock costs a bit more than other mixers—and why so many people find it well worth it.

Why not always use White Rock? It makes such a difference, tonight and tomorrow!

**White Rock** *keeps you sparkling, too!*

chasers, some of whom were dealers acting for various clients.

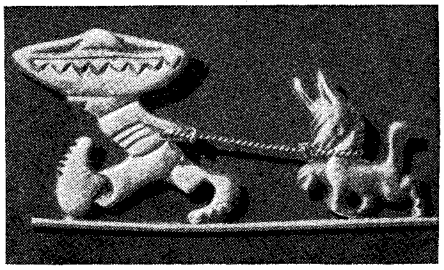
If the sale of the second section of Roosevelt stamps, which will take place next week—again at the Parke-Bernet Galleries and again under the Harmer auspices—succeeds in attracting as many buyers as the first, the President will have attained his wish that the collection be widely scattered among fellow-enthusiasts. Except for a few miscellaneous items such as envelopes and albums, the seven hundred and seventy-eight lots in this group are made up of stamps from over three hundred countries and lesser areas not covered in the first sale, and constitute an immense, varied assortment, including a number from Obock, a hot little village on the Gulf of Aden which took to putting out its own postage for a brief time in the last century. The group contains no sensational rarities, but four of the items are expected to bring over a thousand dollars apiece. The rarest, appraised at about $4,000, is an assortment presented to Roosevelt by Chiang Kai-shek. It consists of an almost complete set of the stamps of China issued up to 1941, some of which have never appeared on the market before. These last, taken from the archives of China, are stamps that were issued but recalled before they were ever sold. The three others, each valued at around $1,100, are the President's Hong Kong collection, a complete set of proofs of 1942 and 1943 Canadian commemoratives, and some "imperforate," as philatelists say, blocks of 1930 Venezuelan air postage.

There are also interesting single items. One is a unique imperforate block of four of the first one-penny stamps issued by Queensland, appraised at $400. Another, considered to be worth about $175, is, in stamp language, a "color error in the two-and-a-half-pence value of the 1935 Great Britain Jubilee sets." In this instance, three hundred and sixty stamps were mistakenly printed in Prussian blue instead of ultramarine and were sold in a London post office before the slip was discovered. Sixty of these are believed to have been sent out of the United Kingdom on overseas mail. Of these, only one has ever turned up on the philatelic market. The remaining three hundred were never used. Robert W. Bingham, then Ambassador to the Court of St. James, got hold of one of them and sent it to the President.

A number of miscellaneous lots in the second sale were impossible to appraise, except arbitrarily, among them a pre-stamp "cover" (the philatelic term for an addressed envelope) sent from Amsterdam, Holland, to Joan van Riebeeck, Commander of the Fort of Good Hope, in 1652, the year the Dutch landed in South Africa; some sheets of stamps printed in the mountains of Yugoslavia by the Chetniks under General Mikhailovitch; and two unpleasant items sent to the President by General William Donovan, of the Office of Strategic Services—a mysterious six-pfennig Nazi stamp with a full-face picture of Heinrich Himmler, the existence of which was denied by the Reichspost Minister in 1943, and a sheet of fake Hitler stamps, printed in Switzerland by Allied agents, with a design of skull and crossbones in place of Der Führer's face. The Allies, in the name of psychological warfare, put these Hitler stamps into envelopes and mailed them from Switzerland to the families of German soldiers who had been reported dead in the casualty lists. There is no philatelic precedent for the last two items, so they can bring almost any price, depending on the mood of the bidders. As for the grand total the collection will bring, the auctioneers figure $170,000 as a certainty, $200,000 as a possibility. Whatever the amount, the government will get a large slice of it in estate taxes.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT took up philately at the age of eight, when his uncle turned over to him a family stamp collection that Franklin's mother had started as a girl when she was visiting Paris during the reign of Napoleon III. She had passed it along, in due course, to her younger brother, who added to it and eventually presented it to his nephew. The elder Mrs. Roosevelt never lost interest in it. Years later, going into Gimbels' stamp department to sell stamps for British War Relief, she pored over the gaudier items in the showcases. "I used to buy these pretty stamps all over the world for my little Franklin," she said, giving a fairly clear idea of what the early collection must have been like. Young Franklin found stamps absorbing. As he worked over them, he began to show a talent for dividing his attention that was later to prove convenient in public life. His mother was reading to him one evening while he was sorting his stamps on the floor. He was so intent that she finally stopped because she thought he wasn't listening. He then repeated word for word the whole of the last paragraph she had read. "Why, Mom," he said, "I'd be ashamed of myself if I couldn't do at least *two* things at once."

At both Groton and Harvard, Roose-



**BAREFOOT PEON**

**AND HIS BURRO, "CHICO"**

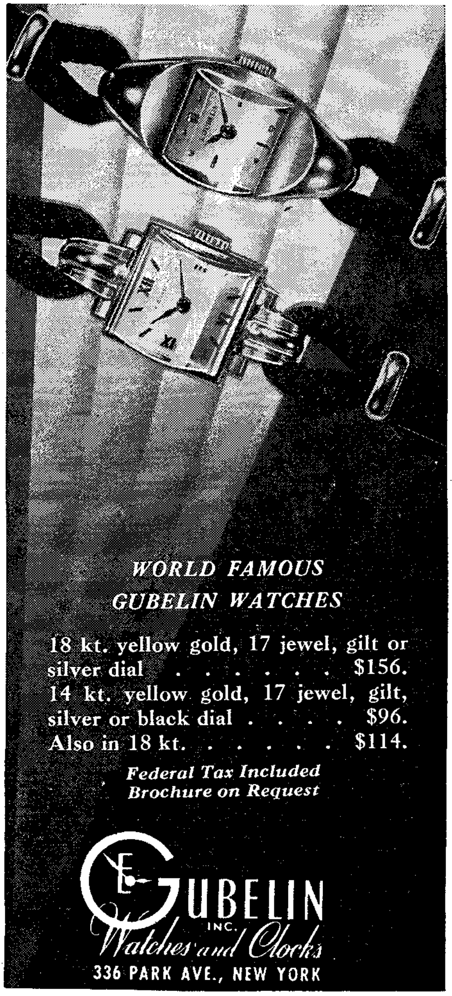
◆ **Have you ever been in Old Mexico? When I go a-trading down there I always think that the two most typical and amusing figures in that picturesque country are the barefoot peon and his oversized hat, and the stubborn little burro he is urging along.**

**So here they are, caught for me by a real craftsman who has molded them in a fine silver lapel pin. Three inches long, 1½ inches high. Has a strong pin, with safety catch. If you want to make your costume gay and friendly, or make a gift to a girl like that, I will send you this pin for only $3, plus 60¢ tax, postpaid. And refund your money *pronto* if it doesn't satisfy.**

*For a look at other silver costume pieces —earrings, bracelets, necklaces, etc.— by craftsmen of Old and New Mexico, ask for my little booklet, "Santa Fe Fiesta." It's free.*

**WEBB YOUNG, TRADER**

**PATIO 1410, SANTA FE, N. M.**



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18 kt. yellow gold, 17 jewel, gilt or silver dial . . . . . . $156.
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velt pursued his hobby earnestly, and he kept it up after he began to practice law. In the twenties, when more stamps were being issued than the "general" collector could comfortably keep up with, he started to specialize, concentrating mainly on countries in this hemisphere. He once expressed his feelings on philatelic specialization in a memorandum he sent from the White House to his former law partner, Basil O'Connor, in 1936, when O'Connor's daughter was thinking of starting to collect stamps. It read, in part:

> THE WHITE HOUSE
> WASHINGTON
>
> MEMORANDUM FOR DOC
>
> I think it is a grand idea that Sheelagh wants to become a philatelist. First of all, you should know how to pronounce this.
>
> Second, as one of the earliest stamp collectors in the world's history, I suggest to her that she start in by specializing. In the old days so few stamps had been issued in all the world that one could collect generally. Specializing means choosing anything from one country up to a dozen, or a Continent. It is my own thought that:
>
> (a) Europe is very dull.
> (b) Too many people collect United States stamps.
> (c) The British Colonies offer a rather high-priced field.
>
> Therefore, if I were starting over again I think I would choose either South America or something like French Colonies, or Dutch Colonies or Portuguese Colonies. Or Sheelagh could take some one country like Cuba, Haiti, or Santo Domingo....

During the twenties, when Roosevelt was recovering from infantile paralysis and serving his first term as Governor, he added to his collection by judicious bidding at auctions, employing several local dealers as his agents. He was an unusually careful man with his own money, and ten dollars was a large bid for him. Quite a few of his old bid sheets are still around town, and they show that more often than not he was unsuccessful in his offers. His practice of entering small bids continued for several years after he was elected President, and both before and after he reached the White House he was known among stamp dealers as slow pay. In the last six years of his life, so many stamps were presented to him, and such a large number of envelopes bearing foreign stamps were turned over to him by various government departments, that he bought practically no stamps.

THE designs of all the two hundred and twenty-five new stamps issued by the Post Office during the Roosevelt Administrations were approved by

ESTABLISHED 1845 MARK CROSS TRADE MARK ENGLAND

THE POSTILLION

Bold as the Pony Express . . . and functional as the outrider's pouch which inspired it . . . our dashing Postillion shoulder bag to carry 'side-saddle' for sports, campus and country. Saddle sewn . . . in stout Havana hide, $34.20, or hazelnut pigskin, $36, *including 20% excise tax.*

**MARK CROSS**
**FIFTH AVENUE AT 52ND**

him. The sketches, die proofs, and color proofs all went over his desk for final O.K. He suggested many revisions. One of them was to add a mustache to the face of the businessman on the N.R.A. stamp, because he thought the man too closely resembled himself; he also took off the silk hat the man was wearing—he considered it bad psychology. When he saw the last proof of the Byrd Antarctic commemorative, which showed on a global map the route of the Admiral's various junkets, he pointed to the line indicating the transatlantic flight to France and said, "He landed farther north than that." Another time, when he was shown the twenty-cent transpacific air-mail issue, he noticed that the Yankee clipper ship in the lower right-hand corner had two masts instead of the three it should have had. Both mistakes were corrected. Several designs were made from his own fairly deft rough sketches, at least two of which—those for the Byrd Antarctic stamp and the Mother's Day stamp—are now owned by former Postmaster General James A. Farley. One writer on stamps has called them the two most valuable philatelic drawings in existence.

The first stamp issued under Roosevelt, which carried out his belief that stamps were a means for promoting international friendship, honored the signing of the Revolutionary peace and showed Washington's headquarters at Newburgh, New York. It made a pleasant impression on the British, because many stamps that had been put out by Roosevelt's predecessors were rather chauvinistic and commemorated our victories in the Revolution. Almost all Roosevelt's commemorative stamps were intended to awaken public interest in science, history, geography, the natural wonders of our country, or international affairs.

It was inevitable that the two hundred and twenty-five Roosevelt stamps, far more than had been issued under any other President, would reflect his disrespect for tradition. He introduced more new characters to postal paper than all the rest of the Chief Executives of the twentieth century combined. They included Susan B. Anthony, the suffragette; Ethelbert Nevin, composer of "The Rosary;" Kamehameha I, the bloodthirsty Hawaiian king; Stephen F. Austin, the sensationally curly-haired founder of Texas; Virginia Dare, of the wine family; Booker T. Washington, the Negro educator; Manasseh Cutler, a portly clergyman-botanist; General Kosciusko, the Polish friend of freedom; George W. Goethals, who finished the Panama Canal; Jean Nicolet, the French-Canadian woodsman; Louisa May Alcott, author of "Little Women;" Elias Howe, the sewing-machine inventor; Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the Chinese Republic; Frederic Remington, the artist of the Wild West; and Luther Burbank, the vegetable hybridizer. He also introduced Boulder Dam, the Trylon and Perisphere, the Great Smoky Mountains, Old Faithful Geyser, the 90-mm. anti-aircraft gun, and the Connecticut Charter Oak.

Roosevelt welcomed suggestions for or about new stamps, and he sometimes complained that Postmaster Walker, who succeeded Farley, invariably agreed to any stamp he recommended. This nettled the President, who once remarked, after Walker's departure from a conference, "I don't know *what's* the matter with Frank. Jim was always trying to sell me a bill of goods, but Frank just says O.K." Farley, who sponsored the Baseball Centennial issue, among others, had plenty of ideas and would argue with Roosevelt strenuously. He occasionally won out. For instance, in selecting inventors for the Famous Americans series of stamps, Roosevelt (a man who could easily bear a grudge retroactively to the third or fourth generation) was all for omitting Cyrus Hall McCormick, who produced not only the harvesting machine but also a number of descendants who own the Chicago *Tribune*, the Washington *Times-Herald*, and the New York *Daily News*. "But Boss," Farley argued at one point, "you can't leave out the inventor of the harvesting machine just because his relatives run lousy editorials about you." Roosevelt and Farley fought about it on and off for a week. The President finally gave in and McCormick was honored on a red-and-violet stamp.

If Roosevelt could express his petty side in philately, he could also express his large one. In 1935, Luxembourg issued a set of fifteen stamps. Half the proceeds were to be used for the relief of refugee intellectuals then living in Geneva. The President took the time to welcome a committee selling them to collectors in this country, to be photographed with them, and to bless their efforts. During the war, when a series of United States stamps were about to be put out honor-

Starting March 29th
THE
WEDGWOOD ROOM
AT SUPPER
JOAN EDWARDS
•
JOHN SEBASTIAN
•
DINNER AND SUPPER
LEO REISMAN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
•
MISCHA BORR
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
ALTERNATING AT SUPPER
COVER FROM 10:30, $2
THE
WALDORF-ASTORIA
PARK AVE. AT 50TH

THE PONY EXPRESSMEN
were famous at handling ponies, as you will be if you serve, slightly chilled and with a twist of lemon peel, two "ponies" of
G&D
AMERICAN VERMOUTH
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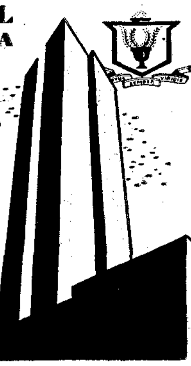
DIVISION OF ITALIAN SWISS COLONY



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MINNESOTA
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Lowry
THE
LUXURY HOTEL
OF THE
NORTHWEST

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TWO YEARS is the limit for safety!

Every man and woman—and every child over five—should have an eye examination at least once every two years. Even if you are now wearing correctly prescribed glasses your eyes need these regular examinations.

We are fortunate here in America to have so many highly qualified eye consultants that appointments for examinations are easily arranged. So, if you do not have a "family" eye consultant, get one now and let him stand guard over your sight.

In case your eye consultant decides you need bifocals, it is quite possible that he will prescribe Univis Bifocal Lenses with the exclusive, almost invisible Univis *straight-top* reading segment which we have spent 20 years in perfecting. It is our assured belief that these lenses give a much sharper image, a larger field of vision and are "easier to get used to."

But in spite of these convictions, we feel that only your eye consultant is qualified to say what type of lens *you* should wear. *He* knows *your* eyes!

There are more than 30,000 qualified eye consultants in America. Choose one of them as yours. Then let him give your eyes a complete check-up at least once every two years.

Straight-Top Segment UNIVIS

*Life looks brighter through*
Univis Bifocals
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ing the occupied countries of Europe, Roosevelt vetoed all designs showing Allied military triumphs and had them replaced with the flags of the nations involved, so that when the day of liberty came they need not feel embarrassed by these mementos.

ROOSEVELT had all the faults and all the virtues of the common stamp bug, but on a heroic scale. Parts of his collection were characteristically disorganized. Sloane, the appraiser, recently said, "His Hong Kongs were all mixed up, some in one book, some in another. But he kept piling additions—to Hong Kong and to his other localities—into his volumes. He was getting too busy, really, to look after his stamps, but he loved them so much that he felt he never had enough of them, even duplicates, which I can understand." Roosevelt's memory was the kind philatelists admire. A collector once showed him a sheet of new Swedish air-mail stamps with a motif of flying swans. "Looks a lot like the eight-pence Bahamas with the flying flamingos," said Roosevelt, selecting the one among the thirty thousand stamp designs of the world that it most nearly resembled. His familiarity with post offices was remarkable, too. One time an Egyptian collector showed him a rare cancellation from Sohag. The President knew all about Sohag and remarked that it was only five miles southwest of Akhmim, another rare cancellation. "Not every collector could do that, but they all would like to," the Egyptian specialist said afterward.

Roosevelt was regarded as a good example of a man who loved the stamps themselves rather than the fine points of philately. In this he was different from another celebrated collector of his time, George V of England. Like Roosevelt, King George derived a beneficial relaxation from his stamps. He once told the President's mother, in a conversation at Buckingham Palace, that his interest had helped preserve his balance when British soldiers were dying on the battlefields in the first World War. The King, however, was a far more serious and scholarly philatelist, going in for such esoterica as plate flaws. His collection, which consisted entirely of issues of the British Commonwealth of Nations, was complete to the extent of having practically everything a true philatelist could desire—sketches, rejected designs, essays, die proofs, color trials, and the actual stamps. It was especially strong in issues which today are considered classics, such as nineteenth-century Mauritiuses and the 1854

Western Australia fourpenny blues with inverted frames. He was expert enough to recognize a counterfeit, which Roosevelt was not; at least, there were a number of what the trade calls clucks in the President's albums. The King's stamps, valued at $6,000,000, filled three hundred albums and were taken care of by a curator. His income was substantially larger than Roosevelt's, and whereas ten dollars was a big bid for Roosevelt, the King once entered a bid of ten thousand dollars for a stamp. This was the famous British Guiana one-cent magenta, the most valuable stamp in the world, which came up for auction in 1921. Arthur Hind, of Utica, New York, bid it in at $32,500. According to a widely accepted story, the King's agent ran him up to that amount. This is apocrypha. The other persistent bidder in the upper brackets was M. Burrus, an Alsatian tobacco man. The King's agent stopped firmly at ten grand. King George's collection, which is now in Buckingham Palace, was worth perhaps thirty or thirty-five of Roosevelt's, but whether he enjoyed it more than Roosevelt did his is problematical.

The President was eager to share the pleasure of stamps. He once recommended them to Senator Carter Glass as a cure for Glass's son's insomnia. He sent gifts of stamps to hundreds of bedridden collectors who were brought to his attention one way or another. He was also one of the early backers of Stamps for the Wounded, an organization whose object is to start maimed veterans on a hobby that can brighten their hospital days. One of the officials of the organization is the stamp editor of the *Herald Tribune*, and every two weeks from September, 1944, until Roosevelt died, with the exception of the time he was at Yalta, a package weighing from ten to twenty pounds arrived at the editor's office from the White House. They averaged a total of four thousand envelopes addressed to the President personally, between fifteen and twenty thousand stamps from envelopes addressed to White House staff members, and between a thousand and fifteen hundred duplicates of his own stamps. The dupes were done up in little packages marked "These stamps are from the collection of President Roosevelt."

—EUGENE KINKEAD

•

### WHICH PAGE OF "CASS TIMBERLANE" D'YA READ?

...Juliet, you see, being the doll. She was thirty-five to Scott's fifty.—*Page 56.*
...the fact that Scott was fifty now and Juliet only thirty-seven. —*Page 188.*

*ses Chocolats - ses Confiseries*

Chocolate creations inconceivably delicious to excite the most discriminating palates — with *new* recipes, *new* shapes, *new* taste sensations. *new* presentations — at $2.00 the pound up. (Box illustrated $3.75 lb.)

290 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK
Mail orders: 630 W. 52 St., N. Y., COlumbus 5-1920
California: 3148 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles
Florida: 423 Lincoln Rd., Miami Beach; 311 Worth Ave., Palm Beach

Please send Princesse de Condé chocolates ☐ 1 lb., ☐ 2 lbs., ☐ 3 lbs. at ☐ $2.00, ☐ $2.50, ☐ $3.00, ☐ $3.75, ☐ $5.00 lb. For packing and shipping add 50c E. of Mississippi, 75c W. (Check enclosed for $..........)

Name ..........
Address ..........
City .......... Zone ..........

JOHN C. WILSON'S
Gay Musicals

The DAY Before SPRING
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Irene MANNING • Bill JOHNSON • John ARCHER
PATRICIA MARSHALL TOM HELMORE HUGH LAING MARY ELLAN MOYLAN
Dances by ANTONY TUDOR
NATIONAL W. 41. Evs. incl. Sun. 8:30. Mat. Sat. & Sun.

in association with NAT GOLDSTONE
BLOOMER GIRL
NANETTE FABRAY • DICK SMART • DOOLEY WILSON • DOROTHY JARNAC
Music by HAROLD ARLEN
Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT W. 44 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"An excitingly beautiful evening in the theatre." —George Jean Nathan
MARY MARTIN IN A LOVE STORY WITH MUSIC
"Lute Song"
McKAY MORRIS HELEN CRAIG CLARENCE DERWENT REX O'MALLEY YUL BRYNNER
PLYMOUTH Theatre 45th St. W. of B'way. CI 6-9156
Evgs. incl. Sunday 8:30. Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:30

"No. 1 on the Hit Parade." Walter Winchell
EDWIN LESTER presents
The musical triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. CO 5-2412. Evgs. 8:30
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

Drama Critics Award YEAR'S BEST PLAY
Eddie DOWLING & Louis J SINGER present
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"SOMETHING TO SEE—AND SEE AGAIN."—Barnes, H. Trib.
Stanley Gilkey & Barbara Payne present
RAY BOLGER
In a New Revue
Three To Make Ready
Sketches & Lyrics by Nancy Hamilton
Music by Morgan Lewis
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
ADELPHI THEA., 54th St. East of B'way.
CI. 6-5097. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"HURRY, FOLKS AND GET YOUR TICKETS" N.Y. Times
Richard Kollmar & Jas. W. Gardiner present
ARE YOU WITH IT?
JOAN ROBERTS JOHNNY DOWNS LEW PARKER DOLORES GRAY
Kathryn Lee • Jane Dulo June Richmond
CENTURY Thea. 59th St. & 7th Ave. Cir. 7-3121
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"Currently triumphant in New York and Chicago—the whole country is waiting for it."—GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.
A John Wildberg Harry Gribble Production
Anna Lucasta
by Philip Yordan
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way.
Evs. inc'l Sun. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Sun.
No Mon. Perf.

# THE WAYWARD PRESS

## PAPERS WITHIN PAPERS

THIS year may go down in journalistic history as the year it became a general practice for newspaper publishers to rent out lodgings to other men's ideas. Editorials that run as paid display advertising have on many days and in many papers taken up four times the space allotted to the kind of editorial the publisher pays to have written. Since they make more typographical splash and get better positions in the papers, they probably reach more than four times as many readers. This, I suppose, might be considered a demonstration of how free speech, dammed in one direction, will find another outlet. It is no longer practical, as it was in the days of Cobbett and Garrison, for a man not extremely rich to found a newspaper to advance a thesis, so nowadays people with a point of view just rent space. In the past couple of months, I have noted editorial-content advertising with sponsors as varied as the American troops at the Eastern India Air Depot, in Panagarh, India, who want to come home, and the National Association of Manufacturers, which wants to prevent inflation by eliminating price controls. It is a proof of the freedom of the press that publishers who would hesitate to plump, in a half column on the editorial page, for abolishing price controls are quite willing to sell a full page to the N.A.M. any time.

The publishers were also big-minded enough to sell Maxwell Anderson and the producers of Anderson's "Truckline Café," Elia Kazan and Harold Clurman, space in which to blast the publishers' own critics, the critics having previously put the blast on "Truckline Café." The exchange may have set an interesting precedent, both for the theatrical-advertising departments and for the readers. Playwrights in the future may reserve space—double the amount occupied by the newspaper's critic—for the second day after the opening, and there review the review. In fact, I don't know why they have to wait until their plays open; they could tee off on Burton Rascoe, for example, in advance of the first night. This would put the critic in the position of a man who could be called a poor sport if he pans the play. Under the present system, the playwright is called a poor sport if he pans the critic. The practice could be extended to other sections of the papers. Tony Galento could buy space in the *Mirror* in which to express his opinion of Dan Parker; female novelists dripping with book-club money could buy whole pages in which to squelch their scorners.

Following up Kazan's and Clurman's negative contribution to the dramatic pages, Guthrie McClintic, the producer of "Antigone," made an innovation that might be described as positive when he presented a number of newspapers with a review of the play written by John Mason Brown, which had appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. This review, accompanied by Brown's picture, ran at McClintic's expense, and it considerably improved the tone of some of the papers in which it appeared. McClintic evidently felt that in the *Saturday Review* it had not reached enough customers.

Now that advertisers are furnishing newspapers with editorials and dramatic criticism, the next step would seem to be the hiring of reporters to cover news events and write copy to be published as paid advertisements of the Institute of Arab American Affairs, the American Steel and Iron Institute, the International Latex Corporation, or any of the other organizations which are already running their own editorials in the newspapers. It might add to the richness of newspaper reading and also to its confusion. Already, when a man says he has read something in the *Times*, it is not always possible to tell whether he means the *Times-Times*, the General Electric-*Times*, the American Dairy Association-*Times*, or the National Committee to Aid Families of General Motors Strikers-*Times*. In the field of foreign affairs, there are, among others, a Justice for Greece Committee-*Times* and a Committee for a Just Peace with Italy-*Times* that have divergent points of view on reparations.

THIS conversion of the metropolitan press into a great forum for the expression, at regular line rates, of all shades of opinion causes me only two slight misgivings, each based on a cloud of dust on the horizon no larger than a man's hand the size of a ham. First, the rates are rather high (from $.50 a line in the *Post* to $3.50 in the Sunday *News*). Second, a newspaper can refuse to publish any ad it doesn't want. The first may account for the fact that, of 25,840 lines of advertising dealing with strikes published by the *Times* (the only paper on which my O.S.S. has as yet checked up) during the first six weeks of the year, 17,255 were on industry's side, whereas only 3,185 were pro-labor. Six hundred lines were classified by my operative as "detached" and 4,800 as "bewildered." The 4,800 were signed by Mr. David Silberman, a zipper manufacturer, self-described in the text as a "bewildered small businessman."

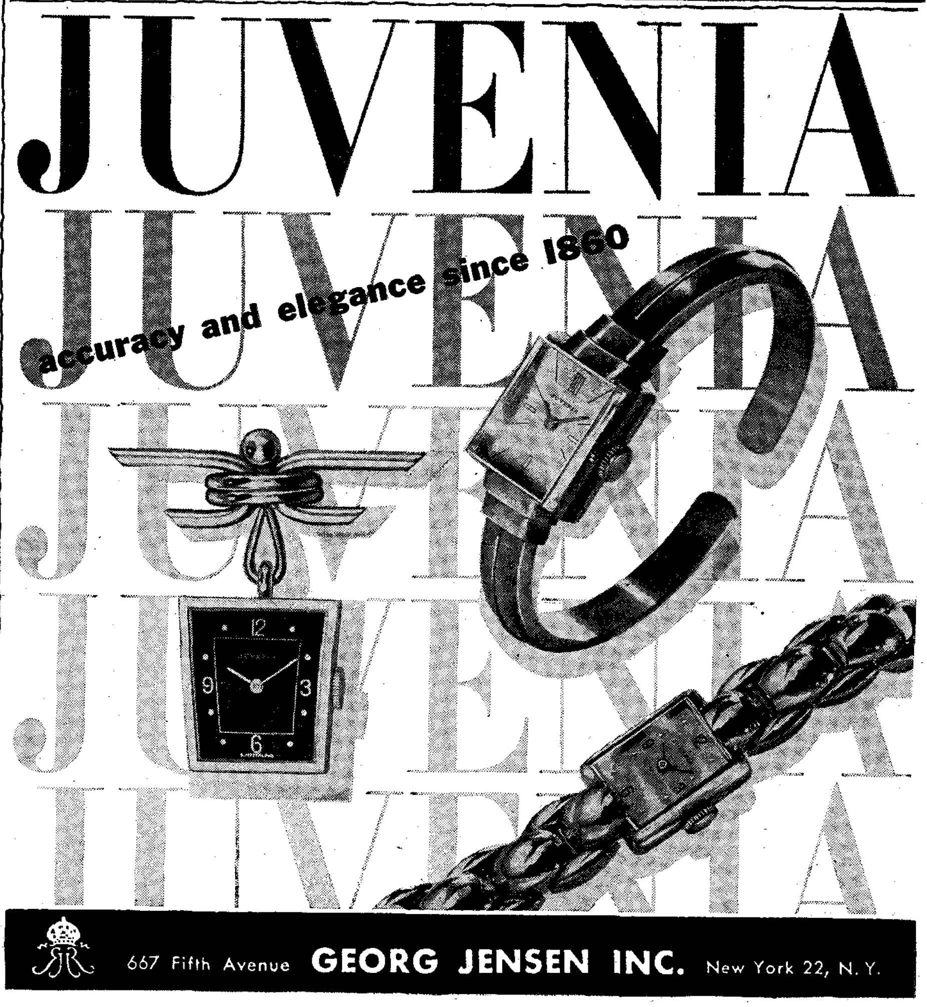
The only controversial advertisements I know of that any local newspapers have refused to publish so far were the product of a copywriter for Sachs Quality Stores named Fiorello H. LaGuardia. The former Mayor writes a weekly column called "Under the Hat," which supplies reader appeal to Sachs offerings of coffee tables and upholstery. In it he has twice attacked the *Daily News* for what he calls its "moronic" opposition to the United Nations Organization. The first time he did it, not only the *News* but the *Herald Tribune* refused the advertisement. The *Tribune* has explained to the curious that it could not permit one retail firm (Sachs Quality) to attack another (the *News*) in its columns, even at display rates. This was the first time in memory that any newspaper had admitted that newspapers were businesses. The official line had always been that they are philanthropies privately operated in the public interest by a dedicated caste. The *Times* accepted this anti-*News* ad, but when LaGuardia tried it again three weeks later, the *Times* joined the *Herald Tribune* in rejecting his contribution and published the explanation that it had omitted the ad "on the advice of . . . legal counsel that the article was libelous." The *Post* and the *Bronx Home News* accepted the ad and have not been sued.

The LaGuardia incident raises the question whether newspapers, since they have the power to refuse any editorial in the shape of an advertisement, can escape responsibility for the contents of the editorials they do accept. The newspaper-within-a-newspaper is a field almost uncovered by postal law, which has been designed to deal with advertising that tries to sell merchandise. A dentifrice manufacturer who advertises a cream that will grow teeth can be prosecuted for using the mails to defraud, and so can the publication containing his ad. A racing tipster is not allowed to advertise "confidential information" or "stable connections" when he

CAPSULE MAGIC . . . precisely tailored, Zelan* treated, all-season raincoat by Snapak.* Folds neatly into its own inner pocket to carry as shown. Oyster color. Sizes 10 to 20, 19.95. Betmar's matching cloche, 3.98. Mail orders promptly filled.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. O

Flint & Kent
BUFFALO 2, N. Y.


JUVENIA

667 Fifth Avenue GEORG JENSEN INC. New York 22, N. Y.

MICHAEL TODD
Presents
"A SMASH MUSICAL COMEDY HIT!"
—Morehouse, Sun
UP IN CENTRAL PARK
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
BROADWAY THEA., B'way & 53 St.
2 SHOWS SAT. & SUN.—EVES. 8:30.

CLOSES APRIL 6th
MAURICE EVANS
IN HIS NEW PRODUCTION
OF SHAKESPEARE'S
HAMLET
COLUMBUS CIRCLE THEATRE
BROADWAY at 59th STREET • CO. 5-1173
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

LELAND HAYWARD presents
STATE OF THE UNION
A New Comedy by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
NEW YORK • Hudson Theatre
Starring
RALPH BELLAMY • RUTH HUSSEY
NATIONAL COMPANY
CLEVELAND • Hanna Theatre
Starring
JUDITH EVELYN • NEIL HAMILTON
JAMES RENNIE

PAUL FEIGAY and OLIVER SMITH present
"A HONEY!"—Barnes, Herald Tribune
BILLION DOLLAR BABY
New Musical Hit
Production Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Book & Lyrics by Betty COMDEN & Adolph GREEN—Music by Morton GOULD
Choreography and Musical Numbers
Staged by Jerome ROBBINS
with MITZI GREEN • JOAN McCRACKEN
ALVIN THEATRE, 52nd Street West of Broadway
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY"
—Lewis Nichols, Times
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy
by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 43rd St. East of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Thursday & Saturday, 2:40
TWO COMPANIES ON TOUR

"Musical wow of the season." Walter Winchell
PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
with EDDIE FOY, Jr.
Jack Whiting • Odette Myrtil • Dorothy Stone
46th St. Thea., W. of B'way. CI 6-6075
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

hasn't any. Most reputable newspapers have codes of their own that go beyond the government minimums. The *Times*, for example, will not publish any medical advertising that contains testimonials, or any "advertisements that make false, unwarranted, or exaggerated claims." It maintains an Acceptability of Advertising Department that appraises the amount of exaggeration in every commercial ad presented. This winter, however, it published a quarter-page advertisement with the simulated news headline, "7,750,000 OWNERS OF AMERICAN SMALL BUSINESSES HIT BACK AGAINST THE *UN-AMERICAN OWNERS* OF 'BIG LABOR.'" This ad was sponsored by an organization known as the Conference of American Small Business Organizations, with an address in the Board of Trade Building, Chicago. The implication of the headline was that 7,750,000 small businessmen belong to the Conference, or at least agreed with it, which remains to be proved in, I should roughly guess, 7,749,000 cases (if there *are* that many small businessmen). Also, the headline stated that labor is "owned," which is neither demonstrable nor true. The story in the body of the advertisement began, "Months ago, one of America's top labor leaders said to one of us: 'You haven't seen anything yet. We are going to pull a general strike. First, the automotive industry. Then steel. Then the electrical workers. *We are out to get exactly what we want, and we are prepared to go just as far as we have to to get it.*'" The rest of the screed ran, "Can you doubt that they and the theorists are out to debase all American business—so that they can build out of the ruins a planned economy of their very own?" and is based on the conversation with the labor leader who is not named. He is in a class with the source of the tout's "confidential information." The chance that a "top labor leader" would predict a general strike is infinitesimal. Events since February 7th, when the ad was published, make it appear unlikely that a progressive strike was ever contemplated; in fact, the steel and the automotive workers are already back at their jobs. But since the purpose of the advertisement was not to make money but to influence public opinion, the standards of the Acceptability of Advertising Department apparently did not apply.

That sort of text would be acceptable neither as a commercial ad nor, naturally, as ordinary editorial matter in the *Times*. Nevertheless, it is not libellous, because it mentions nobody and you can't libel a class. But it seems reasonable that newspapers will soon have to impose some standards of accuracy and even, perhaps, of style on their paying guests. Restrictions on style might deprive us of some rare joys. Never, in the days when *Times* editorials were written by old gentlemen in velvet jackets, did the paper boast a *prosateur* like H. N. Light, president of the Light Company, of 223 South Main Street, South Bend, Indiana, who contributed 360 lines (by advertising measure) and $504 to the News of the Week in Review section one calm Sunday last month. The Light Company operates an electrical-appliance store. Mr. Light:

> If I ran for President of the World, following would be my platform, Nationally and Internationally:
>
> STRIKES MUST BE OUTLAWED
>
> No. 1. Why should man pay his hard-earned money to give a big, fat man a big, fat salary of $75,000.00 a year plus an unlimited expense account, which could easily double his annual salary. Think!!! Don't just listen to some flowery orator. THINK!!! That is why God gave man his brain—to work out his own Salvation.
>
> No. 2. What man helps produce, man must be privileged to share in the profit in proportion to his contribution to make a profit possible.
>
> No. 3. If there be an annual deficit, man must pay his just share in proportion to his inefficiency which caused the deficit.
>
> No. 4. Man needs man's whole-hearted cooperation always.
>
> No. 5. To live, No. 1, 2 and 3 will bring about No. 4 and No. 4 is what every humanitarian honestly desires.
>
> No. 6. Before we were physically born here on this planet, regardless of how long we have been here, time has been so much longer before we came. History proves that, and I think our intelligence tells us after our physical carcass is ebbed out, it is going to be a long, long time after that. So now while we are privileged these few years of physical life here on earth, there are so many more things to this idea called living, or life than the DOLLAR. We are all put here on this earth to help mankind, to make possible a more abundant life for all. Man is privileged today with an opportunity, the like of which he has never before been privileged in the history of time. Let us all take advantage of it today while we still have this glorious opportunity. Man's extremity is God's opportunity.

My South Bend correspondent informs me that when Mr. Light gets an idea for an ad, he goes into a corner, thinks it out by himself, writes it down, and then shows it to his wife for comment. Mrs. Light is the talkative member of the family, and Mr. Light is the thinker.

THE most notable flower of paid-advertisement editorial writing, to my taste, was a full-page editorial that

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. presents
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
the Voice of the Turtle
NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
MARTHA SCOTT • JOHN BEAL • VICKI CUMMINGS
SAN FRANCISCO — Geary Theatre
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
BOSTON — Plymouth Theatre
HARVEY STEPHENS • LOUISA HORTON • PEGGY FRENCH

THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
BROCK PEMBERTON presents
(NOW IN 2nd YEAR, 48th ST. Theatre, N. Y.)
Frank Fay in "HARVEY"
a new comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
(NOW at BILTMORE Theatre, LOS ANGELES)
Joe E. Brown in "HARVEY"
with MARION LORNE
DIRECTED BY ANTOINETTE PERRY

"It's a Hit!" — MOREHOUSE, The Sun
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
FULTON Theatre, 46th St. West of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:40

THEATRE INCORPORATED presents
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE · RAYMOND MASSEY
in BERNARD SHAW'S Comedy
Pygmalion
Melville COOPER • Cecil HUMPHREYS
Staged by CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BARRYMORE THEATRE, W. 47 ST. LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
MUSIC BOX W. 45 St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

KATHARINE CORNELL
In Association with GILBERT MILLER presents
ANTIGONE
and
CANDIDA
with
CEDRIC HARDWICKE
See daily papers for schedule of performances
CORT Theatre, W. 48 St. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

appeared in the *Times* on February 27th, sponsored by the Military Order of the Purple Heart. For the occasion, the Order had apparently switched to the Purple Prose. The advertisement was signed by Russell Birdwell, identified as "one of America's most distinguished public relations counselors." It was a protest against the atomic-bomb test off the Marshall Islands. The title, in bigger type than the *Times* has ever used in a headline, was "WHERE ARE WE GOING?"

The piece began, "The time has come again when America must use its voice, use it in one mighty crescendo—as it was used after Pearl Harbor." Birdwell's rhetoric continued in one mighty crescendo from that point on: "Let us have no sentiment as we consign these victorious veterans of World War I and II to graves that will vomit with revulsion as man dares to talk of Heaven and prepares for Hell. . . . Let us forget, if we can, that scientists cannot yet guarantee to mankind that additional explosions of the diabolical instrument may not start a never-ending chain of atomic disturbances that will wipe out large areas of the globe, perhaps turn it back to its flaming guts. How quaint to believe this good old world of ours will really come to an end. Ignore the Book of Revelations, laugh off the Biblical prophecy, 'I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending.' The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are merely out for a joy-ride. . . . Save those precious American ships—they may be needed—sooner than you think!"

Mr. Birdwell galloped up to his conclusion, still topping himself in every sentence, although a lesser man would have missed out long before: "Ask President Truman to advise peoples everywhere that there will be no choking, belching clouds of death over the Bikini Atoll in May and July. . . ." And then, pulling out the vox humana, he ended, "But instead there will be a rainbow in the sky."

After the *Times* had collected the $2,640 for the ad and climbed out from under the debris of the Birdwell explosion, it tried to straighten its hair and look as if nothing had happened, but it has never been quite the same spinsterish newspaper since. It seems to have lipstick all over its face.—A. J. LIEBLING

•

## NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

*[From "The White Tower" by J. R. Ullman]*

Slowly, almost one by one, Ordway's eyes followed the new steps in the snow.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
April 7 thru April 13 & April 21 thru May 5
S. HUROK
presents
Ballet Theatre
THE GREATEST IN
RUSSIAN BALLET
with ALICIA MARKOVA • ANTON DOLIN
ANDRE EGLEVSKY • NORA KAYE • ALICIA ALONSO
JOHN KRIZA • LUCIA CHASE • JANET REED
Box Office Opens Tues. Apr. 2—Mail Orders Filled
Premiere: $1.20, 1.80, 2.40, 3.00, 4.80, 6.00 Eves. Thereafter (incl. Sun.): $1.20, 1.80, 2.40, 3.00, 4.80. Mats. April 13, 21, 27, May 4, 5: $1.20, 1.80, 2.40, 3.60 (Tax Incl.)
2000 SEATS $1 to $1.50 (plus tax) AT ALL PERFS.

"I LOVED IT!"—John Steinbeck
WALTER HUSTON
in a New Romantic Comedy
"Apple of His Eye"
BILTMORE, 47 St. West of B'way
MATS. WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY

"An uproarious delight . . . a solid comedy"—Barnes, HERALD TRIBUNE
MAX GORDON
presents
Born Yesterday
A New Comedy
by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way CH 4-4256
EVES 8:40 • MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:40

CONCERT
Eddie Condon
Now in his 5th concert season will present a typical Americondon group of famous jazz artists at Town Hall.
SATURDAY, APRIL 6, AT 5:30

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
Beginning THURS. NIGHT APR. 4 SEATS NOW
Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey Circus
Twice Daily incl. Sunday 2:15 & 8:30
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
PRICES—NIGHTS and MATINEES:
Tickets admitting to everything (including seats)
PRICES: $1.20, 2.50, 3, 3.50, 4.50, 5, 6 Tax incl.
CHILDREN UNDER 12 HALF PRICE
Every Afternoon except Saturday and Sunday
Mail Orders Promptly Filled

YOU DRIVE IT!
Beautiful Cars and Station Wagons by Day-Week-Month
CHASE 438 W. 57th St.
Betw. 9th & 10th Aves.
→ CO 5-5171 ←

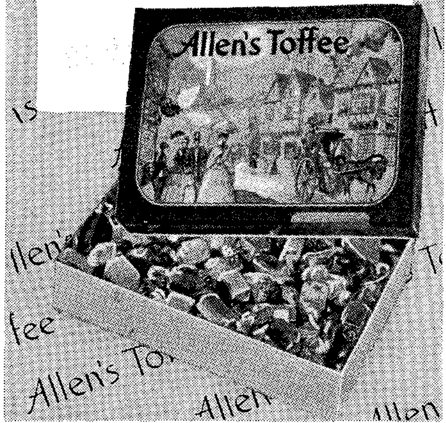
**ALLEN'S TOFFEE**—Rich in enjoyment . . . rich in energy . . . is this pure, creamy, mellow confection. A "true" toffee that's truly delicious. In delightful assorted flavors.

**Allen's Toffee**

*Famous in England since 1860—*
*a favorite in America*

C. S. ALLEN CORPORATION
Webster, Mass. New York, N. Y.

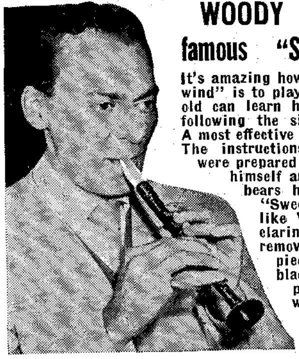
**HOLD YOUR VICTORY BONDS**



Extraordinary

Lamps and Accessories

JAMES AMSTER · 140 E. 53rd ST. PL 8-1866



**WOODY HERMAN'S famous "SWEETWIND"**

It's amazing how easy the "Sweetwind" is to play! Even a six-year-old can learn how in no time by following the simple instructions. A most effective way to teach music. The instructions and song sheet were prepared by Woody Herman himself and each instrument bears his signature. The "Sweetwind" looks just like Woody's celebrated clarinet with the same removable white mouthpiece and the same black bell. You can play the "Sweetwind" solo . . . with any C melody sheet music . . . with vocal accompaniment, piano accompaniment or with other instruments or Sweetwinds . . . in duets, trios, quartets or ensemble. PLAYS 2½ CHROMATIC OCTAVES—high or low. Registers—staccato—legato—trills—everything! **$2.00** postpaid.

*Write for free gift catalog*

**Mayfair Gifts** 72-08Q AUSTIN ST.
FOREST HILLS, N. Y.

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## MARKETS AND MENUS

AFTER V-J Day, apparently, a lot of people lost or threw away, along with their ration books, all the memoranda they had collected to guide them in sending food to friends and relatives in England during hostilities. That, perhaps, accounts for some of the three to four hundred inquiring telephone calls which the British Information Services are now getting each week. A more certain factor in the present lively scramble for instructions about shipping edibles abroad is the recent cut in British rations and the acute deterioration, since September, of the French food supply, to mention only the two countries that are most often the destination of packages going overseas.

CAVIAR RUSSIAN
CAVIAR RUSSIAN
CAVIAR RUSSIAN

It is not as easy as you might think to get all the necessary information for shipping a parcel satisfactory to everybody involved—that is, to our own postal authorities, to the government of the country the parcel is going to, and, finally and most important, to the recipient. To begin with, our Post Office has no printed regulations covering the shipment of packages to individuals. What the postal clerk will probably mumble to you through his wicket is no more than an abridged list of the rules. Packages to the United Kingdom must not weigh more than eleven pounds, of which only seven may be food; the allowed weight to France is eleven pounds, however you use them. Shipments to Great Britain must not contain more than two pounds of any one commodity. Postal rates are fourteen cents a pound to both countries. Food may be insured for England but not for France. Everything sent to England is liable to duty, which the British government collects from the recipient. All food is duty-free in France. So much for the Post Office. But you might as well know now that the British government emphatically discourages the sending of a disproportionate number of gifts to one person. Most of its regulations are designed to keep down the volume of packages; there is still an acute shipping shortage, and separate parcels are less economical of cargo space than commercial imports. United Kingdom regulations insist that individual gifts come at "infrequent intervals." Under strict interpretation by the Crown, this can mean that if any family receives more than one parcel a month, even from different donors, all but the first may be confiscated and the contents distributed among registered relief organizations. The French government, on the other hand, gives its blessing to the shipment of packages to individuals, although it rules that no person may receive gifts adding up to more than forty-four pounds a month.

As a final difficulty, there is the not inconsiderable obstacle of your friends' natural reticence; it is next to impossible to make an Englishman, for instance, say what he wants, if anything. A man I know has been trying to persuade an English friend to tell him what sort of food she would like from America. At first she wrote politely about being able to get along all right, the need being more urgent on the Continent than in England, and so on, but when the American continued to insist, she finally burst out with, "Please, for heaven's sake, send us something with a *definite taste.*" And that, I am sure, is what thousands and thousands of English people are longing for. Nobody in Great Britain is starving, but everybody is experiencing the depression that comes of a skimpy, monotonous diet in which nothing tastes like anything.

MY own translation of a definite taste is curry powder, and the small packets of it which I recently tucked into a parcel for English friends were received with much joy. No use sending curry, though, unless you include rice. Not a pound of rice has entered Great Britain in the past year, and the demand for it seems general. All the foods we regard as cocktail fare apparently give an enormous lift to British spirits—herring in any form, tuna fish, various pâtés, anchovies, and such. There is not, however, any shortage of sardines at the moment. Cheese is almost universally longed for. Owing to the uncertain speed of delivery, only the processed spreads and the smoked cheeses that are stoutly done up in little sausage-like wrappings are practical for shipping, and even the latter will become risky by the end of April, when the weather gets warm. Dried fruit keeps well and is greatly liked. Smyrna figs, packed in tins, and California honeyed or crystallized fruits, which come in wooden boxes, are well thought of. You had better know that prunes, even the elegant stuffed ones, are not so popular as other fruits, because of their lower sugar content.

Any kind of sweet is received with enthusiasm in England, although fine chocolates with soft fillings, or unusual nut candies, are what people dream about. Nuts in any form—salted, sugared, or just plain—are very acceptable. Of these, almonds seem to be the favorite and, at least among my correspondents, peanuts are at the bottom of the list. Peanut butter, again according to my friends, has simply not caught on in England; as one practical housewife wailed when confronted with a jar of the stuff, "If one could only think of something to *do* with it." One-pound cans of maple sugar ship well and fill the craving for sweetness, but as the English are not adventurous among unfamiliar tastes, you had better sound out your friend at the receiving end before risking it. Rock-candy crystals are a much safer bet, and, of course, plain sugar is the best of all, provided you can scare up any on your present ration.

Rich cakes, especially the fruited kind that keeps well, are, naturally, practically non-existent in England today, but sending them through the mails may present a difficulty. In the first place, such confections frequently weigh more than the prescribed two pounds. Moreover, if they contain enough brandy to be subject to the liquor regulations and should happen to go through the hands of a stuffy customs inspector, they might just possibly be liable to excess duty. This is not at all probable and I bring it up only to explain the familiar story of somebody's aunt who had to pay four shillings extra on a cake she didn't much want in the first place. Of course, any cake or biscuit able to stand up under an eight-week trip is a good thing to send. The flat, nut-filled *panforte di Siena*, found at most first-class Italian food shops, is an excellent traveller and very good, and a package of Dromedary Gingerbread Mix might be fun for a household where a freshly baked cake for tea has not been seen in years.

As for less frivolous edibles yearned for by the British, butter and bacon head the list, just as they head the list of everybody in Europe. Good butter, in one- and two-pound tins, can be sent from all the better food shops that are equipped to ship transatlantic parcels, but most of the canned bacon I have had was of a very poor quality and you had better try it on your own table before sending it to friends abroad. Charles & Co., 340 Madison Avenue (43rd), has some bacon, packed for the Army,

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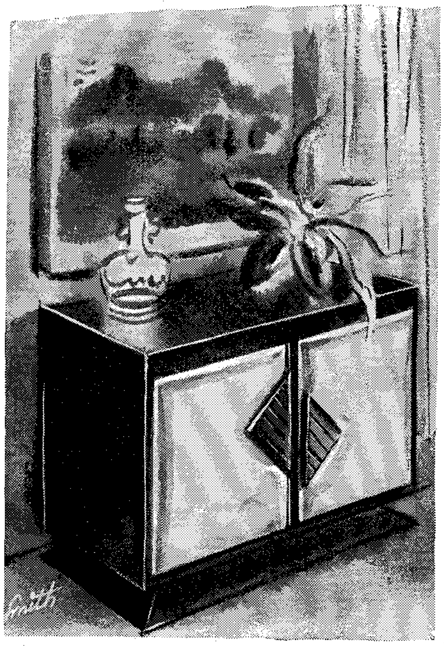

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that is better than most. Canned beef and ham are also sorely missed in Britain. Tea is not nearly so scarce there as it is on the Continent, where it is greatly coveted. Even so, the British ration is only two and a half ounces a week—not enough for an Englishman's comfort—and there are no fine teas available. I cannot think of a more precious gift than a pound of some of the elegant black teas that are beginning to arrive here from China. Olive oil, it goes without saying, is always received with rejoicing.

There is still a lack of citrus fruit in Great Britain. Dehydrated lemons, because of the taste of the dextrose that is used in their preparation, are not looked upon with any great favor by the English, who seem to prefer lemon crystals. Dehydrated vegetables do not get much of a welcome and will presumably be even less popular when English gardens come into season. Some of our pudding mixes (preferably chocolate) seem actually to be enjoyed, which is not too surprising when you remember how solidly British family life used to be built on the "cold shape."

PACKING a food box for France is a matter which, unfortunately, requires much less discrimination, since everybody in France is hungrier than anybody in England and the people who once had the most sophisticated collective palate in the world now demand little more than merely *nourishing* food. Everything, or almost everything, is welcome, but that does not mean that some foods will not give far more pleasure than others. Noodles, for instance, of which most of the French have grown heartily sick, have recently been put back on the ration list; if you include them in your package, you will save the recipient a few ration points to devote to other foods, but you certainly will not be giving him a thrill. What does give a thrill to every man and woman in France is coffee, which is practically unobtainable there except in the black market. If you put a can of coffee (in the bean, of course) in every package you send, it will hardly be enough for the unquenchable French thirst. Meat is much scarcer than it was three months ago, and the French have become correspondingly less critical of our canned meats. Anything with a meat taste—even Spam—finds friends, and, of course, canned ham, beef, and salami are in great demand. Fats are not only scarcer in France than in England but also much more essential to the French cuisine (after all, there is still plenty of

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water available for the English cook). There is a sharp desire for all kinds of canned fish, including lobster and salmon. Many of our dehydrated soups are considered desirable. I have simultaneously taken care of the taste for soup and the onion shortage by sending a very nice dehydrated onion soup that goes under the brand name of Watch Hill. Pepper is extremely difficult to get, and by pepper, of course, the French mean the whole peppercorns. For a while, salt was lacking, but there is now a certain quantity of *gros sel* to be had; a small packet of table salt, though, would be a welcome gift. Almost anything sweet will revivify a Frenchman's morale. Chocolates are preferred to other confections, but you cannot go wrong with any candy, or with any cake that keeps well. There is an insatiable appetite for jams, jellies, and such, and our pudding mixes have the double advantage of being sweet and filling. Shelled nuts, too, are very popular.

As almost all food shops in New York will take orders for overseas packages, I won't try to list them. You may, however, want to know about a well-established service called Overseas Associates, at 90 Pine Street, which not only sends an average of thirty-five hundred packages a month to Europe but takes care of the British customs duties. The system is worked through Overseas' London office. You pay the necessary duties to Overseas in New York; Overseas in London then refunds to the recipient of your package the money he had to pay out to his postman. The Pine Street end of the organization offers a number of standard packages at fixed prices, from a modest box at $3.99 to a sumptuous collection at $9.95. The management will also make up and ship packages of whatever foods you suggest, provided they come within regulations. —S. H.

•

Eddie Albert has been added to the cast of Paramount's "The Perfect Marriage" to share Stellar Billing with David Niven and Loretta Young.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Rather fast company for that Billing girl.

•

### DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Rochester Times-Union*]

Jackson, Miss.—(U.P.)—Five Mississippians faced early trial in Federal Court today, charged with having been parties to the lynching of a Negro thereby depriving him of his constitutional rights.

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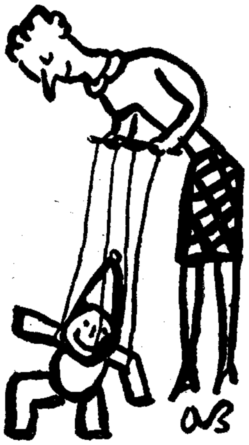
# BRIGHTON BEACH MANSION

I WAS eleven years old when I saw my Aunt Anuta for the first time. She and my father had been revolutionists together in Russia, during the cruel regime of Czar Alexander the Third. They worked in a dingy cellar near Moscow, printing subversive leaflets on a hand press. Eventually they and their comrades were arrested, dragged before a court, and sentenced to nine months in a political prison in Siberia.

They were released in October, 1899. My Aunt Anuta came to America, and my father soon followed. Aunt Anuta married an energetic manufacturer, who had built up a prosperous foundry near Elkhart, Indiana. For twenty years, she and my father, who stayed in New York, made no effort to see each other.

From the reports of travellers—usually old comrades who had gone to Elkhart in an attempt to raise money for The Cause, we—my father, my mother, my older brother Gregor, and I—understood that Aunt Anuta lived in the greatest luxury. Though she never wrote, every Christmas a marvellous package arrived at our cold-water flat in Brooklyn. Postage stamps of high denomination were pasted recklessly on the brown wrapping paper and there were many postmarks. The annual bundle always looked to me as though it had been carelessly tossed from the hands of a millionaire. There was never a Christmas greeting with it, never a message of any kind.

When Gregor and I untied the string and opened the package, we found suits and overcoats of the finest materials. These had belonged to Anuta's two sons, who were older than Gregor and I. For years we knew our cousins only by the clothes they had worn. My mother, who was a dressmaker, would cut and stitch all through the Christmas holidays, and finally, when my brother and I were allowed to wear these altered clothes, I always felt myself magically expanding. I was invested with some of my unknown cousins' wealth, some of their elegance. I even pictured myself a young prince—incognito, of course—strutting along a Brooklyn street among the lowly poor, but soon to return to my castle in Elkhart, Indiana, where I truly belonged.



I was immensely proud of these Indiana relatives, because they were rich and because they did not live in New York, like my other relatives. Because they lived in the Middle West, like *real* Americans, they made me feel more of an American. Because of them I felt less Jewish—a remarkably relaxing thing to feel when one happened to belong to the only Jewish family in the neighborhood. To me, Aunt Anuta and her family in Elkhart, Indiana, became the symbol of every wonderful thing possible in this world.

My father's career in America was by no means successful. He first sold newspapers from cramped stands under the Second Avenue elevated in Manhattan, then he had a delivery route in a remote section of Brooklyn. He borrowed from a friendly institution known as the Morris Plan and most of his meagre earnings went to repay this loan. Merely to mention the name of this friendly institution in our house was enough to send him to bed in a state of nervous collapse. Things went from bad to worse, and finally, in 1921, he became ill. He lost most of his newspaper customers and our future was bleak. At last there was not enough money for the rent and the landlord threatened to dispossess us. My mother finally wrote to Aunt Anuta begging for help. The letter was forwarded to Aunt Anuta in the White Mountains, where she was spending the summer. She replied that she would visit us the day after Labor Day, on her way back to Elkhart.

For a week before Aunt Anuta arrived, my mother scrubbed and dusted. The lace curtains in the front room, which she had received in exchange for several hundred oatmeal-box wrappers, were taken down, washed, and starched. Gregor and I carried them up to the roof and stretched them on wooden frames, to dry and bleach in the sun. On Labor Day they were hung again. They would be the first thing Aunt Anuta would notice. She would see them from the street. It gave my mother great pleasure to see how stiffly they were starched. When she tried to pull a corner of the lace back from the window, the whole curtain rose like a wing.

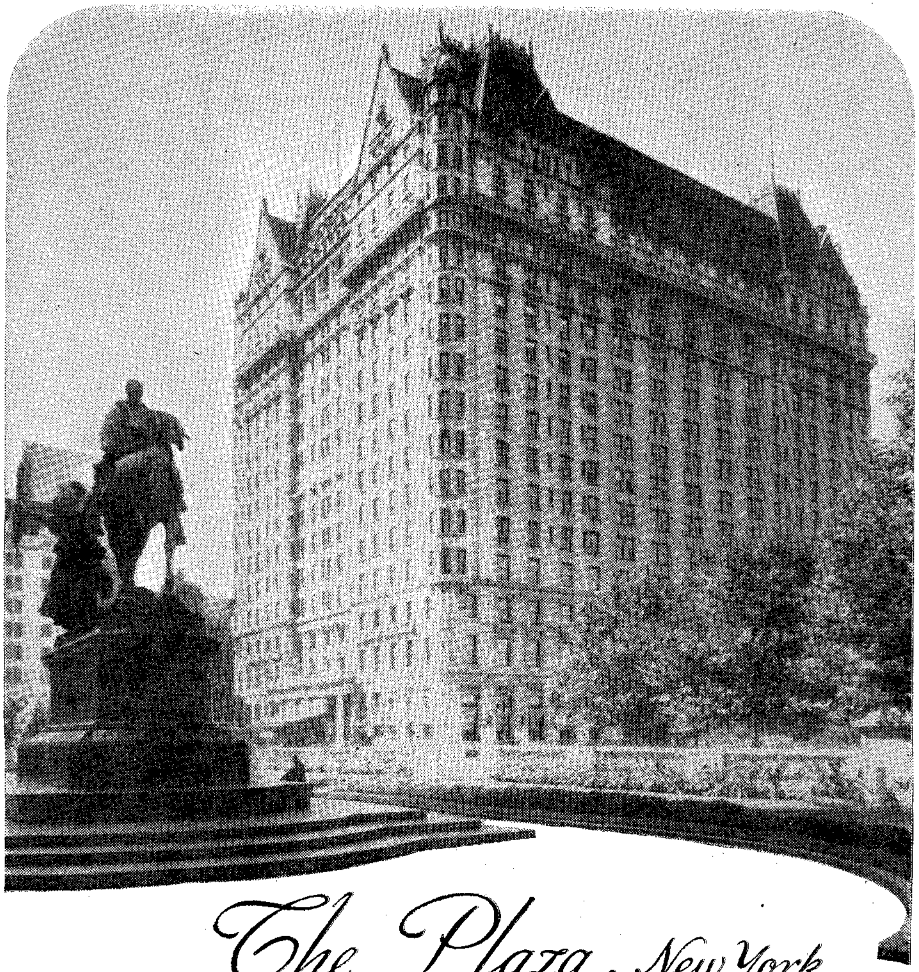
My mother also spread new oilcloth

on the kitchen table. She kept smoothing out the clean-smelling oilcloth until it stopped rolling back over the table. My father complained that this was not the time to spend money for foolishness, but she said, "This is not foolishness. At least I can show her I keep things clean."

WHEN Aunt Anuta arrived, she did not take off her feathered hat or her fur scarf. She sat at the kitchen table, a commanding figure, and twirled the leather claw that dangled from her enormous alligator handbag. She talked to my father in Russian, and from time to time glanced at the gold watch pinned to her silk dress at the shoulder. She had the air of a distinguished actress. I saw immediately how much she resembled my father, who was given to theatrical posturing. Though they had not set eyes on each other for over twenty years, they had the same mannerisms. This startled me. It meant that my father had a history that went back before my time, a life which had begun even before he knew my mother. I had heard him tell stories of his youth and childhood, but they were like tales I might have read in a book. Now, seeing Aunt Anuta toss her head the same way he tossed his head, hearing Aunt Anuta laugh deeply the same way he laughed deeply (as though they were both imitating some third person), I realized that the stories he had told us were not made up, they had really happened, and I resented it. He had not been completely loyal to Gregor or me or to my mother. He had shared his life with others, with this woman who had the same mannerisms.

While they were talking to each other, Gregor and I sat in a corner of the kitchen watching. My mother unobtrusively set cookies and glasses of tea before them, then sat down next to us. Occasionally my father and aunt looked at Gregor and me, said something in Russian which we could not understand, and went off into a roar of laughter. I felt that we were being regarded with disdain. My father had moved out of our humble circle into my aunt's glittering world. He seemed closer to his sister than he had ever been to any of us. He was neither shy with her nor afraid. He behaved as if he knew what it was to be a rich man. I felt then that it was we who were responsible for his fallen estate.

Aunt Anuta took no notice of the colored paper napkin my mother had placed carefully next to her saucer. When she finished her tea, she drew a



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small lace handkerchief out of her sleeve and wiped her mouth vigorously, like a man. Then she pushed her chair back from the table. "Well, now let's get down to business," she said, in English. She snapped open her bag, dug into it, and brought out two nickels. She handed one to Gregor and one to me, and said, "Go buy yourselves some candy. You make me nervous. Besides, I want to talk to your father alone."

When we came back, Aunt Anuta was gone and my mother was standing by the kitchen stove, blowing her nose. Her eyes, always irritated from too much sewing, were now inflamed and wet.

"What's the matter?" Gregor asked.

"Nothing, nothing," my father replied. "To think," he said, sighing like an actor, "a Socialist like me has to ask his renegade sister for help." He turned and went out of the room.

ONE morning two weeks later, the result of Aunt Anuta's visit was revealed. Gregor and I were in the kitchen having Sunday breakfast—differentiated from all other breakfasts of the week by French toast—when my father burst into the flat and announced proudly, "Children, I have just bought a mansion!"

I had not seen him in such spirits for a long time, and it had been a year at least since he had worn his stained Homburg hat and his good jacket—the one that almost matched his pants.

"A mansion!" my mother cried. "You were supposed to buy an ordinary house. Are you crazy?"

"Come," my father said. "Put on your hats and coats and come see. A palace, I tell you."

Gregor and I scrambled for our coats, my mother put on her best hat, and we set off. It was a fine September morning. We walked down our block to Grandview Avenue and took an open-air trolley car. I wanted to sit up front behind the motorman, but my father insisted that we all sit together, properly, out of the wind. This was not a pleasure trip, he said, this was serious business. We had to change cars several times, across wide avenues, as we plunged deeper and deeper into Brooklyn. Finally we smelled the salt air of the ocean.

"We are almost there," my father said, breathing in deeply.

Soon afterward he stood up and waved imperiously to the conductor. It was a gesture I had seen my aunt make when she had visited us. The trolley stopped. We all climbed down. We were, my father said, in Brighton Beach.

He led us down a broad highway. "This is Ocean Parkway," he said. The ocean, he explained, was only two blocks away, and we were walking away from it. At Ocean View Avenue, he turned right and we followed him for two more blocks. Then he put up his hand to stop us, as though we were a parade.

"Here we are, children," he said softly. With respect and much love, he gazed at a row of stuccoed houses. There were five of them, separated by narrow concrete driveways. Our mansion was in the middle. It had no lawn, no marble lions; it was nothing like the mansions I had seen in the movies. I stared at the contemptible structure and felt I had been tricked not only by my father but by my rich Aunt Anuta, who must have known all about mansions and should have supervised my father's purchase.

On the nubbly green glass panel over the doorway, in gold letters, glistened the words "The Anita." My father had wanted to honor his sister, who had made our new house possible, but the man who had painted the sign had insisted that it was impossible to have such a foreign-sounding name as "Anuta" on a house in Brighton Beach. They had agreed on "Anita."

We went inside, through the sun parlor and then through the front room, which had a stained-glass window and Dutch shelves. Upstairs there were four bedrooms and a pink-and-yellow tiled bathroom, with a shower. Then my father hurried us down into the basement to show us the furnace. Gregor and I had never seen one before. Down here, too, there was a bedroom and a toilet. We went upstairs again.

"So many rooms, so many rooms," my mother said. "I never saw so many rooms." She didn't go into them, but stood outside in the hallway peering reverently in.

"I'm sure Anuta herself hasn't so many rooms," my father said proudly.

"They're beautiful," my mother said, "but it will be lots of work cleaning them."

"You will not have to clean them," my father said haughtily.

"Who then will clean them?" asked my mother.

"You mean you'll pay someone to help her?" Gregor asked.

"A servant!" I shouted.

"Please, all of you, stop being silly," my father said. "We are going into a new business. Your Aunt Anuta and I agreed it was about time. We are going to rent out rooms. Those who rent them from us will clean them."

"Rent out rooms!" Gregor cried. "Who wants rooms?"

"As a Socialist, I would like to inform you, my dear son, that everyone in this world is not rich," my father said. "There are poor people, too, working people. They come out here in the summer. It costs only five cents to go into New York by subway train. We will rent rooms to people who like the seashore. We will make a living."

"Oh, I hope so, I only hope so," my mother said, clasping her hands. I turned and went downstairs alone. So it was to be the old story. Always money, always trying to make a living. It was bad enough that our new house was not what I had been led to believe it would be. Now we were turning the wretched place into a business. I wandered into the kitchen and then into the dining room. Suddenly I stopped. Something had just happened that made me feel better. I went back into the kitchen. I couldn't find out what it was that made me feel happier, so I returned to the dining room, through the swinging door. Then I knew. Aunt Anuta must have one in her house in Elkhart, Indiana, and now we had one in Brighton Beach! When the others came into the kitchen, they found me swinging the door happily, and I had to step aside and let each of them swing it, too.

—VICTOR WOLFSON

•

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Deny the longing to enchant).
What points had you in mind? How big
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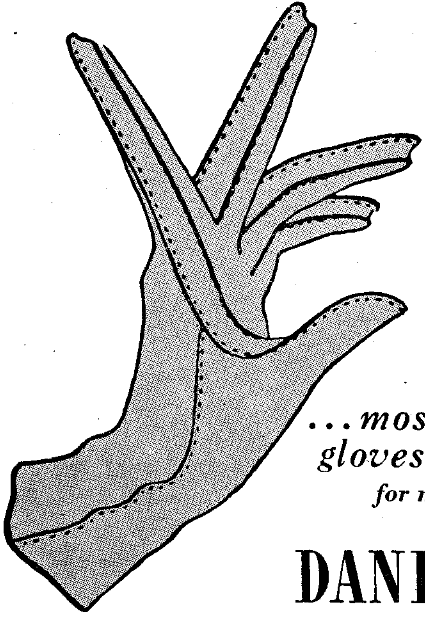

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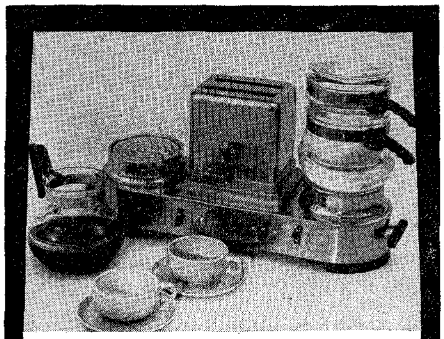

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# LETTER FROM NUREMBERG

MARCH 22 (BY WIRELESS)

ON a recent visit to Nuremberg, a noted British lawyer optimistically wrote to a colleague, "I expect you feel, as I do, that the first really great and dramatic moment of this trial will come when Göring is cross-examined by the American prosecutor, Jackson. It will be a duel to the death between the representative of all that is worth while in civilization and the last important surviving protagonist of all that was evil. In a sense, the whole result of the trial depends upon the outcome of that duel, and whilst the world could see the importance of the great and decisive battles fought out between the armed forces arrayed against each other, I hope that they may see the immense importance of the decisive battle of ideas to be fought out that day in the courtroom. It will color this trial from now on and it may very well color the thoughts of men for generations to come."

The future thoughts of democratic men will have to take their hue from other, rosier episodes in the trial, for in that extremely important Göring-Jackson duel it was, unhappily, Prosecutor Jackson who lost. When the former Reichsmarschall strode from the witness stand to the prisoners' box after his last session with Mr. Jackson, he was congratulated and smiled upon by his fellow-Nazis there, like a gladiator who has just won his fight. He had even won it noisily, which added to the blaring, triumphal note. He had successfully shouted at Prosecutor Jackson, who back home is a Justice of the Supreme Court. There had been no "battle of ideas," because Jackson seemed not to be able to think of any. There had been nothing more—and that much was bad enough—than an important struggle between two opposing men's brains and personalities, and Göring showed more of both. He displayed, besides, a phenomenal memory and a remarkable gift for casuistic maneuver, and he was naturally more knowledgeable about Nazi and other European history. Also, he showed a diabolical skill in drawing on American and English history for familiar paradoxes and damaging precedents. As a fantastic and formidable personality, he temporarily produced an even greater confusion in the sensible legal minds at Nuremberg than Laval did in Paris at the trial of Pétain.

As the trial moved out of its preparatory period of massive, static documentation and entered its period of skirmishing and battle in the open, where the brains and personalities of the opponents were what counted, Jackson began to show inadequacies as the leading Allied man. Up to then his main contribution to this very special legal scene had been the high humanitarianism which marked his fine opening address in November. Beneath that humanitarianism there lies his burning private conviction that the Nazi prisoners are mere common criminals. This, too logically, led to his treating them in a blustering police-court manner, which was successful with the craven small fry but disastrous for him in cross-examining that uncommon criminal, Göring, himself accustomed to blustering in a grander way. Even physically, Jackson cut a poor figure. He unbuttoned his coat, whisked it back over his hips, and, with his hands in his back pockets, spraddled and teetered like a country lawyer. Not only did he seem to lack the background and wisdom of our Justice Holmes tradition, but his prepared European foreground was full of holes, which he fell into en route to setting traps for Göring.

IN view of the fact that the Russian Chief Prosecutor, Roman Andreyevich Rudenko, and the British Chief Prosecutor, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, had to be sent in as cross-examiners to master Göring and to obtain what amounted to the first confession from him, perhaps the American domination of the court will from now on decline. As the Court sees it, the Nuremberg trial is a Yalta Conference idea of President Roosevelt's, and though the Russians, British, and French gravely and fully have joined in, they have modestly regarded what goes on in the courthouse as mostly an American show. For this reason, the opening cross-examination of Göring was left, as a compliment, to what it was hoped would be typical Yankee shrewdness. The French know nothing of cross-examining, the Russians supposedly knew nothing, and the British know so much that, even belatedly, they were able to save the day. Of the four charges brought against the Nazis—conspiracy (which includes breaking treaties), crimes against peace, war crimes, and crimes against humanity—the British have concentrated on the charge of breaking treaties. And while the Russians and French addressed themselves to the charges of war of aggression (crimes against peace) and war crimes, the Americans took on the over-all charge of crimes against humanity. We seem to have overlooked the importance of choosing men who could carry the heavy burden we volunteered for. For instance, among the early minor figures on the American legal team there was an unfortunately memorable young captain who opened his court speech to and about a troubled world with the peculiarly personal confidence that if the microphone recorded any special disturbances, they would be the quakings of his knees, shaking as they had not shaken since his wedding day. Then Sidney S. Alderman, a member of the American prosecuting staff, may be a noted expert on American railroads, but he certainly was lost in Nuremberg among the terrible documents whose relative values in the timetable of Europe's ruin he couldn't be expected to make head or tail of. On the whole, the American team has consisted of simple Davids sent in against the Nazi Goliaths on faith rather than with equipment—Davids entitled, symbolically, to their small stature because their cause was great.

The French influence in the court has been almost non-existent, even though in the Nazi war of aggression, France was the greatest to fall. Of the eight judges, the two French ones are hardly ever consulted in any crisis on court procedure; sometimes an American or British judge glances at them and there are weary nods of assent by the two French heads. Until a fortnight ago, the Cartesian spirit of yesterday was at a disadvantage in relation to the muddled Teutonic metaphysics now being expensively brought to trial; owing to bureaucratic confusion back in Paris, the French representatives here had not been paid their salaries since October, which could shake any man's faith in logic.

The militant attitude of the Russians has had a visibly strengthening effect on the Court, even when the Russian officials sit watchfully silent. Of the judges, only the Russians are in khaki; of the prosecuting lawyers, only the Russians wear a kind of regimental dress—chocolate-brown uniforms with green trimmings. Even the Russian female interpreters and typists can easily be identified, in court or out of it, if only by a rear view of their military-looking frocks. Each of the four Allied prosecutions has brought to this international tribunal its special flavor. The Russian contribution has been mostly emotional—a swift heartbeat of anger and anguish which Chief Prosecutor Rudenko has made

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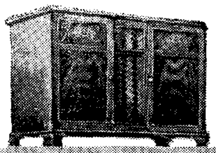

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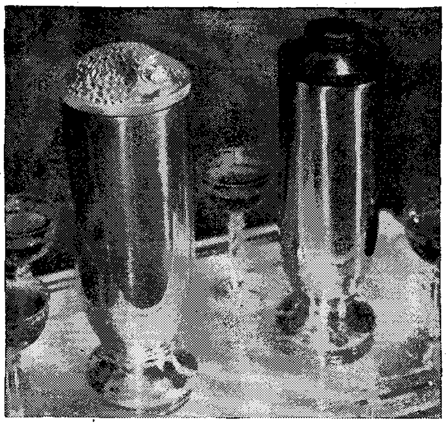

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audible to the listening Court, as if his microphone were a sort of stethoscope. When it looked, because of the weakness of the American cross-examination, as if Göring had fixed his legend to live forever, it was the Russian reminders of Nazi rottenness that aided the British in dealing, yesterday, what can be regarded as the death blow.

IN the end, it is probably the British who will dominate this Allied gathering, as they did the last time, over a hundred years ago, punishment was meted out to a modern European man mad enough to think he could conquer the Continent—and Russia. After Waterloo, the English were satisfied to exile Napoleon to one of their islands, where it was intended that the world should forget him. With that kind of experience behind them, it is natural that certain of the British in Nuremberg have been more worried than their Allied colleagues about the great length of the trial and the fact that the wily and seemingly uncontrollable Göring was taking the opportunity to offer the Germans far too much to remember. It is not only the British worldliness and sense of history that give them a special place in the trial; it is their legal prestige, exemplified in the person of the Court President, Sir Geoffrey Lawrence. The mere sight of his bald, wise, Dickensian head sets the tone of the bench. His courtesy to the German lawyers has been cutting; a sample, shown to Göring's Dr. Stahmer: "What you have just said seems to me the acme of irrelevance." One of the sights outside the courthouse is the glorious daily arrival of Sir Geoffrey in a magnificent black limousine, glistening against the dusty ruins of the bombed walls. Attired in a long, blue broadcloth coat and a bowler, he passes through the courthouse door while the Allied guards of the day—the Russians with medals or the French with berets or the Tommies with battle ribbons or the Americans in snow-white helmets—stiffly present arms. In the courtroom itself, the same physical dignity and sartorial elegance of Prosecutor Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, impeccable in his Foreign Office attire, have unquestionably affected the Nazis, hypersensitive to formality and chic in the male.

As the cross-examiner who forced a weary Göring to admit that, by deduction, at least, Hitler had been a murderer, Sir David was polished, courteous, and artful. His strength lay in conducting the cross-examination in

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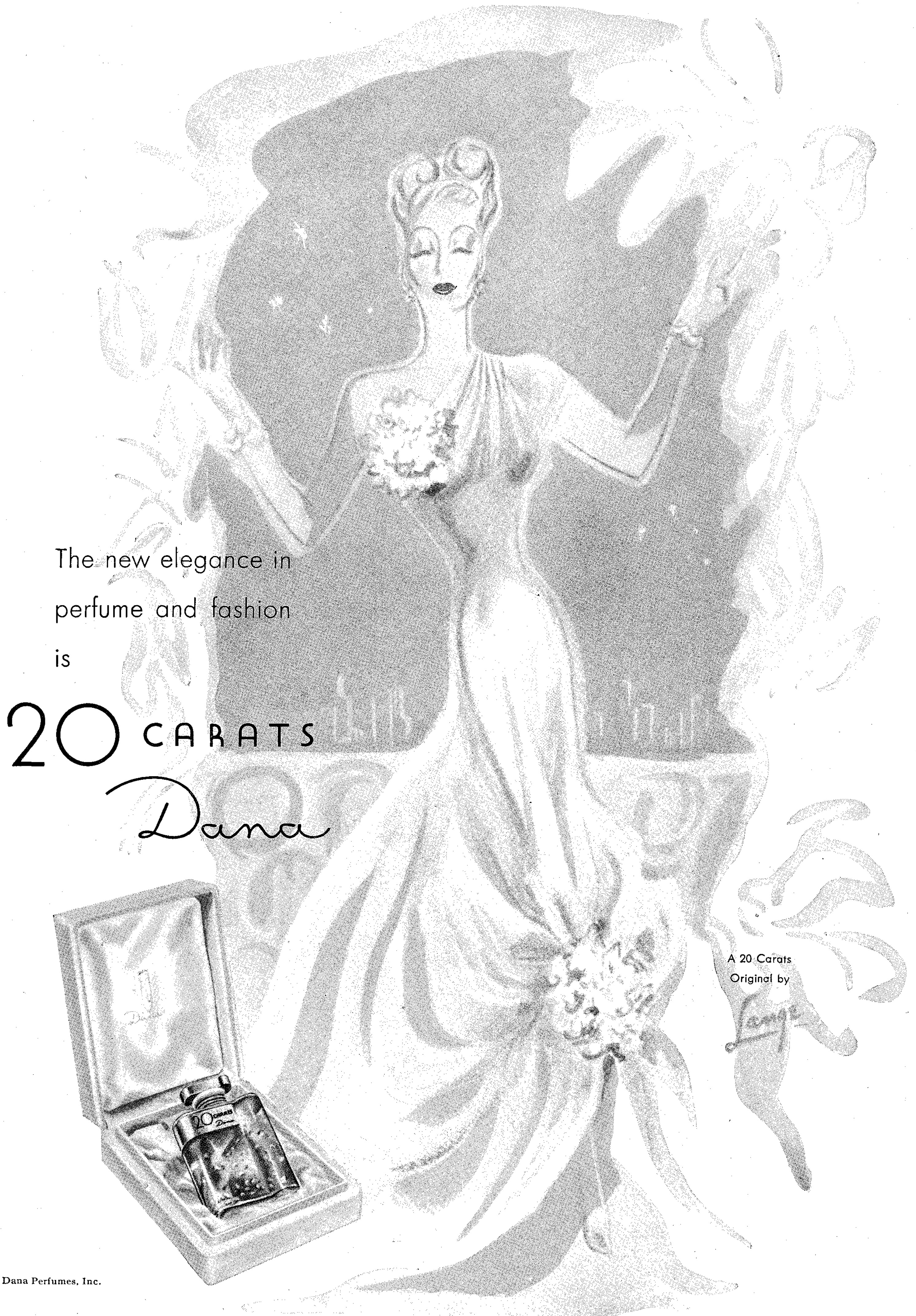
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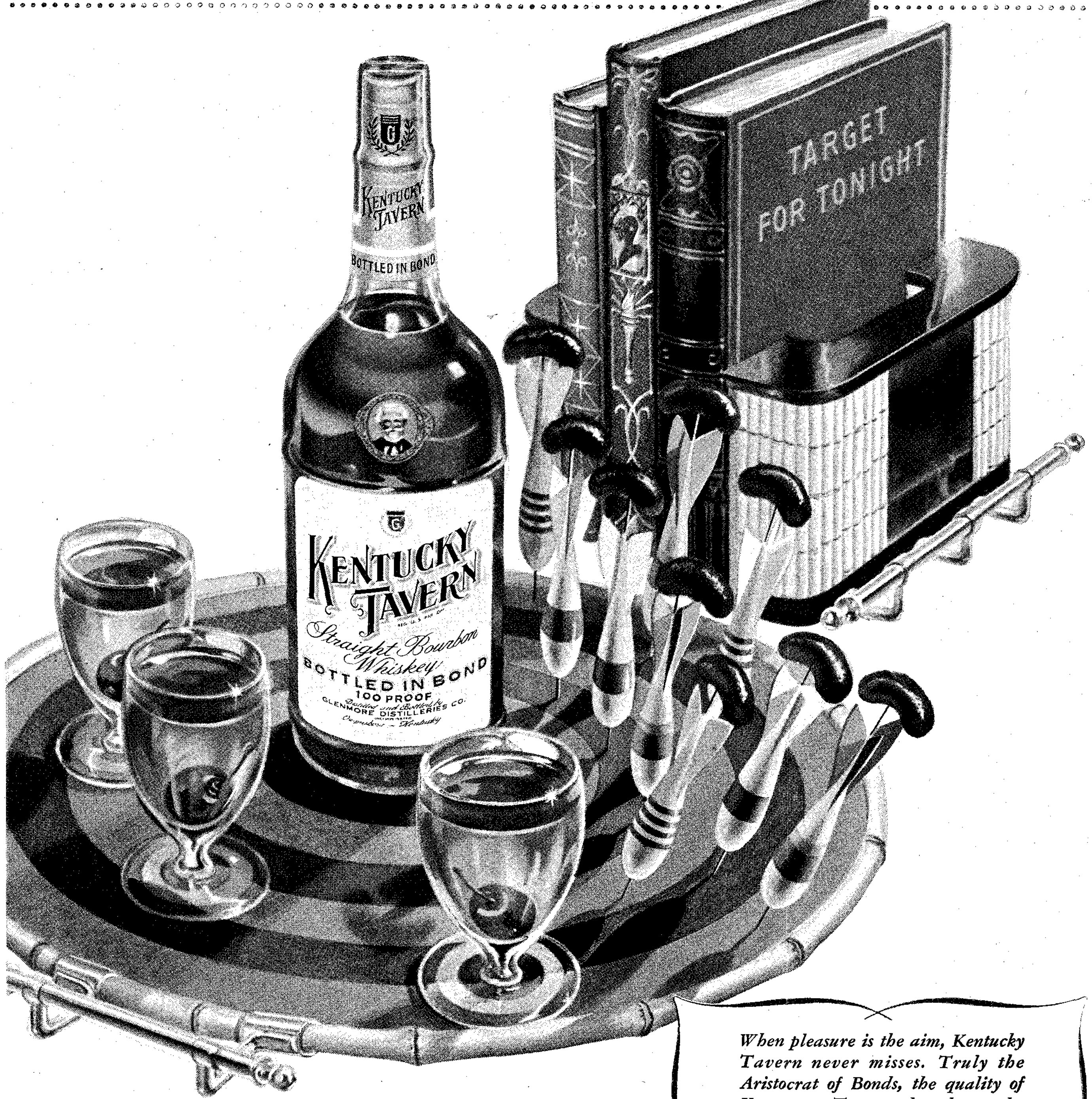
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THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS...*SAVINGS BONDS* a manner that clearly kept Göring guessing about what was coming next, and each question made his line of thought more baffling. During this vital cross-examination, Sir David's professional affability disappeared. The pitying patience with which he had politely referred to "our young friend," when von Ribbentrop's youthful Dr. Horn made a bloomer, and his handsome way of referring to our Justice Biddle, on the bench, as "the learned American judge"—these easy verbal gestures were gone. With his excellent mind, his vast legal knowledge, and the added passion of a just inquisition, he stood behind his lectern and prosecuted the seated Göring into at least a partial state of destruction. He succeeded in doing what had not yet been done: he forced Göring to separate himself intellectually from the Nazi myth, he forced him to admit the difference between the glorified Nazi plan and the ghastly human results.

The German lawyers have been mentally mediocre and politically mixed —Nazis and anti-Nazis. The Allies permitted Nazis to be chosen lest the German people think that anti-Nazis were halfhearted defenders and justice was not being done. The German lawyer best known to Americans is Professor Herbert Kraus, who is Schacht's white-haired associate counsel and who held the chair of International Law at Göttingen until 1937, when the Nazis dismissed him for being philosophically pro-Semitic. Kraus looks like a Dürer drawing, wears a borrowed red-caped university robe because his own was destroyed in last year's bombing of Nuremberg (along with a nearly completed legal treatise he had been working on for thirteen years), and before the war had been a lecturer at Columbia, the University of Chicago, and Princeton. He is amiable, describes himself as a wild smoker of American cigarettes when he can get them, and declares that the main German legal incomprehension of the Nuremberg trial is based on the fact that the Allies have charged the Nazis with conspiracy, a charge, the Germans claim, that cannot be made against a legal government, which the Nazi regime was. That a legal German government might have conspired against another legal government was a notion which seemed not to have occurred to the Professor or the other defense lawyers.

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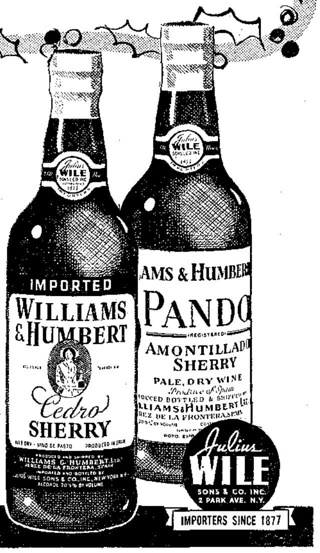
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the Nuremberg trial was to serve merely as a legal demonstration of their culpability, there has been, outside Nuremberg, the easy conclusion that since we had enough on them to hang them, they would certainly hang. As a matter of fact, since we chose the law as our medium of vengeance, it has been necessary to satisfy the law, to furnish it with proof. Conspiracy was the Allies' primary charge, and conspiracy is one of the most difficult crimes to prove. And since we set up a bench of judges, who naturally must have legal proof, the Allied prosecution's task has been more difficult than any except lawyers could know. Hitler's absence from the courtroom has been scarcely less troubling than his presence would have been. Absent, he has been, in a sense, both the murderer and the murdered. He has been the alibi and the corpse. He has furthermore been the martyr and the guilty party. But had Göring accepted his Führer's order last year to kill himself, the task of the prosecution would have been less complex. Apparently even the Germans had no idea how formidable a mind and personality Göring still has. Until Göring—the last important surviving Nazi brain, its dishonest processes arrogantly alive in the still proud, corpulent body of the smiling, gray-uniformed man—was legally brought low before the Court, it could not be said that the Allies had established their case in law.

As for the twenty minor compatriots surrounding Göring in the prisoners' box, they seem already waxen and posthumous, like museum figures of the members of some nefarious long-ago regime which had failed. Whatever the sentences the twenty-one men will ultimately receive, it will be less what the French, the Russian, the American, and the British lawyers have said in the Nuremberg court than the documents the Nazis themselves, with typical German orderliness, wrote and signed in their destructive years that will condemn them. —GENÊT

•

## RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

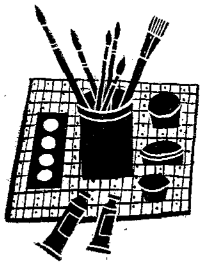
[*From the Chicago Journal of Commerce*]

The diffident Mr. Weicher, known for his scrupulous abstention from the sentimental or ostentatious, projected the D major concerto with a sumptuous, dark loveliness of tone. The canzonetta had a cushiony, dreamy indolence as though heard from a misty distance. Here is a musician who can hover on the lip of melody with ineffably bewitching timing. The finale was refinedly barbarous, rather than a driving, tempestuous Slavic puissance which brooks no rein.

# THE ART GALLERIES

## *Abroad and at Home*

MORE and more from now on, I imagine, we'll be seeing works by former artist-correspondents in which the results of their wartime experiences will be registered not as straight reporting only but as something a little more durable artistically. It ought to lead to some interesting showings. At the Associated American Artists, for example, there is a collection of new paintings by Aaron Bohrod which fall more or less into this category.



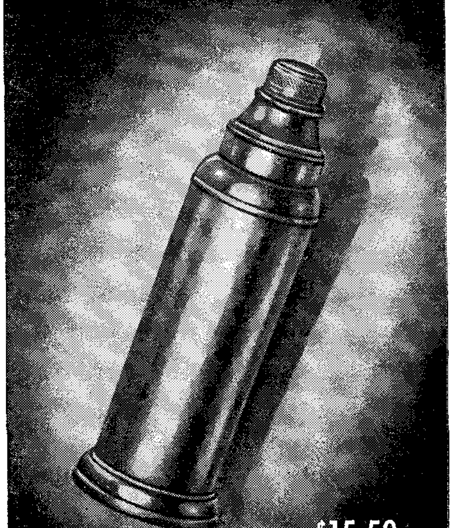
Bohrod, now thirty-seven years old, is a native of Chicago and, except for a few years' stay in the East, he lived there pretty continuously till the war. His painting, in mood and subject matter, if not entirely in manner, was inevitably influenced by that fact. He liked drab streets and houses. Never much of a figure painter, he preferred the odd, tumble-down agglomerations of vacant lots, decrepit dwellings, and haphazard small shops and factories that one finds in the outskirts of Chicago, and though his painting style owed something to John Sloan, with whom he had studied when in New York, there was a flavor about the work that marked it definitely as Midwestern.

I might as well say now that Bohrod hasn't changed conspicuously in this last regard, if the pieces in the current exhibition are to be taken as evidence. As an artist-correspondent for *Life*, Bohrod spent two years, off and on, in both the European and the Pacific Theatres, but, as he himself remarks in a prefatory note to the catalogue, the new paintings (all done, incidentally, since his return to this country) are only a "by-product" of his combat observations. In a sense, they're not really war paintings at all. You'll see Paris in various aspects, as well as small towns in Normandy, Belgium, and elsewhere—some in ruins and some more or less untouched, and some others, like his "Longvilly, Belgium, Winter," which seem deceptively peaceful and unharmed until one looks closer and notes the wreckage the snow half conceals. But the feeling of conflict is absent, or, if it appears, it exists as it might have to a soldier on a three-day pass, say, or longer, in an area where the actual fighting was over the horizon, and the man had time to poke around in the rubble of places like Saarlautern and Valognes, or to wander around the streets of Paris, where the damage was so slight as to be negligible.

The point is that the eye that sees these scenes is still a Midwestern one. The soldier on leave is a Chicagoan, constantly being brought face to face with the unfamiliar, and though this gives the paintings a certain freshness and charm, it is only rarely, as in the view of a wrecked seaside villa called "House on Omaha Beach" and the curiously bleak "Winter in Paris," that one feels the artist has really come to grips with his material. Where he has gained, I think, and considerably, is in observation and in range of color. In the past, Bohrod sometimes slurred the details of his compositions a little, perhaps from his very familiarity with them, while his color tended too much to the metallic. Now, especially in such paintings as his "Doorway, Paris" and "Rainy Lane, Cherbourg," the detail is sharply observed and well integrated in the picture, and his color is much more convincing. I have spoken so far only of his paintings on European subjects, since this group is generally the more successful, but there are some nice things among the paintings from the Pacific Theatre, too, particularly his "Javanese Mother and Son," shown seated in the doorway of a native shack, and the gay little courtyard scene called "Javanese, Noumea."

THE Mortimer Brandt Gallery is exhibiting, through this Saturday, a group of paintings by Hans Hofmann. Hofmann, curiously, though he was a painter of some reputation in Munich before coming to this country, has been known here chiefly as a teacher, and while his art schools in New York and Provincetown have prospered, it is only comparatively recently that he has received any attention as an artist. In part, this is due to a certain retiringness of his own, for despite the fact that he has lived here for twelve years or more, the present showing is only his third to date and is, moreover, his first full-scale one. In part, too, it is due to his style, for he is certainly one of the most uncompromising representatives of what some people call the spatter-and-daub school of painting and I, more politely, have christened abstract Expressionism.

There's no doubt that his painting is "difficult," and there are four or five of



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the eighteen canvases in the show in which the emphasis on accidental effects (that is, spatters and daubs) is so strong that I'd be willing to dismiss them as sheer nonsense if in some of the others he didn't display a combination of subtlety and power which argues an over-all intention too well developed to be brushed aside so lightly. I must say, though, that I much prefer his more calculated designs, such as "Phosphoric Form," "Moloch II," and the massively organized "Taurus." There's a big one called "Resurrection," a pure tour de force of mounting blues and reds and yellows, that is also worth noting, for it shows how thoroughly he understands the emotional connotations of color; and there's another, "Entombment," which, though done in pure black and white, is remarkable for the suggestions it carries—amorphous, yet still somehow evident—of the classic graveyard scene: moonlight, Doric pillars, marble portico, and all.

THERE are a couple of sculpture shows I'd like to mention. At the Grand Central Galleries (Vanderbilt Avenue branch), that haunt of the studiously conventional, they have a three-man exhibition of pieces by Oronzio Maldarelli, Warren Wheelock, and Hugo Robus. Maldarelli and Wheelock, both fairly sedate themselves, are more or less in this gallery's usual line, but Robus, exponent of amiable lunacy that he is, is something else again, and the whole combination is rather an odd one. Robus's "Vulgar Laugh," "Dawn," "Supplication," and "Vase" are all good, as are Maldarelli's "Mountain Mother" and Wheelock's clean, clever "The Widow." . . . In conjunction with the Bohrod exhibition, the Associated American is showing, through this Saturday, sculptures by Nathaniel Kaz. As in the case of a number of other impatient moderns, Kaz's main trouble is with the medium of sculpture itself, which he tries by various devices to make express more than it should. But if this brings him to failure at times, at others it leads to surprising successes, and such pieces as "African Drummer," "Pregnant Torso," "Power-Line," and "Chaos" are all, in their ways, quite remarkable.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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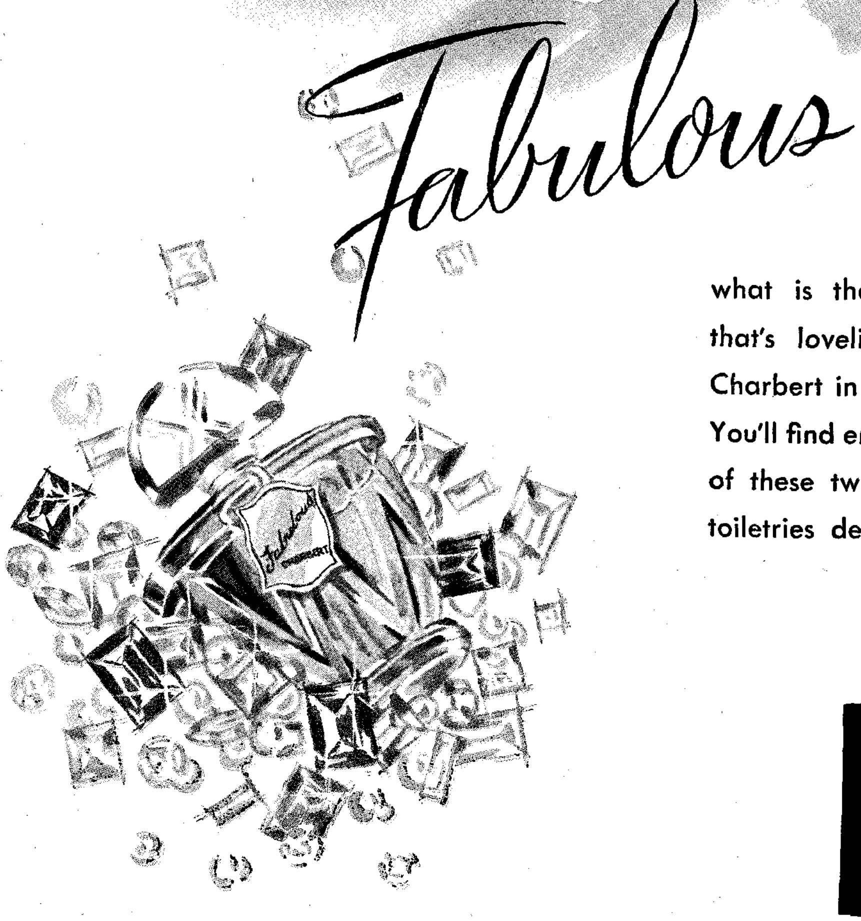
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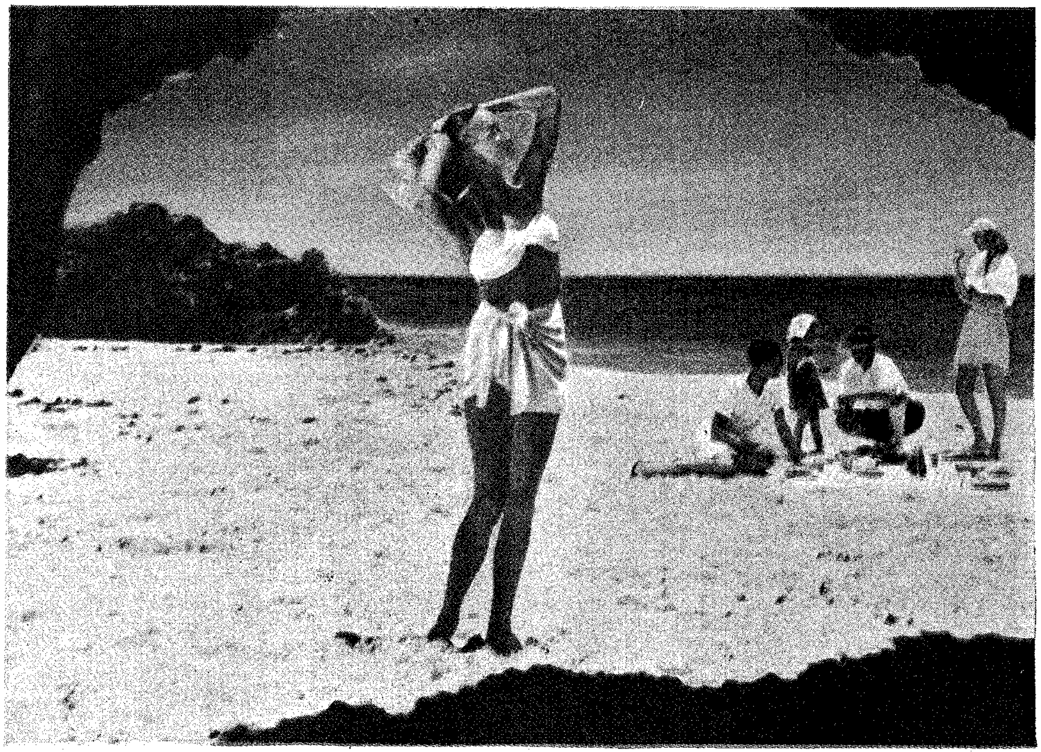

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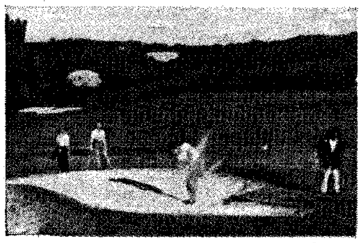

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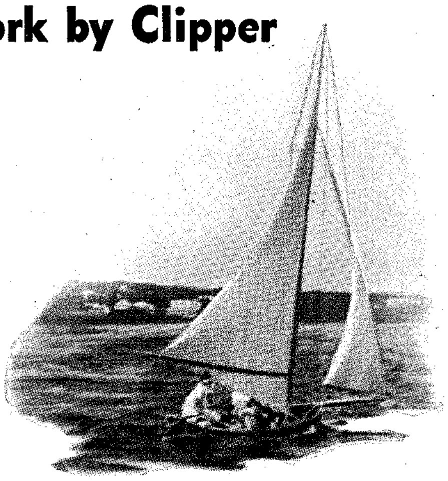

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# OF ALL THINGS

THE President's strong support of the United Nations Charter is being widely interpreted as a veto of Churchill's suggestion for an Anglo-American alliance. For the big job ahead, a man might prefer to have fifty partners rather than one.

•

The Hunter College gymnasium has been transformed into a handsomely decorated chamber for the meetings of the Security Council. The view from where the spectators sit, however, may not be quite as attractive as it was when the girls were there.

•

In his Jackson Day speech, Mr. Truman called upon the Democrats, Southern Democrats, and Republicans to support his foreign and domestic program. Apparently, that is one Big Three meeting he strongly recommends.

•

Few will regret the decision to delay the Bikini bomb test for six weeks. The White House has announced that many congressmen want to see the show, but there must have been several better reasons for the postponement.

•

A poll of veterans on the housing question shows them distinctly in favor of government aid for the building programs. Many congressmen had wrongly supposed that ex-service men were hopelessly addicted to foxholes.

•

Coal operators are puzzled by the fact that John L. Lewis is putting emphasis on a health-and-welfare fund rather than a wage boost. Up to now, coal miners never claimed that they were in the business for their health.

•

The scientists who contributed to the book "One World or None" seem to be appalled at the *faux pas* they made in inventing the atomic bomb at all. Unfortunately, it is too late to say, "Excuse it, please."

•

Army research workers believe that many of us will live to see the day when rockets are able to go to the moon and back. Prospective passengers will be particularly glad to hear about the round-trip feature.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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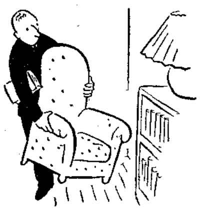
# BOOKS

## *Two Books That Leave You Blank: Carson McCullers, Siegfried Sassoon*



Carson McCullers is a writer of undoubted sensibility and talent who seems to have difficulty in adjusting her abilities to a dramatically effective subject. Her last novel—"Reflections in a Golden Eye"—was dramatic but quite unreal. I do not mean merely that what occurred in it was fantastic but that it did not achieve the validity either of realistic fiction, supposed to take place in the actual world, or of the imaginative poem in prose which is true to psychological experience. Mrs. McCullers' new novel, "The Member of the Wedding" (Houghton Mifflin), has no element of drama at all. A twelve-year-old girl in a Southern town, the daughter of a local jeweller, is having a dull summer, with nobody for company but a colored maid and a six-year-old boy cousin. Her brother, who is in the Army and has been away in Alaska, has come back and is about to get married. Frankie, the little girl, just beginning to be troubled by the stirrings of adolescence, gets a sort of fixation on the wedding—as the colored maid says, she is in love with it—and decides that she will persuade the bride and groom to take her away on their honeymoon. In this she of course fails and is bitterly disappointed, but, as we are given to understand, gets over it a little later, when she finds a sympathetic girl friend.

This is all, and yet Mrs. McCullers has told it on the scale of sixty-five thousand words. The whole book is a formless chronicle of Frankie's musings as she walks about the town, and of her interminable conversations in the kitchen with the maid and the little cousin. These kitchen scenes are very well done in the sense that they create an atmosphere and that the characters are droll and natural: the maid is particularly good; the way she is made to talk is perfect. But they have no internal structure and do not build up to anything. The whole story seems utterly pointless.

There is, to be sure, one violent incident, like the rather preposterous incidents in Mrs. McCullers' earlier novel. Frankie, on one of her wanderings through town, allows herself to be picked up by a soldier, who takes her to his room in a hotel; but at his first attempt to make a pass at her, she hits him over the head with a water pitcher and leaves him unconscious, with blood trickling out of his mouth. She does not know whether or not she has killed him, but since the wedding is to take place the next day, she hardly gives the matter another thought, and the incident has no consequences of any kind. The reader assumes that the man must have survived or something would have been heard about him; but at the same time one finds it rather difficult to believe that even the vagaries of a frustrated adolescence would either lead to so drastic an act or allow such complete indifference.

I hope that I am not being stupid about this book, which has left me feeling rather cheated.

So has the new volume of Siegfried Sassoon's memoirs: "Siegfried's Journey" (Viking). I have not read the other volumes in this series, of some of which I have heard good things said. They must surely be better than this one. The special weakness of "Siegfried's Journey" is that it merely fills in the crevices between the events described in "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" and "Sherston's Progress," in which Mr. Sassoon has already told of his experiences during World War I and the consequences of his taking a public stand, while still a second lieutenant of infantry, against the continuance of the war. There is nothing now left for him to cover except how the author composed his war poetry, how he began to meet literary people, and how he delivered some lectures in the United States. This chronicle is mildly agreeable, and it includes some mildly interesting reminiscences of Thomas Hardy, Ronald Firbank, Robert Ross, Wilfred Owen, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, S. N. Behrman, and Carl Sandburg; but these portraits are rather superficial, as if the experience of later years had added nothing to youthful impressions, and there hangs about the whole account a certain air of narcissistic fatuity.

This has surprised me, because I have always liked Sassoon as a literary personality, though without feeling very much interest in these autobiographical volumes, and I have always enjoyed his verse, believing that his later poetry has been rather underrated because it was outside the current fashion. But it has seemed to me, in reading this book, that he has had little intellectual development since the period, 1916-1920, of which he is writing here. He is at pains to let us know that he does not consider himself an intellectual, that his war poetry, his anti-war protest, and his campaigning for the Labour Party were merely the results of his having been dislodged from the quiet country life which he prefers and to which he has since reverted. But one feels that it is a little bit silly of him not to have done anything interesting since, and to be still, when approaching sixty, so much in love, as he evidently is, with that pure-hearted and ingen-

SUPER
GAS
OCTANE
ETHYL
YOU PAY
ADunn

uous young man who committed so many engaging gaucheries and quixotic extravagances. When he tells us of his sensations and circumstances while composing his early poems, and of his discoveries in technique, and prints some extremely inferior old verses that he has found among his papers, we feel this would all have more point if his technique had gone on improving; when he dwells tenderly on his inveterate fox-hunting, to which we sometimes get the impression that the war has been a mere interruption, we wonder whether he mightn't have been better employed; and when he rescues from his diary the trivial record of his lectures to girls' colleges in America, with a great deal about his shyness and the ridiculous publicity he got, we feel that, in retrospect, he loves every moment of it.

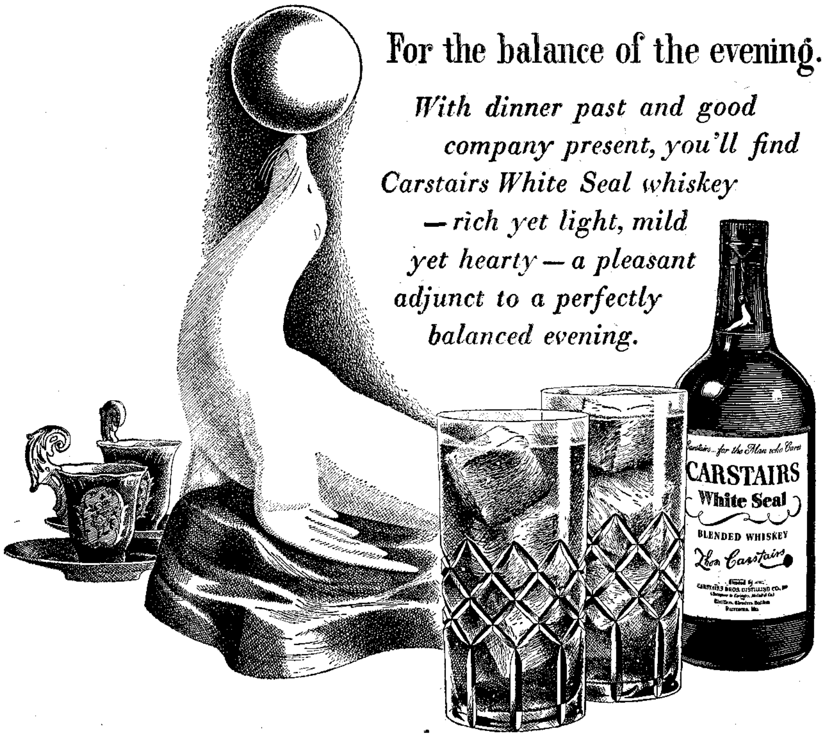
I repeat that I have always thought well of Sassoon, yet I have found this a slightly unsympathetic book. What lets you down worst is the perfect good taste with which he now makes a point of deprecating his attitude about the last war. He is surprised, he says, today to remember that he "had the temerity to express any opinions at all about a phenomenon which is, apparently, as uncontrollable as an earthquake. But I was a booby-trapped idealist." And he goes on to quote from Bacon some mellow wisdom about the impetuousness of young men. Siegfried Sassoon, we recognize, who once played the poet's role, has done just what any other well-to-do upper-class Englishman does: assumed that wars are acts of God which nothing can be done to avert and gone back to his fox-hunting again, making it his greatest pride that he has succeeded through his whole life in remaining a well-bred British schoolboy. One would like to see him shot in the rear with the arrow of one of his own satiric poems: the kind he wrote in 1916.

—EDMUND WILSON

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE GLORY OF ELSIE SILVER, by Louis Golding (Dial). If you read Mr. Golding's spacious family chronicle, "Five Silver Daughters," you will remember Elsie as one of the girls of Sam Silver, the Jewish waterproof manufacturer of Doomington, England. This latest installment of Silver family history begins with Elsie travelling to Poland, where she believes her husband, an important general high up in the Nazi hierarchy, has been wounded. It turns out that



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he has been liquidated as the result of a feud with Himmler. Without her husband's protection, Elsie's own life is in danger. She hides in the Warsaw ghetto and finally takes a magnificent part in the month-long battle in which Jews and underground forces from all over Europe held off the Nazis. Mr. Golding has two styles: the easygoing, rambling one that made the Doomington novels such satisfactory reading, and the subtle, almost precious one of "Miracle Boy" and "No News from Helen." This latest book lacks the more distinguished qualities of each of these very different manners, but it is nevertheless an extremely interesting novel, which succeeds in making a ghetto into a real, physical place and not just a vague synonym for horror.

THE FIELDS, by Conrad Richter (Knopf). An earlier book by the same author told the story of a family of woodsmen who pushed into the Western wilderness at the end of the eighteenth century. In his present novel, Mr. Richter follows the fortunes of the daughter of that family and at the same time traces the gradual changes which come to the region north of the Ohio River and west of the Alleghenies. The narrative, which is tricked out in none of the elaborate paraphernalia of current historical novels, is full of fine, clear truth; it is good to have a writer like Mr. Richter remind us movingly, but without sentimentality, of the hard core of character in the men and women who made this country.

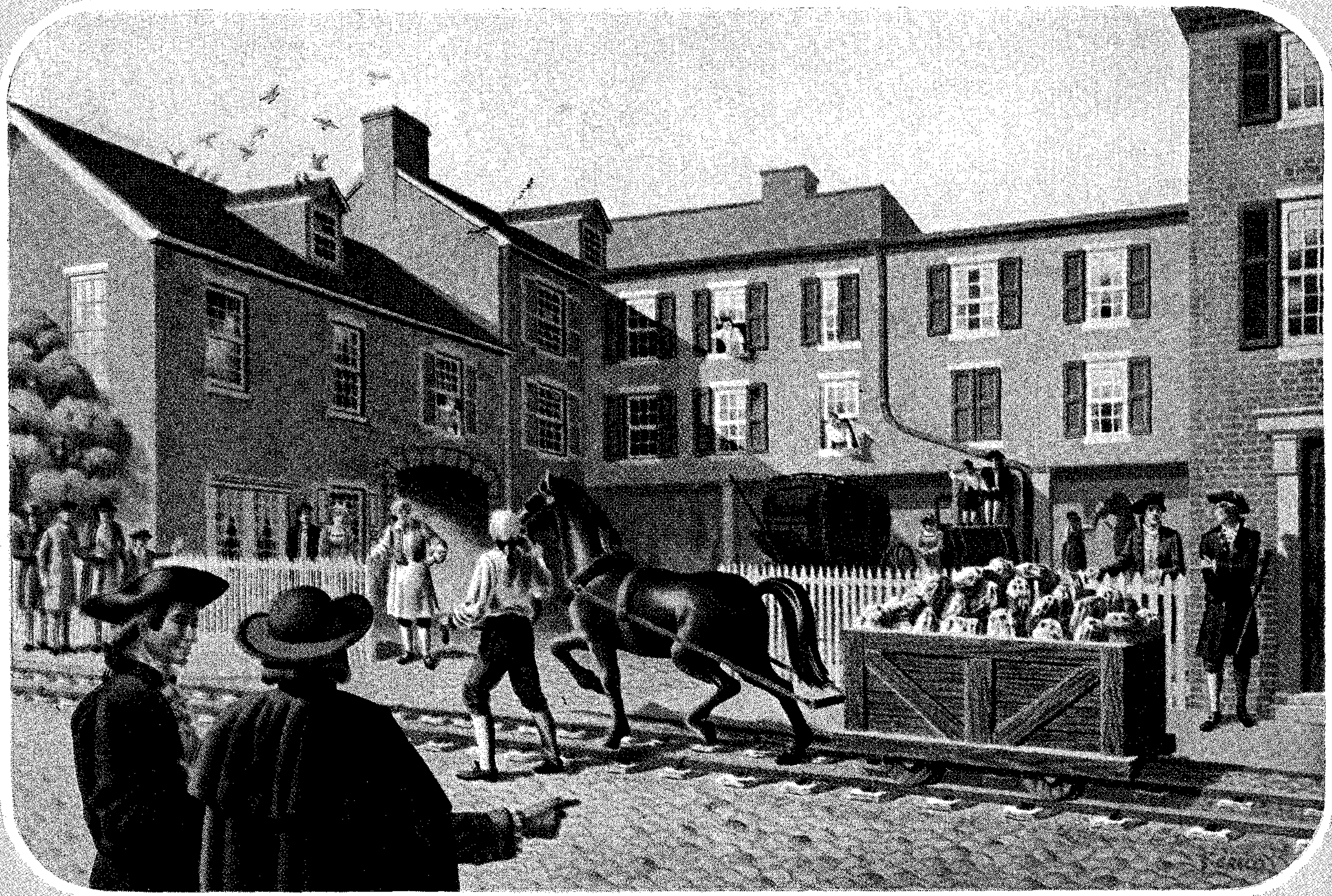
THROUGH THE STORM, by Philip Gibbs (Doubleday). How three Americans—two young men and their sister—weathered, or failed to weather, the recent war. One of the brothers is in Paris before the fall of France and joins the underground; the other, back in New England at the beginning of the war, has to be slowly blasted out of his pacifism; the girl goes to England as a Wac or a Wave or something; assorted fiancés are, of course, provided for all concerned. It's a good old reliable record Sir Philip has put on, and if the familiar tune sends you into a mild doze, it will, on the other hand, do you no harm.

Spec
toda
2'
Beatrice Tobias

LOST HAVEN, by Kylie Tennant (Macmillan). The author has quieted down considerably since her last exuberant novel, but, at that, she still has enough gusto and high spirits for a dozen writers. Here she tells the loosely constructed story of an Australian coast town and the collection of cheerfully amoral people who live there. This is no place to attempt to summarize what goes on in these crowded pages, or to straighten out the blood relationships of practically the whole population. Miss Tennant has plenty of faults, among them being a lack of style and little or no taste, but she has humor and a genuine talent for making her raffish characters live and breathe.

COUSIN FROM FIJI, by Norman Lindsay (Random House). Australia again. A flighty, youthful widow from Fiji and her half-grown daughter pay a visit to their old home in Australia and set family and friends by the ears. Mr. Lindsay works with the energy of a steam pump, trying to make the widow gay and amusing, but, as he never offers any more substantial proof of her charm than a habit of omitting all punctuation from her chatter, she remains just a rather rattlebrained lady badly in need of punctuation. And that, you will probably agree, isn't really funny enough.

THE LONG WAY HOME, by Millard Lampell (Messner). This volume has a preface by William Rose Benét, an introduction by the author, and forewords by two colonels; the rest of the book is made up of fourteen radio scripts first produced over the Columbia network. All the scripts are concerned, in one way or another, with our soldiers' homecoming—what they think about, what they hope for, and what they fear. Mr. Benét expresses a high regard for these short plays, and, judged by the none too subtle standards of radio, maybe they are as good as he says; very possibly they may even serve a useful purpose. If, however, you have a queasy stomach for script writers exploring the heart of a soldier, or if you just don't have a low



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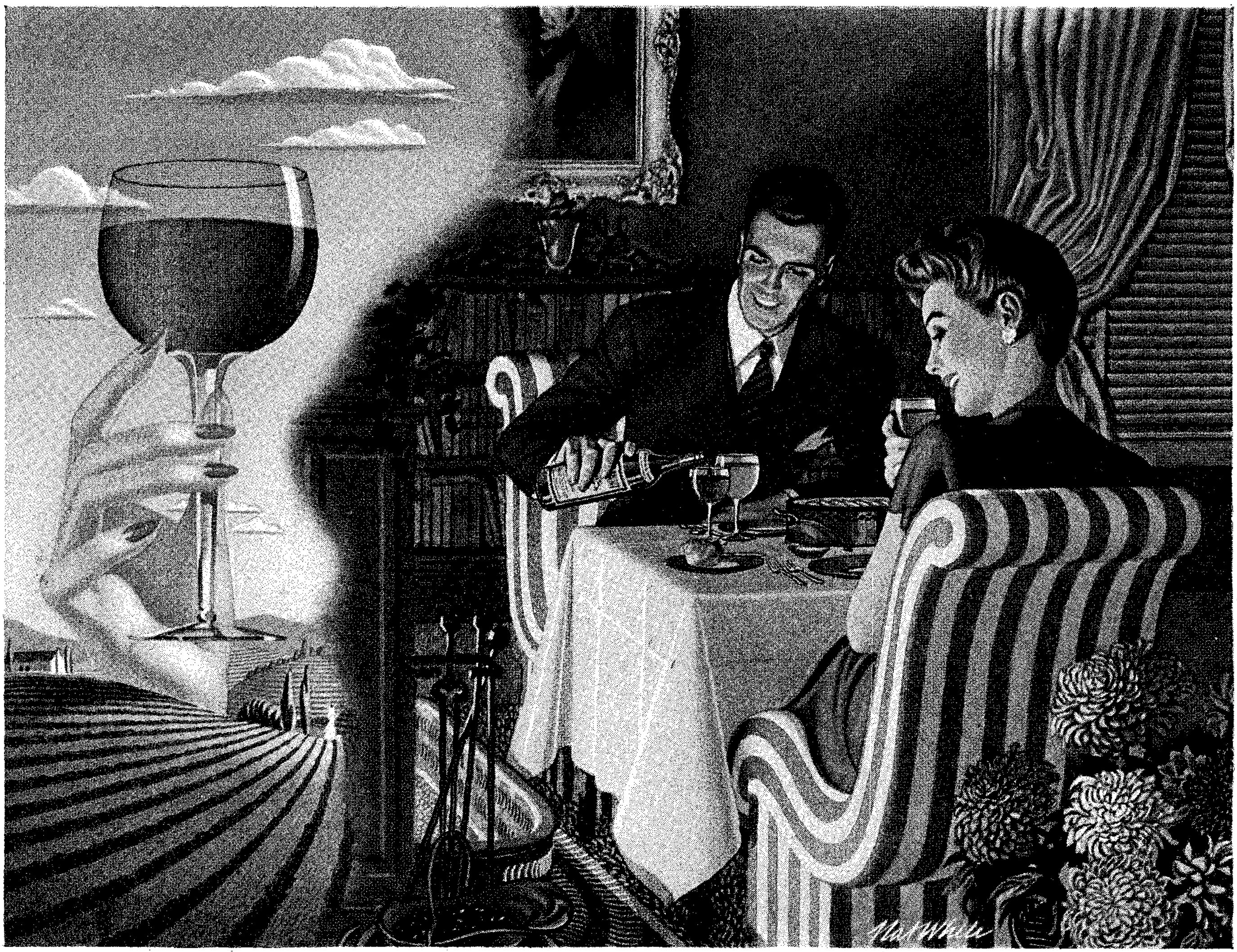

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emotional boiling point, the collection may not be for you.

## GENERAL

ONE WORLD OR NONE, edited by Dexter Masters and Katharine Way (Whittlesey House). A report to the public on the atomic bomb, by seventeen men who know what they are talking about. The book's title, with its starkly conspicuous lack of alternative, is also its conclusion: one world means no war; no war means no arms race, no armed thoughts. The various authors who discuss the bomb in its scientific, military, and political aspects—they include Albert Einstein, Harlow Shapley, Niels Bohr, General H. H. Arnold, and Walter Lippmann—offer no complete solution. What the book does do is instill fear, for we are faced with a new proposition: that there is more to fear than fear itself.

THE IDEA OF CHRIST IN THE GOSPELS, by George Santayana (Scribner). Almost any book Santayana cares to write is important. But in a time when the meaning of Christ does not, perhaps, notably occupy the best philosophical minds, this book becomes even more important. For half of it, Santayana explores the legend of Jesus as related in the Gospels; in the last half he discusses, with all his luminous clarity, the meaning of God in man, finding that the beauties of the Christ idea must be divorced from dogma and that a special harmony and euphoria, above the passions of life, can be realized through Him. He concludes that neither Christ nor the idea of Him will ever "save the world," for the virtue emanating from Him is difficult to attain, and anyway the world does not want to be saved.

WOMAN AS FORCE IN HISTORY, by Mary R. Beard (Macmillan). A rather overwhelming study of the relations between the sexes from earliest times. Disclaiming any pretension to definitiveness, Mrs. Beard takes sharp-tongued exception to the modern historians' thesis that the emancipation of woman is the flowering of an age-old process. Nothing of the kind, says Mrs. Beard, for Blackstone, by his common-law doctrines, broke up the equality between men and women that had existed in nearly all societies before his time. In primitive and medieval civilization, there was no question of dominance of women by men; women shared men's duties, enjoyed full rights, and

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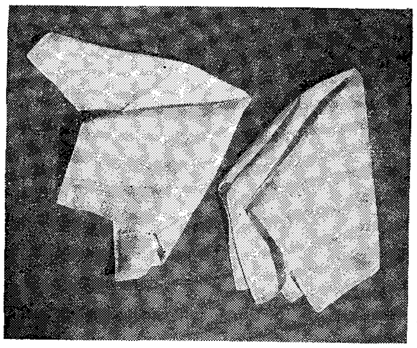

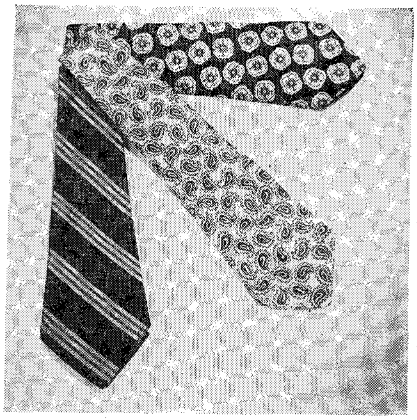

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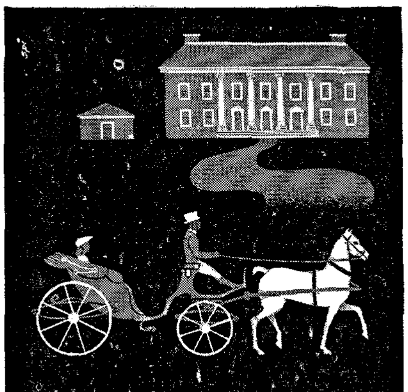
helped shape political events. A bright and learned treatise that is only occasionally tiresome and talky.

Diary of a Kriegie, by Edward W. Beattie, Jr. (Crowell). Mr. Beattie was a somewhat unusual kriegie (the Anglo-American P.W.s' word for themselves) because, being a well-known newspaper correspondent and fluent in German, he was given special handling by his captors. Over wine and fairly good food, they harangued him with rationalizations of their coming defeat—this was in the last year of the war—and gloomy predictions of a Bolshevik world deluge. They also tried to pump him for information, and when he refused to tell them anything of value, he was sent to a succession of uncomfortable *Stalags* and forgotten. His diary is interesting much of the time; if on occasion it gets monotonous, he can hardly be blamed. Unskilled but amusing drawings by the author, done behind barbed wire.

This House Against This House, by Vincent Sheean (Random House). A further extension of Mr. Sheean's personal history, relating his experiences as a soldier and war correspondent and very often lapsing into the high-minded sententiousness that has marked his discussions of serious political problems in some of his other books. Mr. Sheean is a good writer, a good student of contemporary history, and a good liberal, but a little humor wouldn't hurt his work at all.

America's Germany, by Julian Bach, Jr. (Random House). A report and an evaluation of the American occupation of Germany. Bach, as a roving correspondent for the official weekly, *Army Talks*, travelled all over the American area and saw the experiment in progress, and he is under no compulsion to scare, shock, anger, or impress his readers. The author describes everything, from the tactics of fraternizing to the economics of industrial disarmament, in a good-natured, easy style and concludes that no matter what alarmist critics say, our occupation thus far has been a success.

Government Against the People, by Asher Brynes (Dodd, Mead). The argument goes like this: You can judge how much sovereignty people have by observing the character of their domestic police systems. Where people are free, the police force is decentralized, limited in scope, and non-political. And where people are free, they will vote against



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war. Therefore the United States, to ensure peace, should throw her weight on the side of nations whose police forces are decentralized, limited, etc. The chapters on the police systems in England, Russia, and the United States are a good deal more stimulating than the thesis itself.

WESTERN WORLD, by Royce Brier (Doubleday). The broad story, told with skillful economy, of how our Western Civilization, in the course of six hundred years, has attained its present bewildering state. Mr. Brier's long view is a wonderful antidote for surprise or disappointment at the war's failure to settle much, if anything, beyond the German and Japanese threats; a jolt to any notion that our civilization is about to fold up and die; and (a purely short-term value) fascinating reading.

TOLSTOY, by Janko Lavrin (Macmillan). An intelligible "approach" to the Russian master, in whom the author sees a creative genius of the first class overtaken in mid-career by his alter ego—a second-rate religious prophet and seer. Tolstoy, says Professor Lavrin, was obsessed by an imagined incompatibility between physical love and spirituality, and this led him to an absurd attack on sexual intercourse. (The author produces evidence, however, showing that even while Tolstoy was writing along these lines, he was being far from celibate himself.) Without detracting anything from Tolstoy the artist, Professor Lavrin leaves little of Tolstoy the moralist, and contrasts his philosophy unfavorably with Nietzsche's in a brilliant last chapter.

HOW TO PLAY GOLF, by Sam Snead (Garden City). One of the country's

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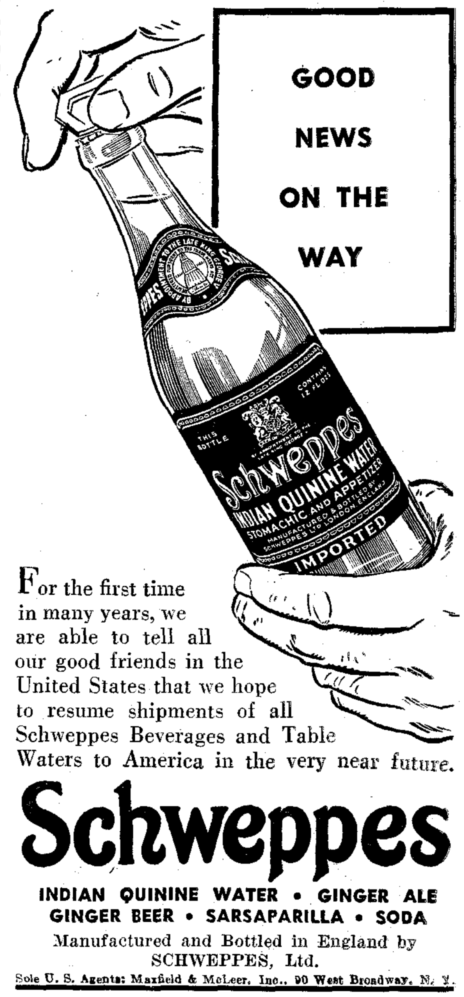
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leading professionals covers the subject in practically par, beginning with counsel on such rudimentary matters as the selection of equipment, progressing through suggestions on stance and tips to help you lower your score, and winding up with advice on how to avoid being struck by lightning. Two hundred photographs.

NOTE: "My Country-in-Law," by Mary Mian, has been published by Houghton Mifflin. This is a collection of eighteen entertaining sketches, half of them from *The New Yorker*, about French rural life in the Département of the Creuse before the war. The introduction is by James Thurber and there are pen-and-ink drawings by Maurice Duvalet.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

HE WHO WHISPERS, by John Dickson Carr (Harper). A double-barrelled case for that eminent British investigator, Dr. Gideon Fell, who specializes in werewolves, floating faces, and other unusual phenomena. While following up clues to an unsolved murder which took place near Chartres in 1939, the Doctor arrives at a country house in postwar England just in time to see a strapping young lady collapse from nervous shock because things have become too eerie for her. Fell's explanation of these and other baffling matters is of the tricky variety which always delights his followers. It isn't, however, nearly as unnerving as it is intended to be.

THE HORIZONTAL MAN, by Helen Eustis (Harper). Murder at Hollymount College, in Connecticut, a remarkable institution for young ladies, where most of the faculty, it would seem, are more than a little on the psychotic side. In order to find out who bashed Kevin Boyle, of the English Department, over the head with a poker, a psychiatrist, a policeman, a reporter, and a student all put in a lot of work and come up at the end with a solution which has obviously been lifted straight out of a textbook on abnormal psychology. A very interesting first try, however, by an author who has a keen eye for character and who will do much better when she has tossed out some of those textbooks.

MURDER STRIKES AN ATOMIC UNIT, by Theodora Du Bois (Doubleday). The young McNeills rush headlong off the presses again, this time in order to achieve the curious distinction of being the first fictional detectives to get mixed up in atomic fission. Mrs. McNeill, whose Connecticut house was demolished by a common, or garden, bomb in the course of her last case, has just settled down in a new home when she is kidnapped by some foreign agents who think that she knows what's going on in the college laboratory where her husband works. Dr. McNeill, collaborating with the F.B.I., comes to the rescue and uncovers a deplorable plot which might well have been hatched by a subnormal child of ten. All very hasty indeed.

HOLY DISORDERS, by Edmund Crispin (Lippincott). Gervase Fen, the Oxford professor who also dabbles in private investigation, finds a curious state of affairs in the cathedral town of Tolnbridge, where he is spending the long vac and where somebody is about to eliminate the organist. Since Tolnbridge was formerly a sort of headquarters for British witchcraft, Fen uncovers a lot of bizarre clues as he goes about his researches and has plenty of opportunity as well to show off his erudition, which is extensive. In spite of all the bright dialogue, one is left with the suspicion that a cathedral town, even in the midst of a murder case, is a pretty dull place.

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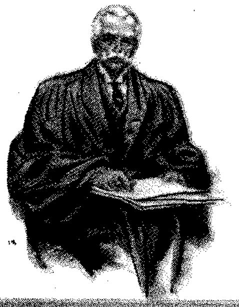
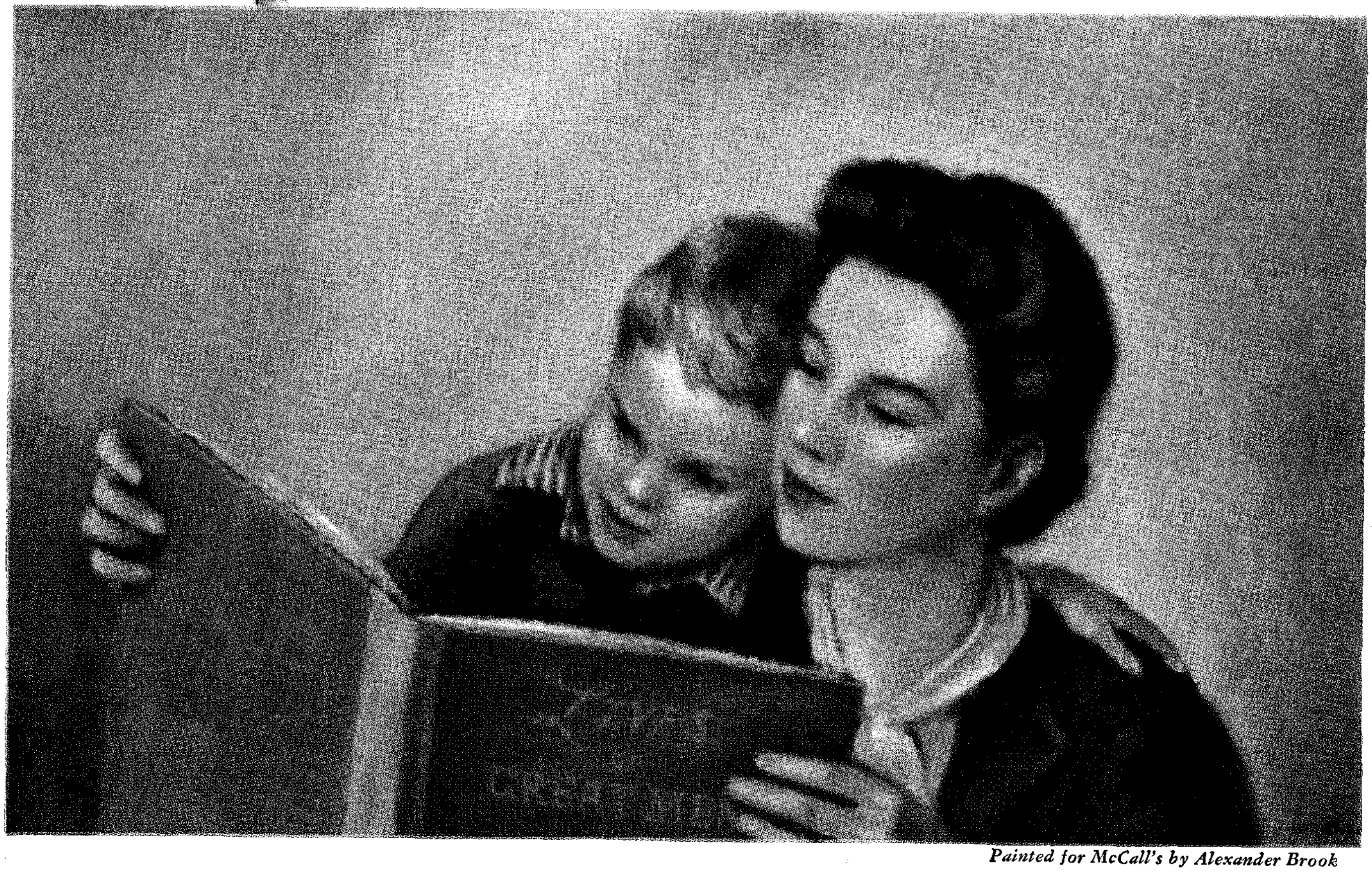
### DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
#### (IDIOMATIC AND SLANG DIVISION)

[*Synopsis of a play for the Japanese stage submitted for approval to a branch of the Eighth Army Staff*]

A troupe of wrestlers goes on the road. Everywhere they make performances, the flops follow and they finally get stranded. The manager gives one of the bum wrestlers the bag with some pretext or others which no one knows what. The poor bum hits the pike, but wherever he goes, he is flagged. He is however too proud to batter the drag, as a result of which, he travels with an empty stomach. One day, he stealthily approaches an empty Jizo temple (Jizo—a guardian diety of children) on the road-side and tries to steal a sweet potato offering to fill his guts, when he hears a meek cry of a baby whom he takes care of through a sheer kindness. Meanwhile, a pack-horse man and a paraquin-bearer happen to pass by the Jizo. On finding a baby, they get away with the clothes the poor baby wears, after beating up the wrestler into a pulp. The bum wrestler is wit's end, but the world is as kind as it is cruel after all, runs a Japanese proverb. A kind woman who comes everyday to offer fervent prayers to the Jizo-san for a baby finally adopts it. The villagers, well knowing that there is no Jizo image in the little temple, get jettery at the queer happenings and examine the inside of the temple and find the bum wrestler in a sound sleep. To his great embarrassment, the villagers make a living Jizo of him and at last a peace prevails in the village.



# HE shapes the mind



*Painted for McCall's by Alexander Brook*

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